★ April 14, 1934

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER

PAINTED FOR THE FRENCH LINE BY MARIE LAURENCIN

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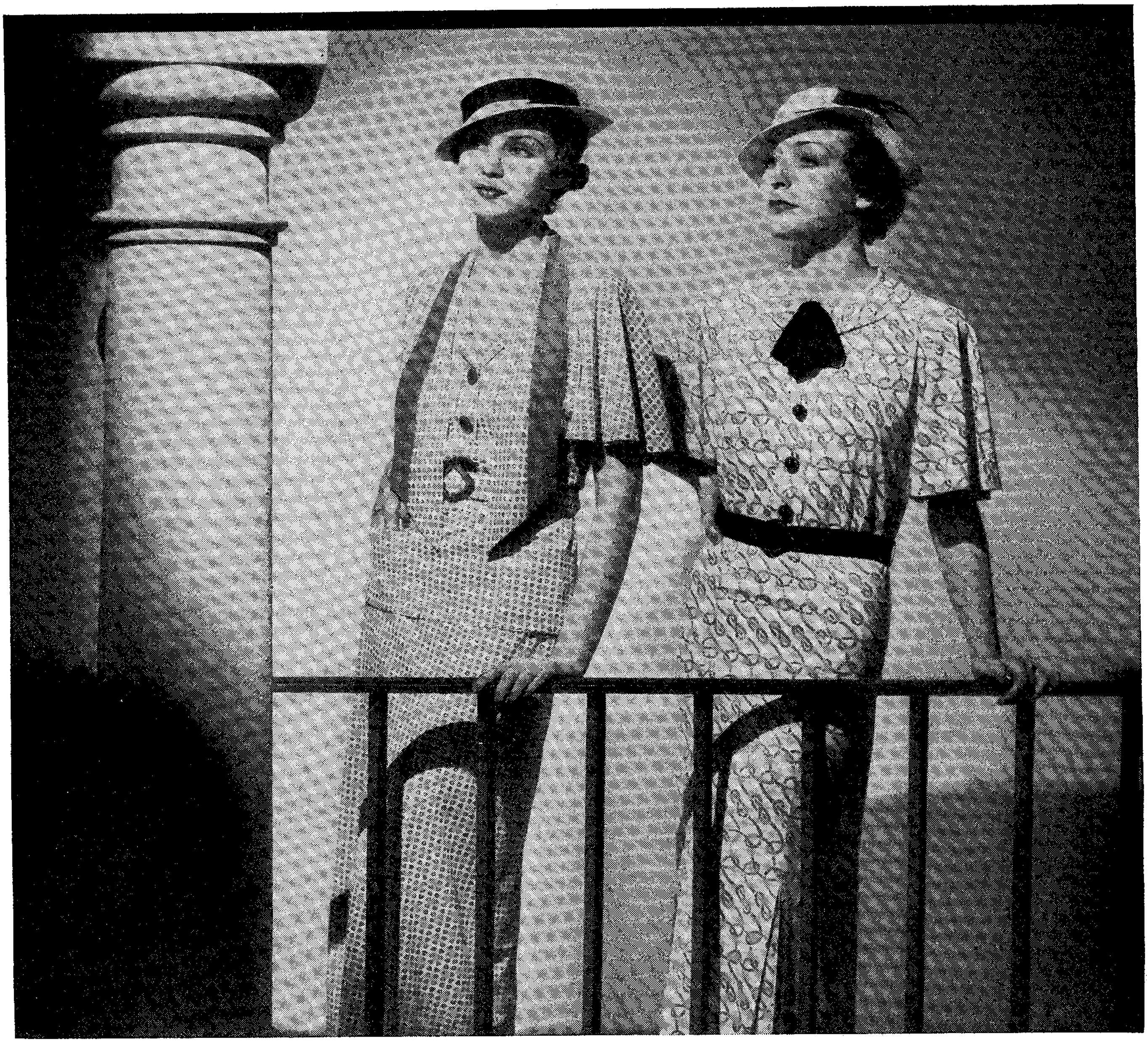

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AH, WILDERNESS!—Eugene O'Neill going Tarkington on us, with a comedy of adolescence, made into one of the season's big events by the performance of George M. Cohan. (Guild, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

BIG HEARTED HERBERT—A characterization by J. C. Nugent which strikes at the heart of the self-making-man industry. Wives and children of Nature's Noblemen will especially enjoy it, burlesque though the comedy may be. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

DODSWORTH—A clear-cut condensation and dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel made by Sidney Howard and acted with great sincerity and force by Walter Huston, with Fay Bainter helping no end as the awful wife. One of the things to see. (Shubert, 44, W.)

HER MASTER'S VOICE—Clare Kummer at her lightest and funniest. Roland Young as the last husband in the world you would expect to be a crooner, Frances Fuller as his wife, and Laura Hope Crews and Elizabeth Patterson as ladies-in-law who make things difficult. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MARY OF SCOTLAND—The Theatre Guild's top for the year, with Helen Hayes, Helen Menken, and Philip Merivale acting Maxwell Anderson's poetic passages with skill. (Alvin, 52, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

MEN IN WHITE—A sincere and thorough, if somewhat gloomy, exposition of what one has to go through to be a doctor. With Alexander Kirkland and J. Edward Bromberg. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

MOOR BORN—The first of a series of plays about the Brontës, which succeeds in giving the effect of moor-madness and a little inside dope on the family. Helen Gahagan, Frances Starr, Edith Barrett, and Glenn Anders. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:50.)

NO MORE LADIES—Old-fashioned comedy of cheating husbands, done with enough verve to make it entertaining. Lucile Watson, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Weston, Rex O'Malley, and Nancy Ryan. (Morosco, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

PEACE ON EARTH—Just in case you have forgotten what goes on in wartime, you might refresh your memory at this violent, but at times highly dramatic, pacifistic pageant. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:45 P.M. Mats. 2:45 P.M.)

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—Tonio Selwart, Peggy Conklin, and Dennie Moore in a gently diverting comedy about Revolutionary days, when the engaged discussed their problems in bed. (Avon, 45, W. 8:45 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

SAILOR, BEWARE!—Ribald and quite plausible explanation of what our navy does on shore leave. With Bruce Macfarlane and Audrey Christie. (Lyceum, 45, E. Mat. Thurs.)

THE SHATTERED LAMP—Like all anti-Nazi dramas, this deals with more or less conventional points, but it is a better play than the others that have been offered. Guy Bates Post, Effie Shannon, Moffat Johnston, and John Buckler. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

SHE LOVES ME NOT—Showing what happens to Princeton students when they hide a night-club dancer from the Law. You won't find anything much funnier. John Beal, Polly Walters, Florence Rice, Burgess Meredith, and Charles D. Brown. (46th Street, 46, W.)

THE SHINING HOUR—What might have been a regulation story of intramural infidelity were it not for the fact that it is a beautifully written, beautifully acted play more or less in a class by itself. Gladys Cooper, Adrianne Allen, Raymond Massey, and others. (Booth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 21.]

THEY SHALL NOT DIE—The Scottsboro Case put on the stage, courtroom and all, with enough harrowing injustice exposed to burn you up. Ruth Gordon, Claude Rains, Linda Watkins, and a Guild cast. (Royale, 45, W. 8:20 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:20 P.M.)

TOBACCO ROAD—A pretty grim outline of life in the back sections of Georgia, made important by Henry Hull's performance. (48th Street, 48, E. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Apr. 15, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

THE WIND AND THE RAIN—A nice little play about nothing at all except student life and love in Edinburgh. The hero is something of a cad, but he is also played by Frank Lawton. (Ritz, 48, W.)

YELLOW JACK—A series of historical episodes depicting the fight against yellow fever in Cuba in 1900. More interesting theatrically than it may sound. An excellent cast includes John Miltern, Robert Keith, Eduardo Ciannelli, Whitford Kane, and others. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:35 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

ALL THE KING'S HORSES—An honest-to-gosh, old-time musical comedy, which, in making no pretence of being anything else, turns out to be good entertainment all by itself. Guy Robertson, Nancy McCord, Betty Starbuck, and Billy House. (Imperial, 45, W.)

AS THOUSANDS CHEER—Clifton Webb imitating almost everybody in a revue you mustn't miss. With Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, and Ethel Waters. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FOUR SAINTS IN THREE ACTS—See listing under "OPERA" on Page 6. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:50 P.M.)

GILBERT & SULLIVAN REPERTORY — "The Pirates of Penzance," Fri. and Sat., Apr. 13 and 14. "Trial by Jury" and "Pinafore," Mon. through Sat., Apr. 16-21. The company includes William Danforth, Vera Ross, Vivian Hart, Roy Cropper, Herbert and Allen Waterous. (Majestic, 44, W.) . . . Also see listing of "Utopia, Ltd.," under "OPERA" on Page 6.

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

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THE NEW YORKER
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NEW FACES—A lot of young people working very hard together with some new material and making a more than passable revue of it. (Fulton, 46, W.)

ROBERTA—Jerome Kern music, nice singing, and a story which does no harm. Lyda Roberti, Fay Templeton, Tamara, and Bob Hope. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—A beautiful show to look at, and Fannie Brice at her funniest to scream at, also Willie Howard, the dancing Ebsens, and Everett Marshall. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(You'd better verify the dates; managers often change their minds.)

STEVEDORE—The Theatre Union's production of a play by Paul Peters and George Sklar. Opens Wed., Apr. 18. (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 8:45 P.M.)

ARE YOU DECENT?—A comedy by Crane Wilbur, with Eric Dressler. Opens Thurs., Apr. 19. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

WIFE INSURANCE—A play by Frederick Jackson, with Harvey Stephens, Kenneth MacKenna, Walter Abel, and Ilka Chase. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

●

THE DRUNKARD — One of those "hiss-the-villain" melodramas of ancient mold, enhanced by the surroundings, which include free beer, coffee, and sandwiches, followed by community singing around a piano. (American Music Hall, 139 E. 55. Nightly at 8:45 P.M.)

CASINO VARIETIES—De-luxe vaudeville, with George Jessel, Walter O'Keefe, Gertrude Niesen, the Ritz Brothers, and a general outlay of girls and music. Pleasant diversion. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. at 11:30 P.M. and Sun. at 5:30 P.M.)

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS OF 1934 — Benefit show for unemployed typographers. Many stars will appear, and Heywood Broun, Graham McNamee, and Deems Taylor will be masters of ceremonies: Sat. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8. (71st Rgt. Armory, Park at 34.)

ASSOCIATED BRITISH CHARITIES—Benefit performance, with Rudy Vallée, Lyda Roberti, Tamara, Everett Marshall, A. E. Matthews, Willie and Eugene Howard, Francine Larimore, Adrianne Allen, and many others: Sun. Eve., Apr. 15, at 8:45. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40.)

SUNDAY NIGHTS AT NINE—An informal revue, pleasant enough for a Sunday evening. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58.)

DANCE RECITALS—Tamiris, in her last recital this season: Sun. Aft., Apr. 15, at 3. (Little, 44, W.) . . . Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and their group: Sun. Eve., Apr. 15, at 8:30. (Guild, 52, W.)

FOR CHILDREN—Children's Spring Festival, for the benefit of the Clean City Committee. Songs, animated cartoons, magic, a miniature circus, ballet, etc.: Sat. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2:45. (Town Hall, 43, E.)

AFTER-THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 2-1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue, with music by Pancho and his orchestra.*

BILTMORE CASINO BLEU, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920)—Paul Whiteman and his orchestra are the big attraction here.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—Eddy Duchin's orchestra, dances by Florence and Alvarez, and impersonations by Eddie Garr. Must dress.

CHAPEAU ROUGE, 159 W. 49 (Columbus 5-9096)—Peppy De Albrew's smart supper club. Songs by Frances Maddux, dances by the DeMarcos, and magic by Galli-Galli. Dick Gasparre's and Godoy's music.*

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (Eldorado 5-8769)—

(Continued on page 4)

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. X, No. 9, April 14, 1934. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.
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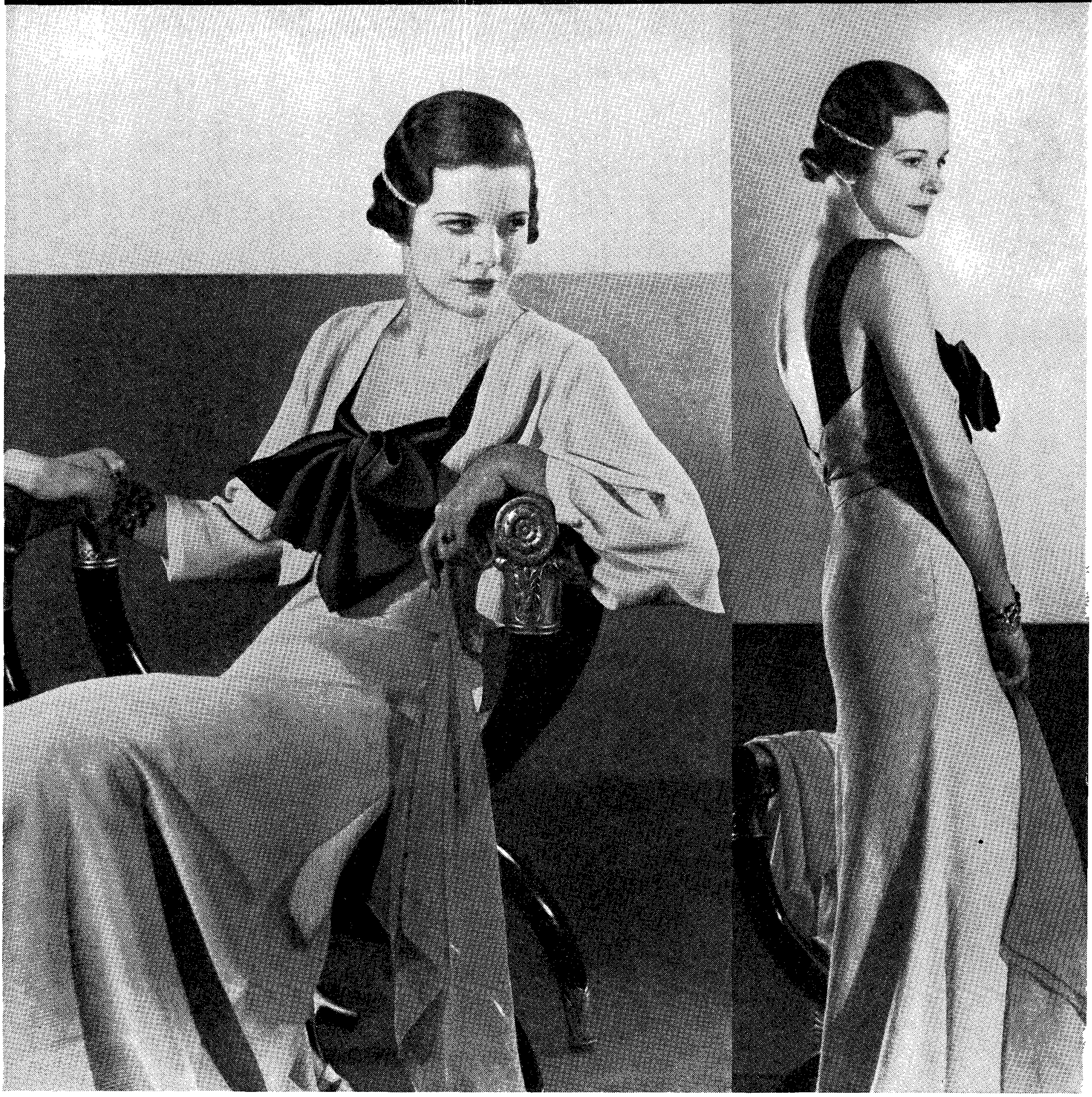

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RUSSEK'S
FIFTH AVENUE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Continued from page 2)

Joseph C. Smith and Nilo Menendez provide the dance music. Deslys and Clark entertain with songs.*

Mayfair Yacht Club, 450½ E. 52 (Eldorado 5-9163)—Down by the East River, with funny songs by Dwight Fiske and music by Walker O'Neill's orchestra.*

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—After-theatre dancing in the Neptune Room. Jack Denny and his orchestra.*

Place Piquale, 201 W. 52 (Circle 7-4533)—One of the gayest spots in town. Harry Rosenthal's excellent music, songs by Marion Chase, and dances by Dario and Diane.*

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (Plaza 3-1740)—Emil Coleman leads the orchestra in the new Persian Room and the DeMarcos dance. Must dress.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play in the Seaglade. Must dress.

Vanderbilt, Park at 34 (Ashland 4-4000)—The Della Robbia Room offers Joe Moss' music and dances by Ward and Hopkins.*

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—In the Empire Room you'll find Enric Madriguera's orchestra, Xavier Cugat's tango band, and dancing by Maurice and Cordoba.*

Dance Orchestras Here and There—Leon Belasco plays in the Continental Grill, St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), and there's entertainment by Marguerite and LeRoy, the Vercell Sisters, and Gypsy Nina. . . . Don Bestor is at the Pennsylvania Madhattan, 7 Ave. at 33 (Pennsylvania 6-5000). . . . Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Orchestra are at the Colonnades, Essex House, 160 Central Pk. S. (Circle 7-0300). . . . Rubinoff plays in the Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 46 (Vanderbilt 3-9200). Isham Jones plays at the Commodore, Lexington at 42. . . . Charlie Davis is at the Terrace Restaurant, Hotel New Yorker, 8 Ave. at 34. . . . Charles Barnet is now at the Park Central Cocoanut Grove, 7 Ave. at 56. . . . Harold Stern provides the music in the Coral Room, Hotel Montclair, Lexington at 49. . . . Sam Robbins plays in the McAlpin Marine Grill, B'way at 34. . . . Jack Little is at the Lexington, Lexington at 48. . . . You will find Enoch Light at the Governor Clinton, 7 Ave. at 31. . . . Angelo Ferdinando plays in the Crystal Room of the Great Northern, 118 W. 57.

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•Notes—Among the more recently opened attractive cafés are: The Lombardy Bar, 111 E. 56; Ritz Tower Bar, Park at 57; Flamingo Bar at Sherry's, 300 Park; and Carlyle Café, Madison at 76.

Jack Meyers leads the orchestra at the Surf Club, 42 E. 52 (Plaza 3-1849). . . . The Californians provide the music at the Club New Yorker, 38 E. 51 (Wickersham 2-0977). . . . Le Bijou, 2 E. 56 (Plaza 3-4282), features Michel Zarin's music and songs by Nicolina. . . . The Merry-Go-Round, 146 E. 56 (Plaza 3-3397), has a marionette show and Happy Powers's band. . . . Nan Blakstone sings and there's music by Allan Coles at the Casino Town Club, 9 E. 52 (Eldorado 5-7509). . . . Le Caveau Riche, 57 W. 57, offers songs by Clifford Newdahl and Mitchell Schuster's orchestra. . . . Petit Palais, 36 W. 56 (Circle 7-9472), has Jolly Coburn's music, dances by C. Dimitri and Helen Virgil, and other entertainment.

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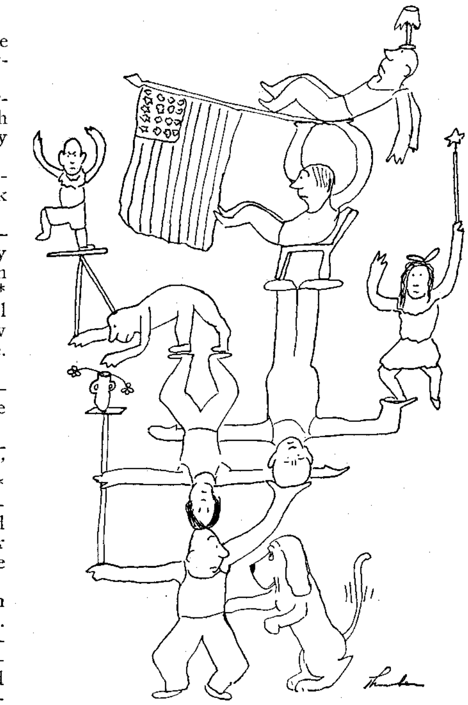
Broadway Atmosphere—The big, popular, flashy places: Casino de Paree, 254 W. 54 (Circle 7-1590), with Ben Pollack's and Snooks Friedman's orchestras, and Billy Rose's spectacular revue, featuring Jimmy Savo, Frances Williams, Cardini, Eleanor Powell, and others. . . . Palais Royal, B'way at 48 (Lackawanna 4-7300), with Phil Harris and his orchestra, and an elaborate revue that includes Nitza Vernille, the Loomis Sisters, Edna Sedgwick, and others.

Other places with plenty of floor show: Paradise, B'way at 49 (Circle 7-1080), featuring Lou Holtz and Armida; Hollywood, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572), Rudy Vallée's band; and Delmonico's, 209 W. 51 (Circle 7-6108). . . . Club Ha Ha, 134 W. 52 (Circle 7-9790), with Dan Healy, Jack White, Jerry Bergin, Lilian Fitzgerald, and others entertaining the stay-out-all-nights.



[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 21.]

Greenwich Village—Mori's, 144 Bleecker (Gramercy 7-8736), with Eddie Davis' orchestra. . . . For Village dance-hall atmosphere: The Village Barn, 52 W. 8; The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq. . . . Not for débutantes: Jimmy Kelly's, 181 Sullivan.

Harlem—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687), has a good show, with Adelaide Hall and Jimmy Lunceford's band. After that explore on your own hook.

Foreign Atmosphere—Cuban: The Cubanacan, 75 Lenox Ave., at 114 (Monument 2-8272), with lively entertainment and a real rumba band. . . . Hungarian: Csarda, 203 E. 92 (Atwater 9-9505), with gipsy music. . . . Russian: The Caucasian Eagle, 112 E. 55 (Vanderbilt 3-9189); and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14 (Tompkins Sq. 6-9784), vodka, Russian food, and entertainment. . . . Scandinavian: Wivel, 254 W. 54 (Columbus 5-9251), *smörgåsbord*, dancing, and entertainment. . . . Spanish: El Chico, 80 Grove (Chelsea 2-4646).

MOTION PICTURES

The House of Rothschild—The origin and early days of the great banking house, with George Arliss in perhaps his best rôle. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:50 P.M., and Sat. at 11:50 P.M.)

Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen—The chronicles of a possible kidnapping case carefully put before you. With Dorothea Wieck and Alice Brady. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Mon. and Tues., Apr. 16 and 17; continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII—Return engagement of Charles Laughton's superb picture of the Tudor monarch. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. and Sun., Apr. 14 and 15; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Queen Christina—Garbo in a heroic mood, in a film of seventeenth-century Sweden. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Apr. 13; continuous from 1 P.M.)

Wild Cargo—Frank Buck's latest animal adventures, gentler than usual but amusing, especially for youngsters. (Palace, B'way at 47; Fri. through Thurs., Apr. 13-19; continuous from noon.)

Revivals—At the Little Carnegie, 57, E. of 7 Ave.: "Dancing Lady," with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, Fri., Apr. 13; "Grand Hotel," with Garbo, etc., Sat. through Tues., Apr. 14-17; continuous from noon. . . . At the Lenox Little, 52 E. 78: "She Done Him Wrong," with Mae West, Fri. through Sun., Apr. 13-15; 7:45 and 9:45 P.M.

Note—Movies for children, at the Lenox Little, 52 E. 78, Fri., Sat., and Sun. Afts. at 2:15 and 3:45.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Ariane," a scrappy film about a young girl in love, but with beautiful acting by Elizabeth Bergner; "Catherine the Great," exciting historical drama, with Elizabeth Bergner as the wily Empress and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the youthful Czar; "Nana," Anna Sten as a lively lady of the Second Empire; "Six of a Kind," quite funny, thanks to W. C. Fields, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland, and some other wits.

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Viva Villa!—With Wallace Beery; scheduled to open too late for review in this issue. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M. daily.)

ART

Advertising—Annual show of advertising art by the Art Directors Club: 34th floor, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Open weekdays noon to 5:30 P.M.; Sat. 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Tues. until 9 P.M.; starting Sat., Apr. 14.

An American Group—Group exhibition of paintings by new members, including Doi, Mommer, McAuslan, and others: Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Architecture—Early Museums, 1770-1850: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M. . . . Photographs of Persian Islamic architecture: Architectural League, 115 E. 40; starting Thurs., Apr. 19.

Benton—Paintings by an artist whose easel pictures have the strength and saltiness of his murals: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Brooklyn Museum—Centennial Exhibition by a Museum that has shown many good things during, at least, the past decade. Also, paintings, sculpture, and miniatures by the Allied Artists and the Brooklyn Society of Miniature Painters: Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Daingerfield—Memorial exhibition: Grand Central Art Galleries, 5 Ave. at 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Dali—Some fine drawings and charnel-house symbolism by the King of the Cannibals; illustrations for a premature nineteenth-century Surréaliste novel by Isidore Ducasse: Julien Levy, 602 Madison. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Derain—Twenty-six water colors, sepias, and drawings. The subjects are landscapes and figures: Marie Harriman, 63 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 14.

Fashions—Synthetic materials applied to the upholstery of furniture and ladies: 7th floor, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; and Tues. and Thurs. 7 to 10 P.M.

Fitzgerald—Paintings by the almost mythical Zelda Fitzgerald; with whatever emotional overtones or associations may remain from the so-called Jazz Age: Cary Ross, 525 E. 86. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

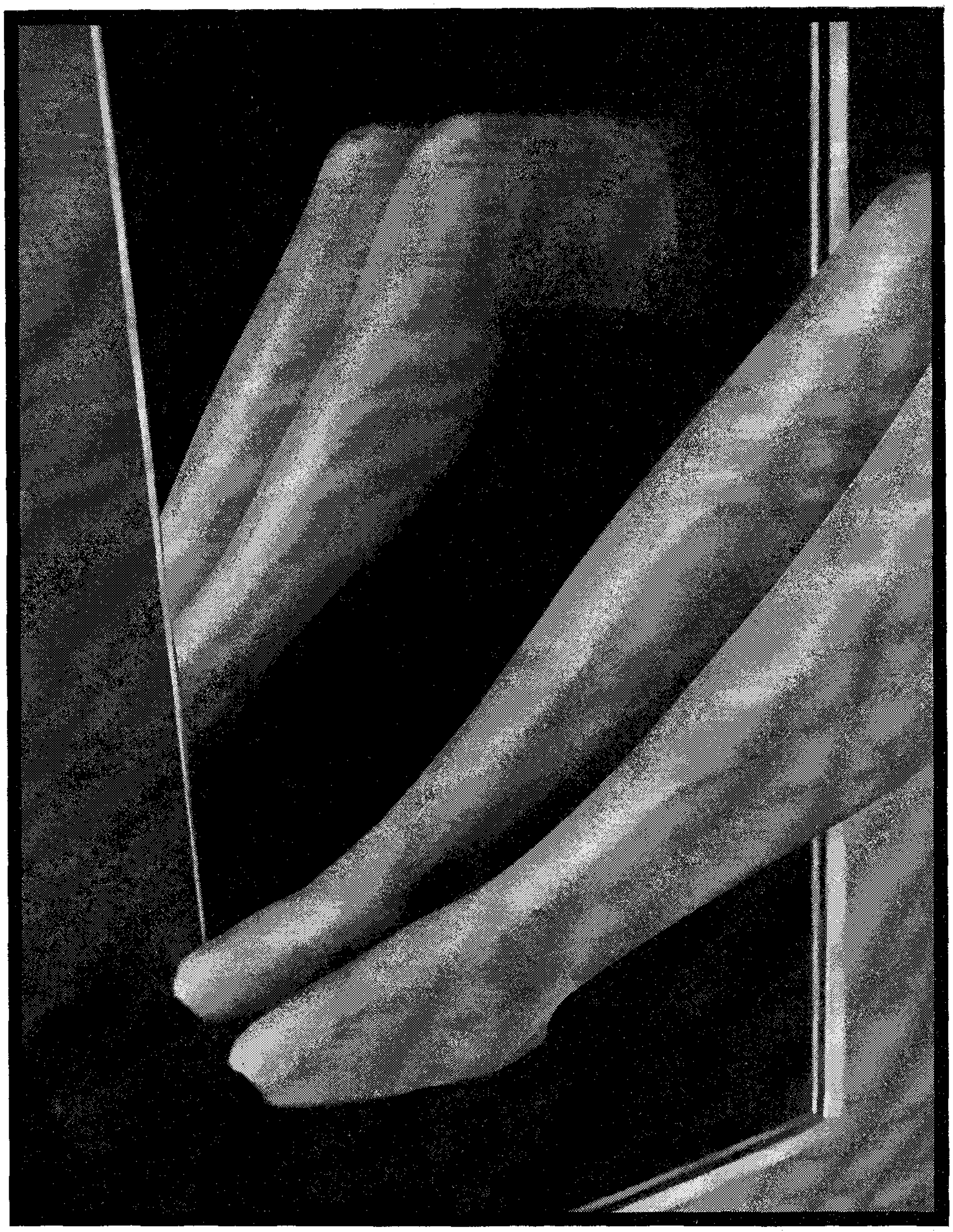
Flowers—Canvas posies for the home by some of our good Americans, including Kuniyoshi, Sheeler, Cikovsky, and Weber: Kuhne, 59 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 14.

Folk Art—Exhibition under the auspices of the National Committee on Folk Arts: 673 5 Ave. (entrance on 53 St.). Open weekdays 2 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 21.

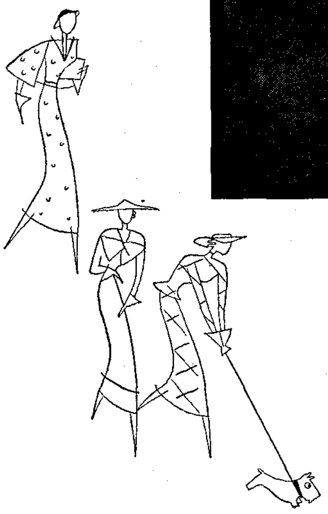
Goya—Loan exhibition of paintings from many collections: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

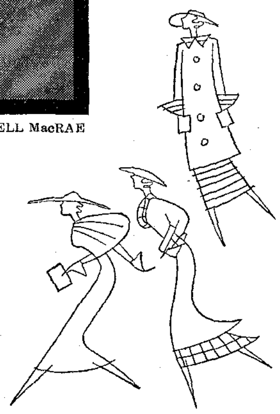
Independents—Annual exhibition by the Society of Independent Artists: Grand Central

(Continued on page 6)



WENDELL MacRAE





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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, APRIL 13, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 21.]

(Continued from page 4)

Palace, Lexington at 46. Opens Fri., Apr. 13, 8 to 10 P.M.; weekdays thereafter 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

Industrial Art—Large exhibition which duplicates many of the best things in the Modern Museum show, adds a handful of its own, and exhibits in addition some of the horrors of fake modernism and commercial stylicization: 62nd floor, R.C.A. Bldg., 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Tues. and Thurs. until 10 P.M.

Lahm—Paintings: Gallery 144 W. 13. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 14.

Logasa—Paintings by an artist whose palette is occasionally clogged and uncertain but not without strength: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 14.

Machine Art—Handsome and exciting show of all kinds of objects produced by machines: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

Ross—Water colors by a painter of promise who treads close on the heels of Burchfield and Hopper: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Apr. 17.

Schmidt—Recent paintings by an accomplished woman: Downtown, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 21.

Sculptors and Prints—Excellent array of the best German sculptors; important Lehmbrucks and Barlachs, and some fine work by Kolbe, Marcks, and Sintenis. Also, annual selection of fifty prints: Weyhe, 794 Lexington. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Shaw—Manhattan, chiefly at the upper levels, in various moods; thin and two-dimensional, the paintings do justice to the setback (and in how many ways!) period: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Apr. 14.

Space-Sculpture—Mobiles by Alexander Calder: Pierre Matisse, Fuller Bldg., 51 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Miscellaneous—Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.—Paintings by John Cunning: Kleemann-Thorman, 38 E. 57; through Apr. 14. . . . Drawings by Hetty Beatty: Macbeth, 19 E. 57; through Apr. 16. . . . Memorial exhibition of paintings by Charles H. Davis: Macbeth, 15 E. 57; through Apr. 16. . . . Contemporary American art: Seligmann, 3 E. 51. . . . Paintings by Max Beckmann and Paul Burlin: Contempora New Art Circle, 509 Madison, at 53. . . . Paintings by Arthur G. Dove: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. . . . Hand quilting used for decorative effects: Decorators Club, 745 5 Ave.; through Apr. 21. . . . Paintings by Kuniyoshi: Ten Dollar Gallery, 28 E. 56. . . . Paintings by Joseph Solman: Contemporary Arts, 41 W. 54 (also open Sun. 2:30 to 6 P.M.); through Apr. 21.

Annual exhibition by the Society of Illustrators: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. (open 12:30 to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.). . . . The New York No-Jury Exhibition of the Salons of America: Forum, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 50. . . . Work of students in the free adult art schools of the city: Classroom K, Metropolitan Museum of Art (open 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6). . . . Demonstration of the processes of etching, by Louis Wolchonok: Craft Students League, Wed., Apr. 18, at 8 P.M. . . . "Repeal Art Show," including works by Luks, Logasa, Sloan, du Bois, Lintott, and others: Hotel St. Moritz, 50 Central Pk. S.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Katherine Ruth Heyman—Recital of Scriabin piano music by a specialist: Town Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 13.

Lucrezia Bori and Albert Spalding—A distinguished combination in a benefit concert: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 15.

Roth Quartet—Modern chamber music, expertly illustrated: Steinway Hall, Mon. Eve., Apr. 16.

Pan-American Association of Composers—Latest developments in modern music, including percussion experiments: Town Hall, Sun. Eve., Apr. 15.

Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman—Joint song recital, for the benefit of Hartley House Music School: Junior League, 221 E. 71, Wed. Eve., Apr. 18, at 8:45.

New York Chamber Music Society—Special concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Apr. 20.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Apr. 13, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Apr. 15 (Wagner program, with soloists); Thurs. Eve., Apr. 19, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Apr. 20, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Apr. 21, at 8:45.

Dessoff Choirs—Miss Dessoff conducting: Town Hall, Wed. Eve., Apr. 18.

OPERA

Four Saints in Three Acts—Bright music, smart staging, excellent acting by a colored cast—and soothing-sounding words by Gertrude Stein, which probably won't make much difference to you. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40.)

Metropolitan—"Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and the mad scene from "Lucia," in a special benefit performance for the Opera Fund: Sat. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2.

Hippodrome National Opera Company—Popular prices. "Faust," Fri. Eve., Apr. 13, at 8:15; "Carmen," Sat. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Apr. 14, at 8:15; "La Gioconda," Sun. Aft., Apr. 15, at 2; "Aïda," Sun. Eve., Apr. 15, at 8; "Lucia," Mon. Eve., Apr. 16, at 8:15; "Carmen," Tues. Eve., Apr. 17, at 8. (Hippodrome, 6 Ave. at 43.)

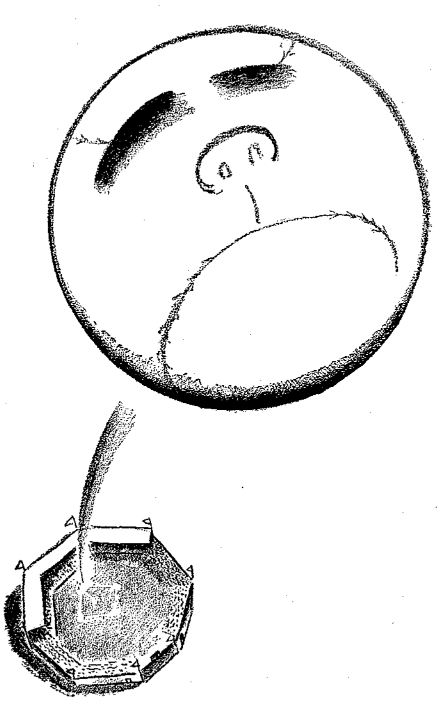
Chicago Opera Company—Also popular prices. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. Eve., Apr. 13; "La Forza del Destino," Sat. Aft., Apr. 14; "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., Apr. 14; "La Gioconda," Sun. Eve., Apr. 15. (Broadway, B'way at 53.)

Utopia, Ltd.—The Gilbert & Sullivan operetta, in benefit performances by the Blue Hill Troupe: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Apr. 13 and 14; Sat. Aft., Apr. 14, at 2:30 (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

ON THE AIR

The Program of the Week—A new series, blending humor, news, drama, and music: Fri. Eves. (starting Apr. 13) at 10, WABC.

St. Louis Community Center—Dedication ceremonies, including addresses by Secretary Ickes, Postmaster-General Farley, and others: Sat. Aft., Apr. 14, at 4:45, WJZ and WABC. Part of "Aïda," from the opera house, with Martinelli and Rethberg: Sat. at midnight, WEAF.



Broadway and Hollywood—A special broadcast in which George Arliss, Constance Bennett, Ronald Colman, Jack Oakie, Loretta Young, Fredric March, Florence Rice, John Beal, and many others will take part: Sat. Eve., Apr. 14, at 7, WEAF.

Cordell Hull—The Secretary of State will deliver an address during the annual Pan-American Concert: Sat. Eve., Apr. 14, at 10:30, WEAF.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting. All-Wagner program, with Kappel, Althouse, and Telva, as soloists: Sun. Aft., Apr. 15, at 3, WABC.

Egon Petri—The distinguished pianist returns in a new series with the N.B.C. String Quartet: Sun. Afts. (starting Apr. 15) at 6, WJZ.

Ezio Pinza—The Metropolitan basso as soloist with Waring's Pennsylvanians: Sun. Eve., Apr. 15, at 8:30, WABC.

Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles—As guest stars on the program with Nat Shilkret's orchestra: Sun. Eve., Apr. 15, at 10:30, WEAF.

Baseball—The opening game of the season, Washington Senators vs. Boston Red Sox, described by Ted Husing: Mon. Aft., Apr. 16, at 2:45, WABC.

Babe Ruth—Inaugurating a new three-a-week program of baseball comment and dramatizations: Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves., Apr. 16, 18, and 20, at 8:45, WJZ.

Walter Damrosch—Conducting a symphony orchestra in a series of spring concerts: Mon. Eves. at 10, WJZ. Also, conducting the Music Appreciation Hour: Fri. Morns. at 11, WEAF-WJZ.

Comics—Phil Baker: Fri. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Jack Benny: Fri. at 10:30, WEAF. . . . Al Trahan: Sat. at 10, WEAF. . . . Groucho and Chico Marx: Sun. at 7, WABC. . . . Joe Penner: Sun. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Eddie Cantor: Sun. at 8, WEAF. . . . Ben Bernie: Tues. at 9, WEAF. . . . Ed Wynn: Tues. at 9:30, WEAF. . . . Stoopnagle and Budd: Tues. and Thurs. at 10, WABC. . . . Jack Pearl: Wed. at 8, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen: Wed. at 9, WEAF. . . . Raymond Knight: Wed. at 9, WJZ. . . . Burns and Allen: Wed. at 9:30, WABC. (Times are P.M.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Local season opens. At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., Apr. 17-19, at 3:15 P.M.; Giants vs. Boston, Fri., Apr. 20, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Apr. 21, at 3. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L"; 8 Ave. subway; or Bus No. 3.)

International Rugby Football—Cambridge University vs. All-East American stars: Baker Field, B'way at 218, Sat., Apr. 14, at 3 P.M. (Take B'way subway to 215 St.)

Racing—Local season opens at Jamaica track, Sat., Apr. 21, at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:50 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Circus—Annual visit of the big show: Madison Square Garden; performances daily at 2 and 8 P.M.

Public Balls—The New York Newspaper Women's Club's "Front Page Ball": Hotel Astor, Fri. Eve., Apr. 13. . . . Beach Costume Ball, for the benefit of the Artists and Writers Dinner Club: Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Eve., Apr. 13. . . . Supper dance and entertainment for the benefit of Briarcliff Holiday House: Hotel Pierre, Sat. Eve., Apr. 14. . . . Society of Illustrators' benefit dance, "World Cruise Costume Party": Sherry's, 300 Park, Sat. Eve., Apr. 14.

Mask & Wig Show—The annual University of Pennsylvania extravaganza, "Easy Pickins:" Mecca Temple, 55, E. 7 Ave., Sat., Apr. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.

Auctions—At the American-Anderson Galleries, Madison at 57—The Hyman Kaufman collection of early New England furniture, silver, glass, and decorations: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Apr. 13 and 14, at 2:15. . . . Etchings by modern masters: Fri. Eve., Apr. 13, at 8:15. . . . Important paintings by Old Masters, from the Ehrich Galleries: Wed. and Thurs. Eves., Apr. 18 and 19, at 8:15. . . . Books, autographs, and manuscripts: Afts. of Apr. 18 and 19, at 2:15; Eve. of Apr. 18, at 8:15.

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CITY SLICKER keeps you dry and saturated with smartness at one and the same time! It's Peck & Peck's challenge to Jupe Pluvius and his torrents — a shining silver raincoat that will make you pray for rain! City Slicker is made of the new Revolite — a waterproof, flexible, washable fabric presented first at Peck & Peck! $10.50. Other colors in City Slicker—navy, brown and black.

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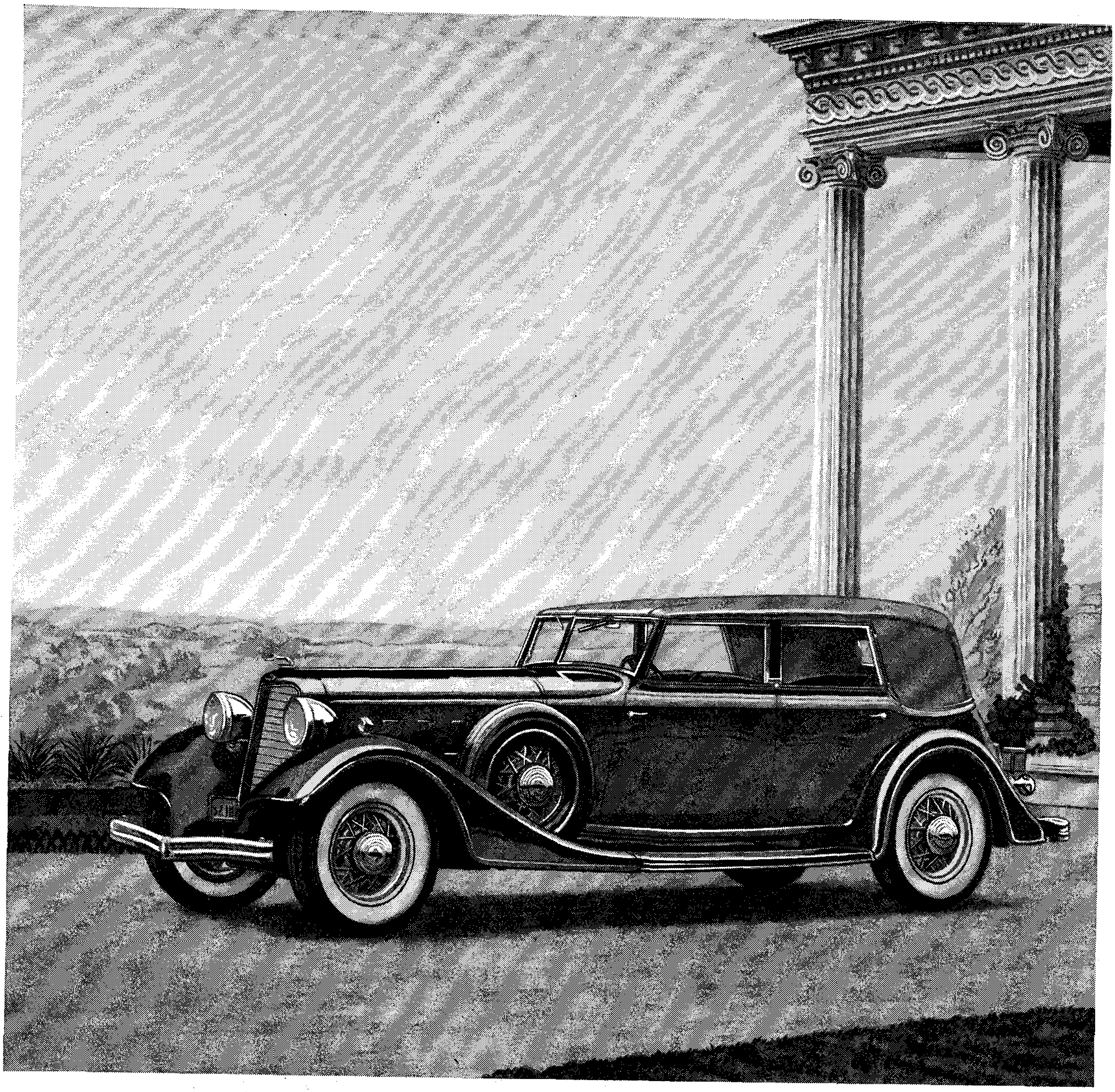
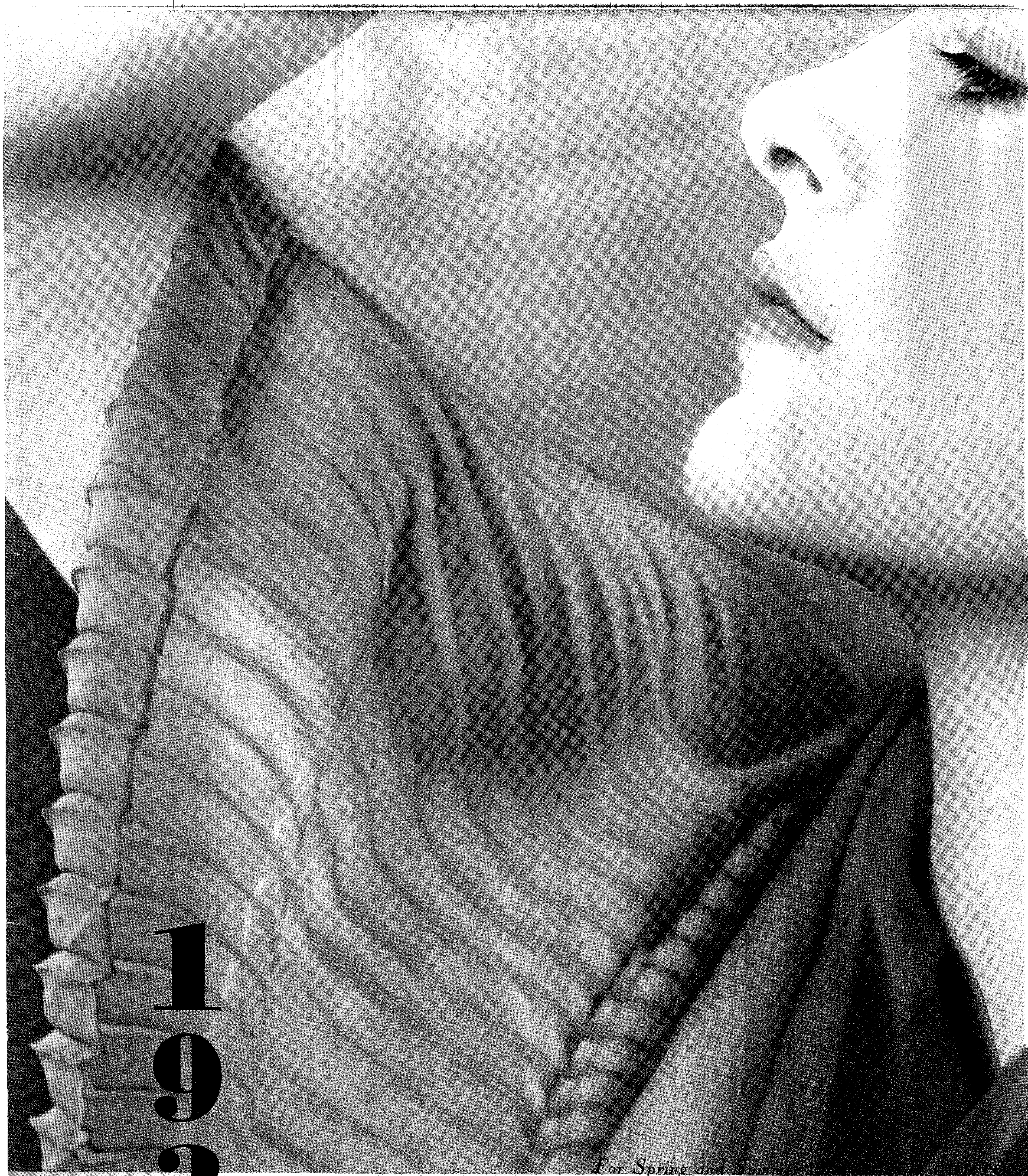


DIETRICH CONVERTIBLE SEDAN

The LINCOLN

However much events of the past few years may have restrained the purchase of fine things, desire for them has been constant. People who, momentarily, feared that they could not afford the best are discovering now that its possession can give confidence, can build morale. The rewards of owning and driving a Lincoln are real. . . . The new Lincoln is not a fine engine—alone; or a luxurious body—alone; or any other single excellence, but a fusion of them all. Yet certain individual attainments in design and engineering deserve special consideration. The V-12 cylinder engine, 150 horsepower, Lincoln engineers judge superior to any they have thus far designed. Its aluminum cylinder heads result in faster acceleration, more nearly perfect fuel consumption. The new clear-vision ventilation system maintains desired air conditions, without drafts. Two wheelbases—standard and custom-built body types. From $3200, at Detroit.



For Spring and Summer [illegible]

1935

WE PROPHESY :

That *silk* will be more than ever the favored fabric—for the smartest gowns, the most luxurious underwear, the finest hosiery. ∽ That it will be imitated, but never equaled. ∽ That the wise shopper will no longer be content merely to *ask* for Silk, but will look for identifying tags and labels—especially those of the International Silk Guild. ∽ That with this assurance of the genuine, she will unhesitatingly follow the mode and fill her wardrobe with garments that are really

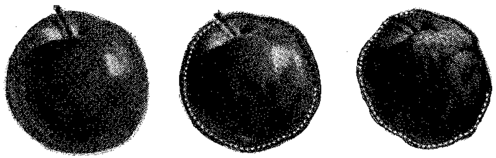
Silk

When buying silk things look for a tag or label identifying them as PURE SILK

Dryness—a fault of your outer skin

But Lines and Wrinkles come from shrinking of your Under Skin

THE APPLE SHOWS HOW WRINKLES COME



Smooth—Glossy
1. At its peak, the inner and outer skins of the apple are both firm and smooth—they are both perfect!

Soft—Spongy
2. A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from the outer skin.

Wrinkled—Discolored
3. Later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. This causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

No single cream can care for Both your skins!

TWO SKINS—Your *Outer Skin*, exposed to sun, wind, dust, needs a substance that restores the moisture that is constantly being whipped out of it.

Your *Under Skin* is fed by oils that keep it full and firm and prevent lines and wrinkles from forming. When these natural oils fail, this skin needs certain deep penetrating oils to take their place.

And *no single cream* can be made to contain both kinds of substance.

That is why there are *two* kinds of Pond's Creams. Why beautiful women constantly use these two entirely different creams.

Pond's Cold Cream melts instantly and sinks *deep down* into the under skin. It is *oily*. See how it draws the dirt out!

Pond's Vanishing Cream stays on the surface to soften and lubricate the *outer* skin only!

Have you been trying to care for your skin with one cream only? Then just try this Two-Skin Care for just a few days and see what wonderful results it brings you.

Miss Anne Gould *lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, cares for both her skins, each with a different Pond's Cream.*

This is how Miss Anne Gould does it:

1. "***Every Night,*** I cleanse my skin to its depths with Pond's Cold Cream. It's a soft melty kind of cream that coaxes out every speck of make-up and dust from your pores. I wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Then I go all over face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream a second time. I *pat* it in to bring up the circulation. It makes any skin feel young deep down! I wipe that off, too. (Sometimes I use Pond's Liquefying Cream. It's a grand cleanser, too, and goes equally deep.)

2. "***Next,*** Pond's Vanishing Cream for overnight. It is greaseless. Makes you look and feel fresh, and never soils your pillow. I apply it liberally over face, neck, arms and hands . . . And I use it all the time to keep my elbows soft and white.

OUTER SKIN
UNDER SKIN

Two Creams needed for your Two Skins . . .

Your UNDER SKIN where wrinkles start needs an oil cream that goes deep down—supplies failing oils—Pond's Cold Cream or Pond's Liquefying Cream.

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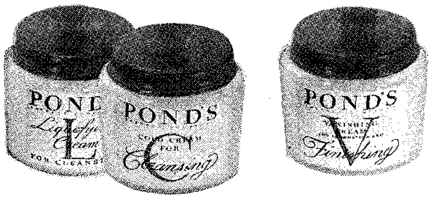

For your Under Skin
Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or the new Pond's Liquefying Cream.

For your Outer Skin
—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Greaseless. Corrects dryness.

SEND FOR SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
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I enclose 9¢ (postage and packing) for samples of Pond's Creams and six different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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White-ground
BEAU-TIE Foulards

FEELING pretty chipper, we are, about hopping out ahead with frocks in white-ground, foulard. It's the same Beau-tie quality that you took to so quickly this spring...washable and sunfast. The summer series has a white ground, tie-patterned to blend with your spring topcoat (blue or black or brown, isn't it?) and to wear later with no coat, but all the white accessories you can acquire! The frock is a well-fitting shirtwaister with flat, coat-line shoulders and buttoned-down patch pockets. In white with green, blue, rust or butter-yellow tie-patterns, sizes 14 to 20, for $16.95.... But *only at Best's*, of course.

Beau-tie Foulard is a Beau Monde Fabric, by Marshall Field & Company, Manufacturers, Chicago, New York, Paris

Best & Co.
Fifth Avenue at 35th Street
GARDEN CITY MAMARONECK
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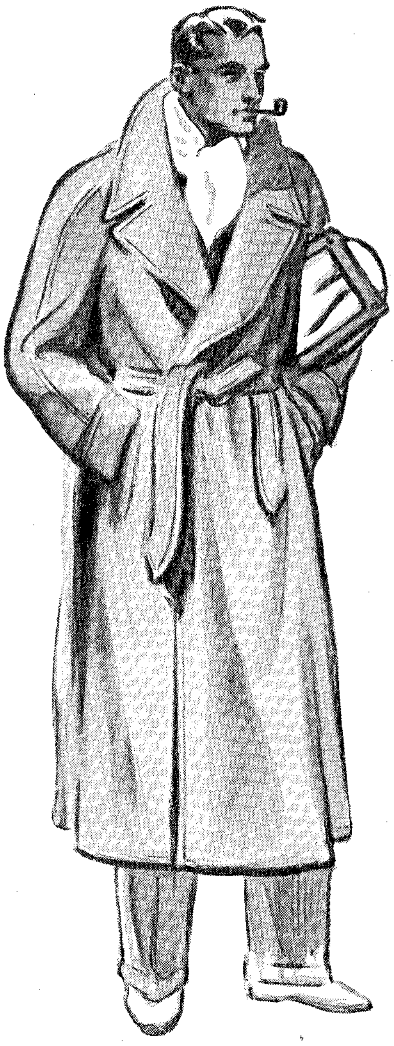
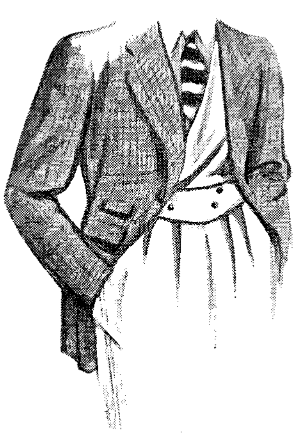
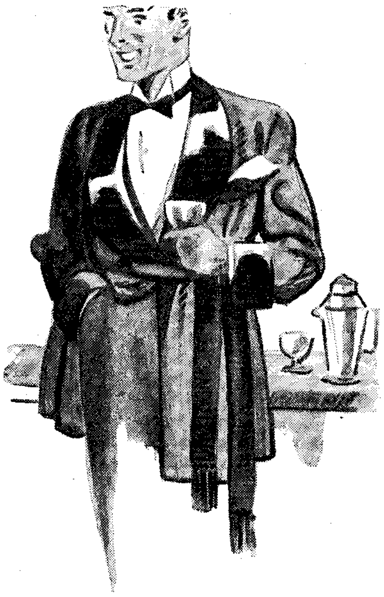


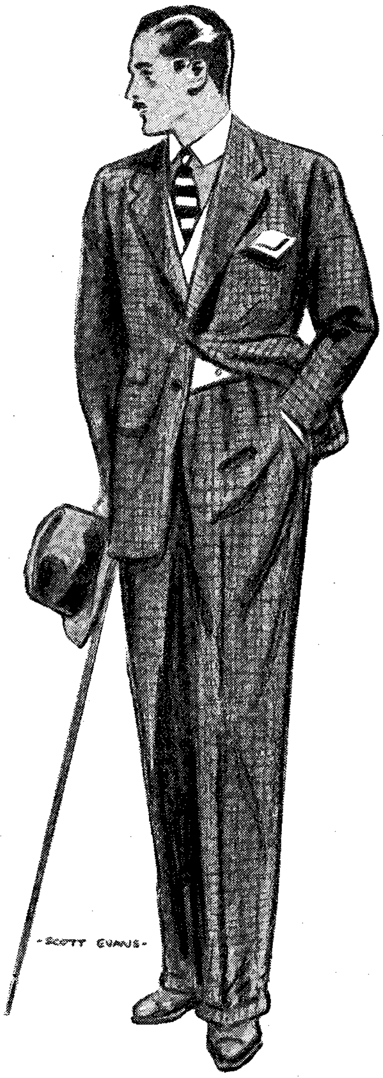
WRAP-AROUND is the official title of this sane new sport coat fashion. It's one coat you'll not lose buttons from. Done in camel's hair—stoutly, sleekly Skinner-lined through the sleeves and deep across the shoulders.



IF YOU'VE AN EYE for details, make note of the ubiquitous ticket-pocket; the lap-seam trouser. Also note how many soft-fabric trouser knees are being Skinner-lined.



MANLY NEGLIGEE becomes distinctly presentable with the cocktail jacket. A heady stimulant of itself in Skinner's satin-back crepe. Satin inside, firm crepe outside, yet only one thickness of cloth!



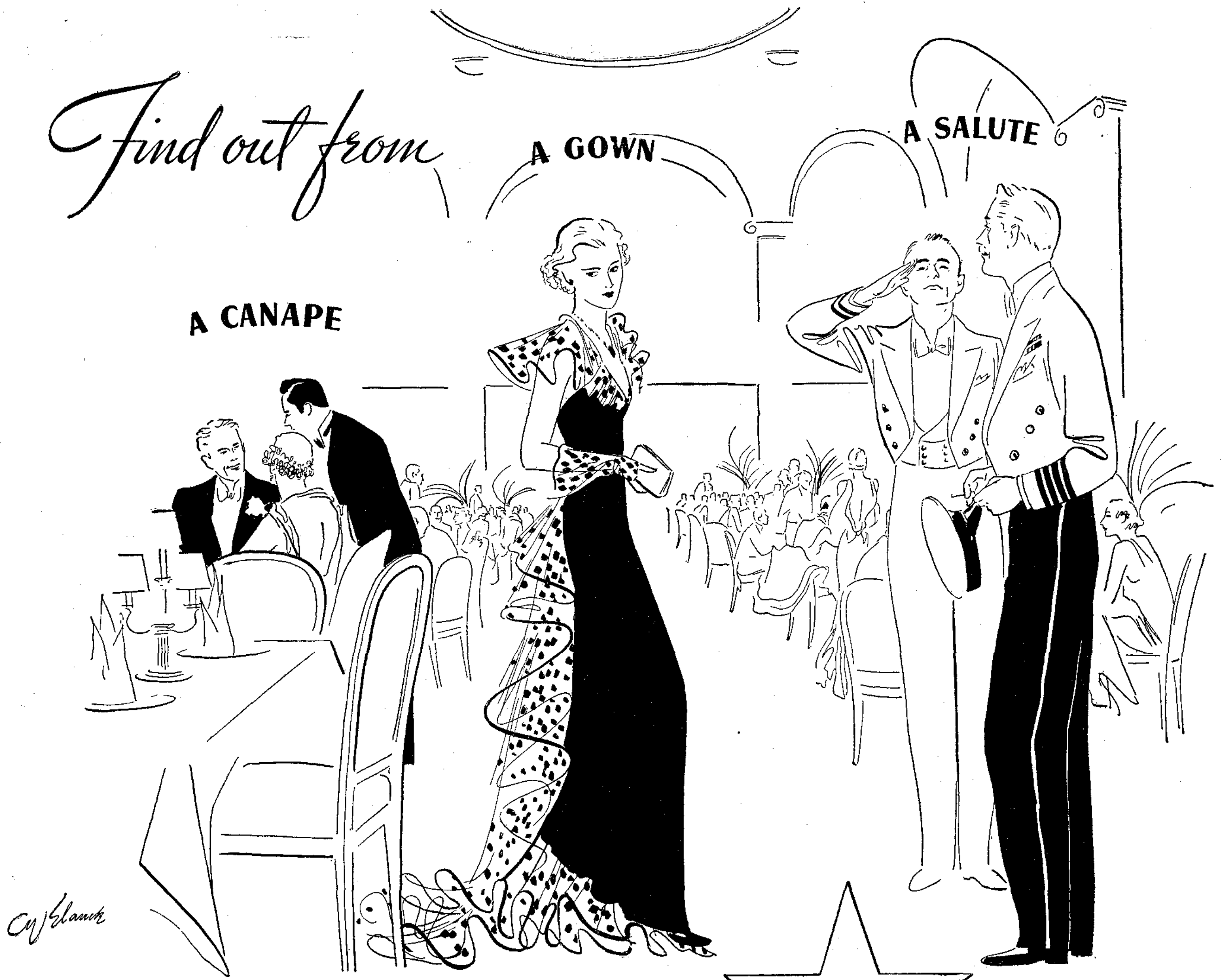
CITY LIFE AGREES with your old country friends, the rough fabrics. Lightweight *(that's important)* tweeds and saxonies are "in" for business wear. They look well longest if helped from within by Skinner linings.

This season's inside information merely confirms what the intelligent tailor has always told us; viz., that the character of your lining very largely influences the fit, drape, and feel of your clothing, and that the *ne plus ultra* among linings are those by Skinner. William Skinner & Sons, 45 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Look for the name in the selvage

Linings BY Skinner

HELP MAKE CLOTHES
TRULY FINE



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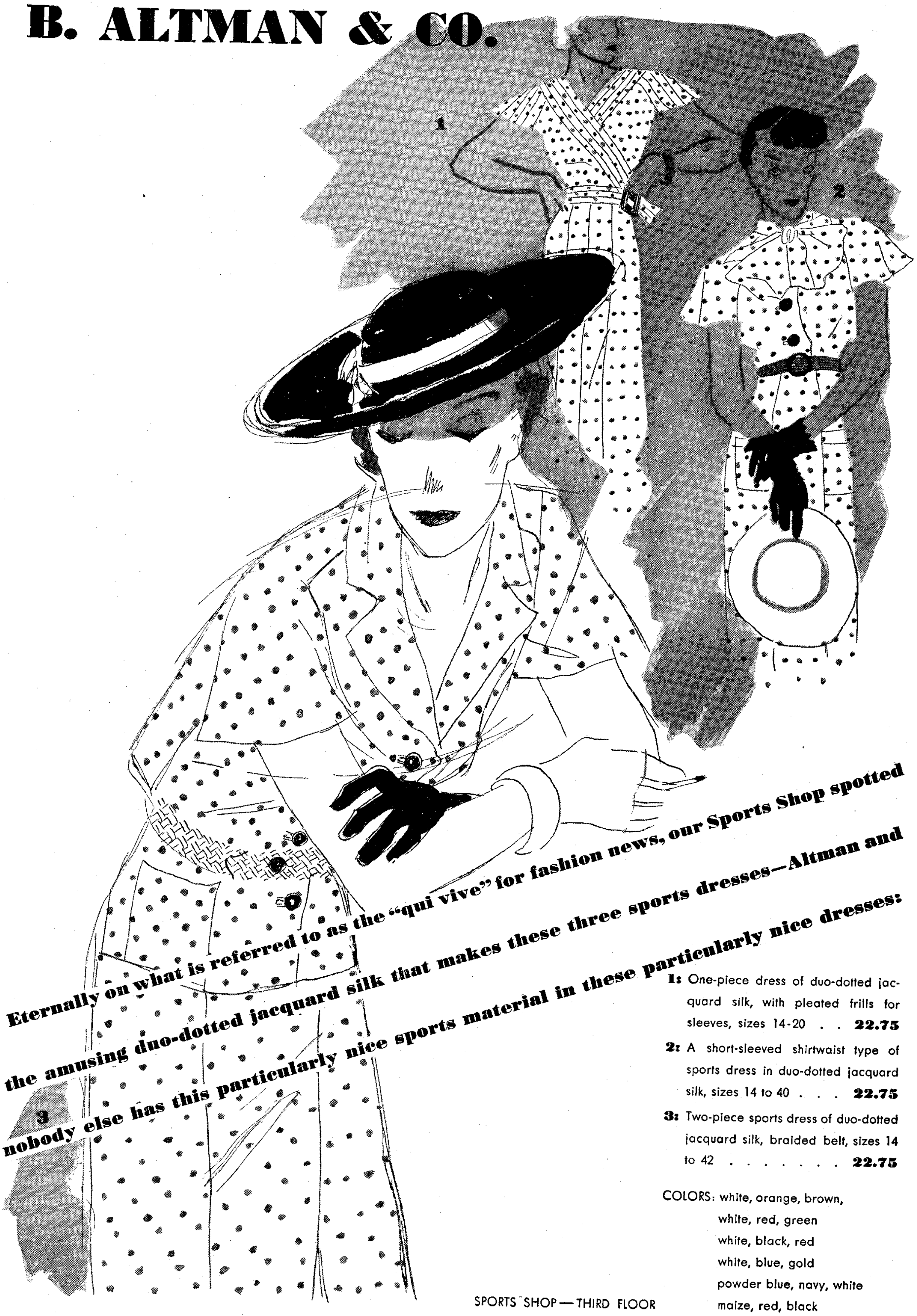

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Eternally on what is referred to as the "qui vive" for fashion news, our Sports Shop spotted the amusing duo-dotted jacquard silk that makes these three sports dresses—Altman and nobody else has this particularly nice sports material in these particularly nice dresses:

1: One-piece dress of duo-dotted jacquard silk, with pleated frills for sleeves, sizes 14-20 . . **22.75**

2: A short-sleeved shirtwaist type of sports dress in duo-dotted jacquard silk, sizes 14 to 40 . . . **22.75**

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COLORS: white, orange, brown,
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white, black, red
white, blue, gold
powder blue, navy, white
maize, red, black

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON our way to a bookstore the other morning to buy "The Economy of Abundance," "America Must Lose," "Do We Want Fascism?" "The Hour of Decision," "The Menace of Japan," "Can We Limit War?" "The Crucifixion of Liberty," "Stock Market Control," "Germany Prepares for War," and "What Marx Really Meant," we suffered a sudden change of heart. Wheeling in mid-course we returned to our apartment, got out Peter Henderson, and spent a halcyon morning with Invincible Asters, Convolvulus Major, Helichrysum Everlasting, and the early-flowering new cosmos in a soft and pleasing shade of pink. Henderson makes better reading these days than most writers. "Zinnias," he says, "will grow and flourish even under unfavorable conditions."

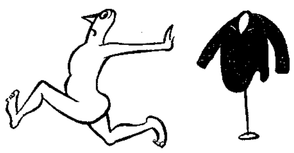
IT must have been a hard decision for Mr. Shattuck to make, the decision to serve drinks to the upper middle classes. Schrafft's has a peculiar duty to society: it is the maraschino of our respectability. We don't know what to think about their serving wines and liquors. Anyway, we went up to 625 Madison the first day the lid came off, slouched down at a table and ordered a Martini. The waitress blushed, and when she returned with the drink her little hand was trembling. We looked around and discovered that we were the only luncher "indulging"—the only boozer in the place. There wasn't even a glass of beer in evidence at the other tables. Still, we were only in the Men's Grill; the ladies in the other room may have been swilling their lovely heads off, for all we knew.

We'll say this for the Martini, it had an olive in it that was up to the famous Schrafft quality. Most Martini olives taste as though they had already gone five thousand miles.

WE hadn't intended to divulge this, but our lunch was disquieted by a malicious desire to get a couple of cronies, order a round of brandy-and-sodas, and sing "I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad."

ONE of the duties of the radical press is, of course, to keep the masses in a high state of dissatisfaction with the world. Apparently this even includes keeping them displeased with the weather. On Thursday, April 5th, we picked up our *Daily Worker* to get into a proper inflammatory mood for literary composition and noticed with some surprise that the forecast said: "WEATHER — Probably rain." This dire prediction failed to check with the eight capitalist dailies with which our luxuriously appointed office was littered at the moment. *Times*, *Tribune*, *News*, *American*, *Sun*, *Post*, *Telegram*, and *Journal* all were predicting fair and warmer. It must be fun to run a Communist organ and give even the weather a sly twist to the left.

MAY is the month which has been set aside this year by the Communists for seizing all the property in the United States, or anyway that is what a feature article says and we always believe what we see in the papers. We were thinking about this matter the other afternoon, wandering around under the pink blossoms and plashing rills of Fiftieth Street and reciting adages to ourself. "April showers bring Claude Bowers," or "What is so rare as a stitch in time!" And it occurred to us that the best friend capitalism has (capitalism being a feller that needs a friend) is the nudists. All the movements against private property or toward the overthrow of the government depend on some sort of shirt—black shirt, brown shirt, red shirt, or, the latest American shirt, the silver shirt. But nudism is increasing, we understand, by leaps and bounds, leaping and bounding being part of the bareskin game; and although it is easy to persuade nudists to organize, you can't get them to wear a shirt, much less a shirt of a definite shade of revolt.



SCRATCH a press-agent's handiwork and you will find a frankfurter, ordinarily. The blandishments of public relationship are not, in most cases, art. Yet occasionally you run across a fine piece of work, such as the report of "Wild Cargo" submitted by the publicity department of the Music Hall. The report states that in making the film Mr. Buck on two occasions narrowly escaped death or serious injury. "He was saved," writes the agent in a sentence of limpid beauty, "because of his custom to have two cameramen follow him everywhere."

AS a man grows older his wants are apt to grow simpler. Finding the goals and dreams of his lusty days unattainable, he gives up thinking much about them—except when he's sick. We used to think we could never be happy till we had written a noble book, wooed and won Annette Kellerman, and saved the world from poverty and vice. How time softens the spearhead of our attack! The book doesn't get written, Neptune's Daughter never swam into our ken, and the world seems to be in harder shape than ever. Yet it came to us the other day that happiness might still be ours, that all we really need to give us sublime contentment with our lot is to own a sea lion that can play "America" on the pipes.

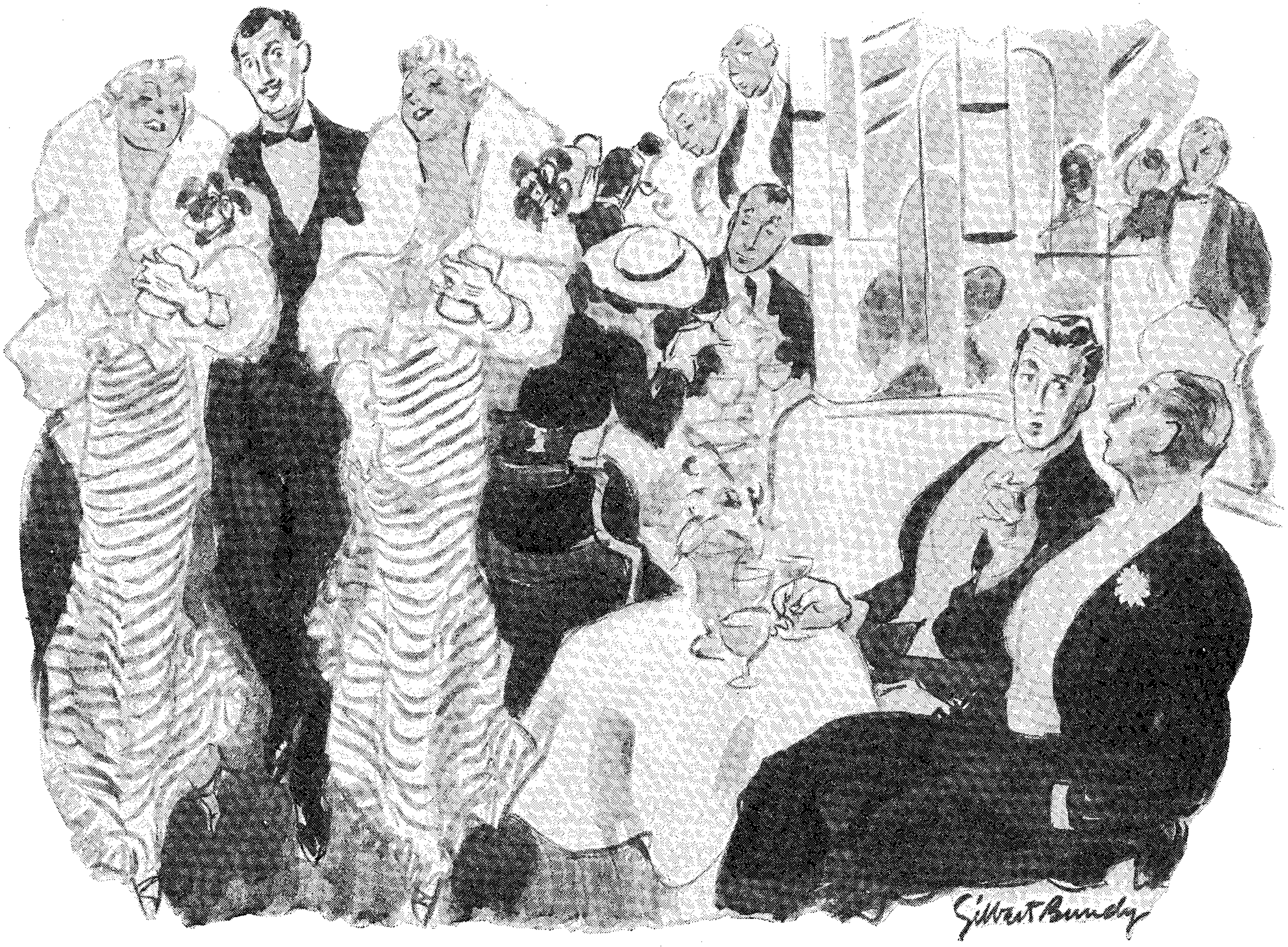
Exclusive

HAMPERED considerably by her Scotch terrier, Timber, who hadn't been in town for quite a while and wanted to examine everything he came to, a Boston woman finally reached a midtown kennel. She told an attendant there she wanted to board the dog for a couple of days. He told her they didn't board dogs by the day but that there was a very nice place on 196th Street. That was too, too far to go, so she took Timber over to the Waldorf, registered there, and turned the problem of boarding the dog over to the head porter. Two days later, Timber was brought back, looking well groomed and bright-eyed. The lady was surprised to find that the man who brought the dog back to her was the very kennel attendant who had refused her two days before. He remembered her, too. "You see, Madam," he explained, "we only take Waldorf dogs."

City Hall

LAGUARDIA has made some changes in the office arrangements at City Hall, but nothing radical. While he was over in Brooklyn last week, we went around to make our periodical checkup. The big room in the northwest corner traditionally reserved for the mayor is much the same as always—white walls, marble mantel, high doors with elaborate fluted moldings, all very Colonial. About the only personal item LaGuardia has added is a portrait of himself done in mosaic tile by an art student. He put it on a table, leaning it against the wall, when he first came in and it's there yet. Otherwise, what he has done is mainly get rid of things. He has no telephone on his desk, but the booth that Walker had put in is still there. LaGuardia started in with one phone on his desk, but had it removed to an anteroom when he found he kept pushing it off on the floor while hunting for a pipe or a document in the six-inch stratum of papers which usually covers his desk. He smokes almost incessantly (although he has eased up a bit lately on account of his throat), and usually has half a dozen bulky briers lying about. He uses a mixture made up for him in cartridges, said to be strong stuff. When he first moved into the office, the Mayor complained that the portraits on the walls of two former mayors, Marinus Willett, 1807, and Jacob Radcliff, 1810, were dirty. He was going to do something about it but ran afoul of the Municipal Art Commission. Mr. I. N. Phelps Stokes, president of the Commission, reminded the Mayor that cleaning such old paintings was pretty delicate business. The Mayor said they ought to have better frames, anyhow. To date, nothing has been done about the frames, and everybody seems to have forgotten about them.

The Mayor's staff is headed by Laurence B. Dunham, who is about



"A little ostentatious, don't you think?"

fifty, and old in city politics. He managed LaGuardia's campaign in the Bronx. Officially, he's known as "Executive Officer," and sees many people the Mayor hasn't time for. Under him are Lester B. Stone, Paul Kern, and Mary Frasca, assistant secretaries, and Clendenning J. Ryan (a grandson of Thomas Fortune), a sort of general assistant, who is officially listed as "confidential stenographer." He can't take dictation, but that was the only position left open in the budget appropriation. There is also Mrs. Mildred Somach, a sort of confidential adviser on matters of social welfare. There wasn't any room for *her* in the budget at all, so she signed on as a dollar-a-year worker, the dollar to come from Mr. LaGuardia's pocket, not the city's. She is originally from N.Y.U., where she specialized in civics.

LaGuardia is a great one for regular hours, and is usually at his desk soon after nine. O'Brien used to get there between ten and eleven, and Walker usually rolled in around noon. He gets away earlier than O'Brien, though, usually around six-thirty. On a few occasions, Mrs. LaGuardia, who is pretty much of a home person these days, has called for him in the afternoon to take him to a symphony concert or the Opera, and occasionally Samuel Seabury appears between five and six and the two go off together, for purposes which the Mayor has told reporters are purely social. He begins the day by calling in three stenographers at once. Leaning well back in his chair, he rattles off letter after letter, each stenographer taking one letter at a time, in turn. He gets about a thousand letters a day, of which he answers perhaps a hundred personally.

LaGuardia has more nut visitors than his predecessors. One is a man who has been down every day this year offering to sell a secret process for counteracting a deadly drug the Mayor's enemies are shooting into the air. He wanted a million dollars for it at first, but is now down to a hundred dollars, cash. Another, who says he was in the army with LaGuardia, is down two or three evenings a week to see the Mayor depart. He always salutes him and says, "Hello, Major," and the Mayor usually salutes back.

Visiting Doctor

A WOMAN physician has told us of her quaint experience at one of our favorite places, the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for animals. It appears that she decided one day she must have a cat, her last cat having walked out on her to share its joys and sorrows with another cat somewhere. So she went down to the hospital, where a trim woman attendant listened to her story and told her that they had but one cat, a dolorous male, to sell. At the moment it couldn't be seen, but would she wait? She waited, and the varying scene of the place—white-jacketed attendants, bandaged terriers, etc.—so interested her that she wanted to have a look behind the scenes, just as, in many a hospital for people, she had watched operations. She went up to the woman attendant and explained that she was a doctor and would appreciate the extension of the usual professional courtesy: a chance to stand by at a temperature-taking, or a paw operation, or whatever was going on. The attendant was surprised and firm. This was impossible, it couldn't be done. Utterly taken aback, our fair physician exclaimed, "Why, there isn't a hospital in the world that wouldn't admit me!" The attendant gave her a faint, patient smile. "*We* feel that our patients are entitled to their privacy," she said, and that ended that.

Modern Conditions

A GENTLEMAN connected with the American Embassy in Japan writes us from Tokio enclosing a circular letter he received from the Ginza Colombia Retail Store in that city. The point is, in case it evades you, that the store, which deals in phonographs and musical instruments, wanted the American gentleman to come in, suck some tea, hear some records, and then apply them anything he wanted with regard to the musical discus. In full:

"Dear Sir: Modern living conditions —strain, noise, haste—have made human irritable. Music is a only medium to help overcome and to console this unpleasant and unhealthy state of heart and mind. Our store requests the honour of your visit to enjoy the record music in sucking a cup of tea offering by us without obligation. You can hear music, modern and classical, European, American and Japanese, what you like because of we have prepared records in ample stock on comparison with other stores. The shop, realizing the growing desire of musical lovers, established of late a section for foreign communities in this land in order to offer facilities and conveniences regarding information and inquiry of records as well as phonographs. Apply us anything you want with regard to the musical discus and talking machine by lines. Just try and get a good information.

"English speaking stuffs are in keen attention to serve on you. You cannot doubt the value of devoting part of your leisure to hear various music in our office. Very faithfully yours," etc.

It's a side of Japanese life we hadn't dreamed of.

Independents

THE papers had a lot about the scrap between the Society of Independent Artists and the Salons of America, Inc.—the Salons asked the Independents to join them in their present exhibition, and the Independents were tempted, being, as usual, short of funds, but shied away because of fear of "undercover censorship." The Salons replied that the Independents censored things themselves, having several times refused to show pictures. Truth of the matter is, so far as we have ever learned, the Independents have never refused to show a thing. A couple of times, after their exhibition had opened, they have had to remove something. The police came in once and said that if a certain nude weren't taken out, they'd close the show. That, the directors decided, would be unfair to the other exhibitors, so they took it out. It was purely as a matter of common sense, though; they wanted that understood at the time. On another occasion the Waldorf, where the show was being held, objected to a few things and demanded their removal. The Society didn't have money enough to go to court for an injunction, so they grudgingly complied. These are the only instances of expulsions, though, and it's a strict rule of the Society that it has no favoritism, no jury, doesn't care what a picture is about, or whether it is good or good and lousy.

Anyone can be an Independent. All you have to do is create what you consider a work of art and pay four dollars. Not very many good artists got their first start at the Independent exhibitions (the best-known ones, perhaps, are Morris Kantor, Julia Kelly, Charles Logasa, and Martha Simpson), but such people as Rockwell Kent, Rivera, Bellows, and John Sloan have had pictures in the shows. The Society was founded in 1917, with William J. Glackens as president. Next year Sloan was elected president, Walter Pach treasurer, and A. S. Baylinson secretary, and they still hold their jobs. The Independents' headquarters are in a screened-off corner of Baylinson's studio at 54 West Seventy-fourth Street. They're practically always in financial difficulties, and all but one of the seventeen shows to date have chalked up a deficit, generally of from $800 to $1,000. The deficits are made up by "friends," which for years was a pseudonym for Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. Up to three years ago, when she opened her own museum, Mrs. Whitney always paid all the deficits. The first show was held in the Grand Central Palace and lost $8,000. Next year the Society was broke, and John Sloan borrowed $1,000 personally and tried to rent a tent. The army had commandeered all the canvas there was, however, and the exhibition wound up in a vacant store on Forty-second Street. Next year they went to the roof of the old Waldorf, and stayed there until that hotel was torn down. They'd like to go to the new Waldorf, but it's too expensive. They pride themselves on the scheme they've adopted for the hanging of the pictures. To avoid favoritism in alloting space and the deliberate embarrassment of bad pictures by placing them beside good ones, they draw a letter out of a hat every year and, beginning with that letter, hang the pictures alphabetically by artists' names. This year it's "T," and at this writing it seems that first place will go to Anna Roche Tamke, who will exhibit "Spring," "Summer," and "Winter."

Up to the depression, the artists used to sell three or four thousand dollars' worth of pictures a year, but since then it's been around one thousand dollars. This year, a Russian living in New York is offering a canvas (72 inches by 108) for $10,000. It's called "Stones and Men." There will be plenty of ten-dollar paintings, though, and probably plenty of five-dollar ones.

Thirteen Out of Twenty

A MAN who lives in Poughkeepsie was delighted with something his small son said one day and so he wrote it out and sent it to a New York tabloid which pays a dollar for bright sayings of children. The proud father got his dollar, all right, and a week later he also got a postcard on which was typed: "We have a clipping from a Metropolitan paper in which you are mentioned by name and we think it should interest you. We shall be glad to forward same on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps." The gentleman tossed the card aside, but his wife found it and, her curiosity piqued, sent the twenty-five cents in stamps. Of course she received in return a clipping of her husband's Bright Sayings item. She showed it to her husband and he fell to wondering what percentage of prospects fall for such a racket. To find out, he prepared twenty postcards, just like the one he had received, only leaving out the word "Metropolitan." He signed the cards with the name of his brother in New York and sent them to him to be mailed, after addressing them to twenty prominent Poughkeepsians. Thirteen of these responded with the proper amount in stamps and received in return clippings of the Poughkeepsie *Star and Enterprise's* account of those in attendance at the Veterans of Foreign Wars annual dance, which included practically everybody in Poughkeepsie. The gentleman made nearly three dollars on the prank and is considering going in for the racket professionally.

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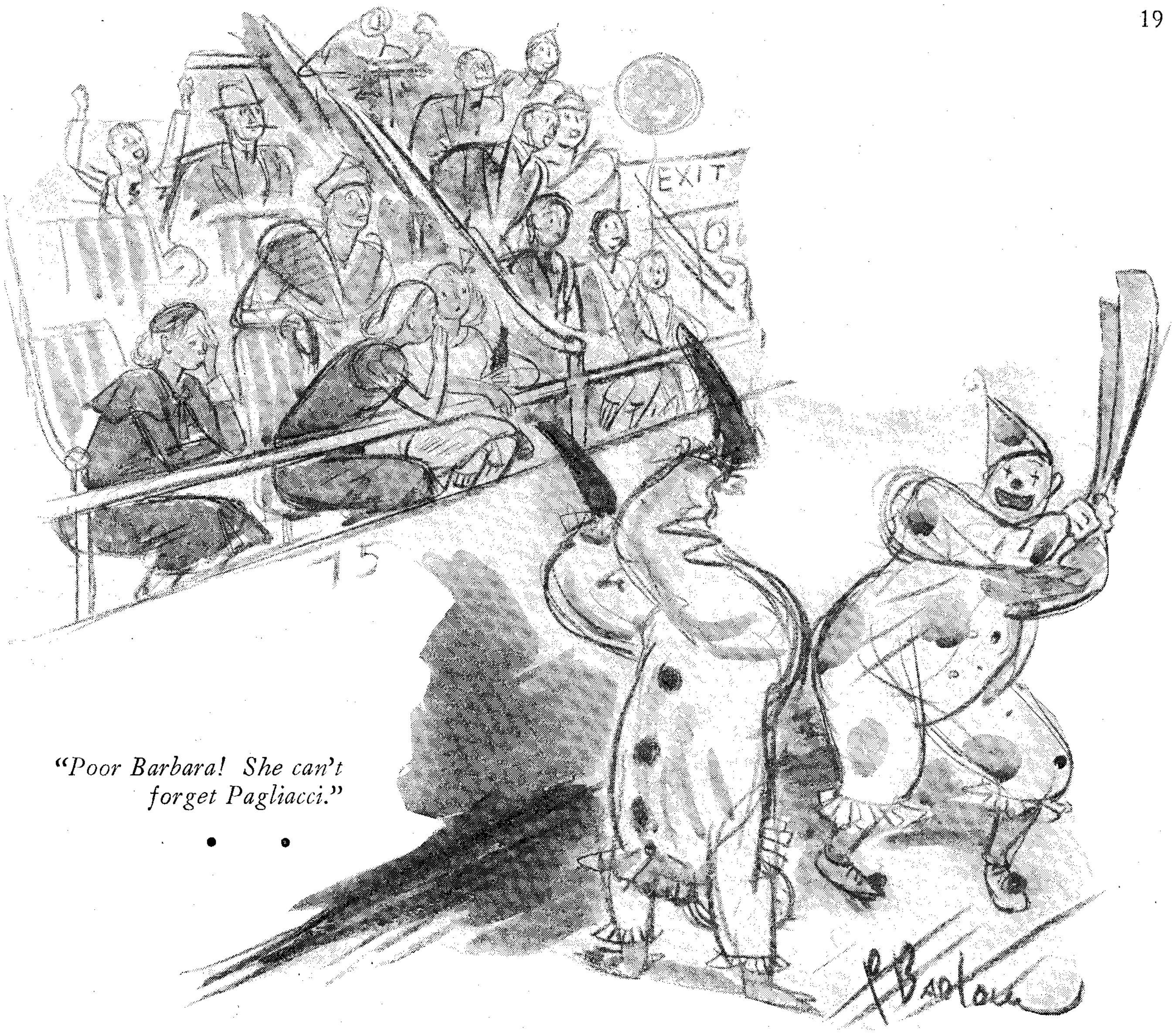
Busy Man

MAX GORDON hasn't had a failure since he started producing shows on his own in the fall of 1930, and he's had nine hits: "Three's a Crowd," "The Band Wagon," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Flying Colors," "Design for Living," "Her Master's Voice," "Roberta," "The Shining Hour," and "Dodsworth." The last four are playing on Broadway all at once now; first time a producer has had that many successes at one time since the old Upswing days. Gordon is in Europe at the moment, recovering from an operation he had four days after "Dodsworth" opened, and playing with the idea of making a proposition to take over the smaller of Mr. Rockefeller's new theatres. He thinks maybe he'd like to produce musical extravaganzas in it, changing the show every six months.

Mr. Gordon was born on Goerck Street, near this end of the Williamsburg Bridge. His name was originally Max Salpeter. His brother Cliff, who became a Dutch comedian, took the name of Gordon for stage purposes, and later Max followed suit. Cliff, too, gave Max the theatrical bug, which made him run away from home when he was seventeen, and a junior in City College, to become advance agent for a burlesque troupe. At the Academy of Music in Pittsburgh on that tour, he was showered with fruit from the gallery when he attempted to make a spiel on the stage, and last year, when he was back in



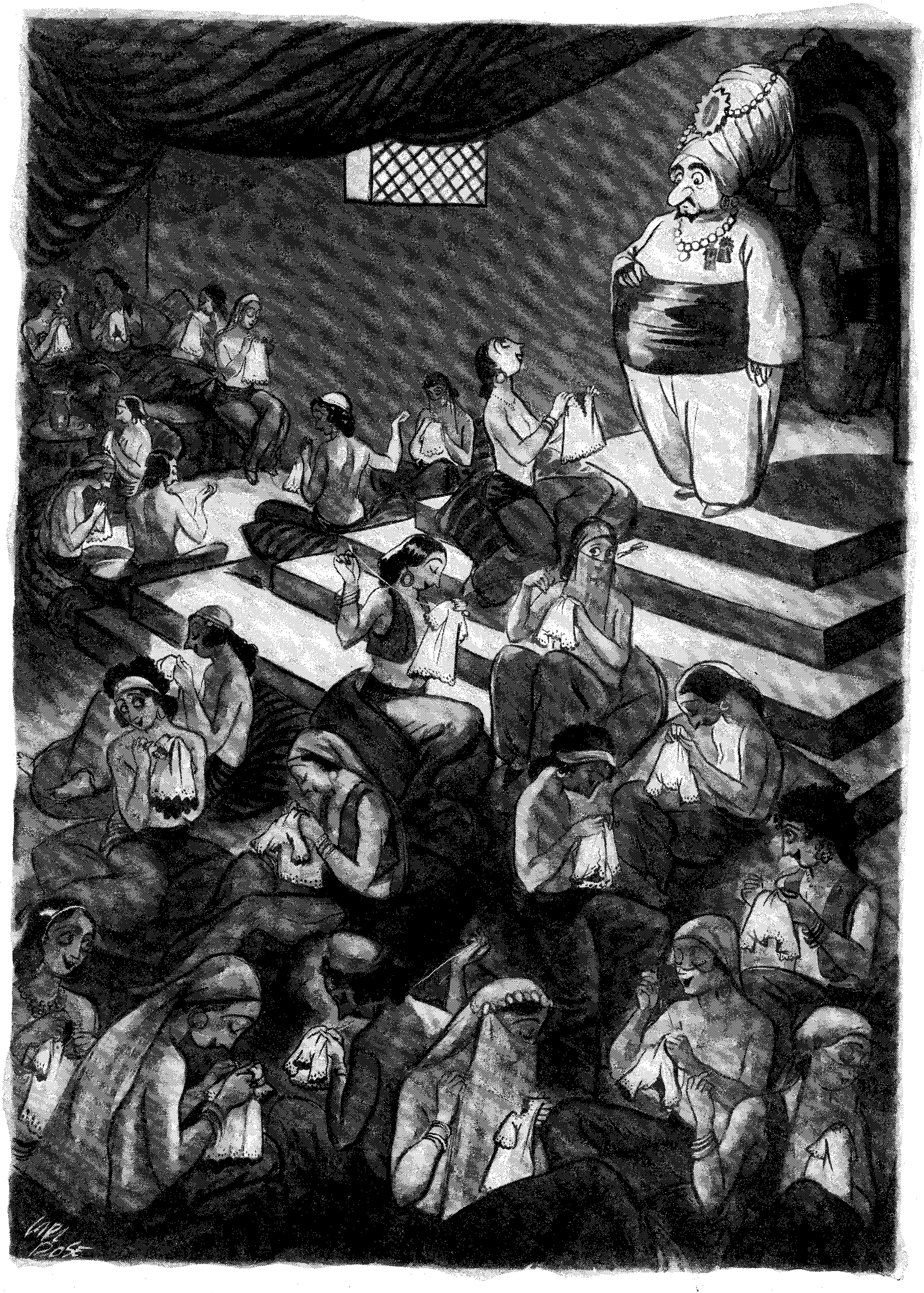
"Poor Barbara! She can't forget Pagliacci."

that town with "Design for Living," he got a policeman to take him to the place for a revisit. In 1911 Gordon met Al Lewis, a burlesque comedian, and the two became producers. Their first production was a spectacular flop and sent Lewis back to the stage for a while to recoup. They got going again, booking well-known stage stars in vaudeville. They put Eugene O'Neill's one-act play "In the Zone" into vaudeville, giving him an advance of fifty dollars, which he said he was going to get married on. In association with Sam Harris, the partners put on twenty-five plays, including "Icebound," "The Jazz Singer," "Rain," and "The Nervous Wreck." After fifteen years they broke up, amicably. Gordon says he came in the office one day, found Lewis reading "Hamlet," and said he'd be damned if he'd go on in business with a guy that did that. Gordon was booking agent for the Orpheum circuit for a while, then a vaudeville agent again, and finally a producer on his own. He has no advisers. Stories that his barber at the City Athletic Club reads his doubtful scripts are denied by both Gordon and the barber. He usually reads plays while in the barbershop, though.

He's busy almost every minute. He is not arty or temperamental, but impetuous, bluff, and direct. One day Sam Jaffe, the actor, introduced him to Dr. Leo Wolman, of Columbia. "Glad to meet you, Doc," said Gordon. "Say, Doc, I've got a hell of a pain, right here." It was explained that Wolman was a doctor of economics, not medicine. "I'm sorry, Doc," said Gordon. "Say, Doc, what do you think of common stocks?" Such directness is more or less characteristic of Gordon's dealings, business or otherwise, and enables him to save much time in the course of a theatrical season. He rarely drinks, but has a passion for gambling. It used to be horse races until his old friend Groucho Marx introduced him to the stock market late in 1929. He did marvellously for about two weeks and came around to Groucho's dressing-room one night to demand, "Say, how long has this been going on?" Then the market went, and his shirt with it. If he goes to Washington with one of his plays, the company never sees him until evening; he spends all of his days in the Senate or House gallery. In New York, he leaves his home and wife every morning to have breakfast with his mother, on his way to the office, and this year, since he has become really high-powered, has had his secretary meet him in his car so he can dictate on the way downtown.

The Victor

WE got into a taxicab last Saturday morning and our driver asked us if we were going to watch the parade. "What parade?" we inquired, still being pretty sleepy and forgetting the significance of April 7th. "It's the anniversary of the United States winnin' the World War," he said, with all the assurance of Walter Lippmann.



"Darling, we all have something interesting to tell you."

ONE SPRING NIGHT

THEY had been to an eleven-o'clock movie. Afterward, as they sat very late in the restaurant, Sheila was listening to Bob Davis, liking all the words he used and showing by the quiet gladness that kept coming into her face the deep enjoyment she felt in being with him. She was the young sister of his friend, Jack Staples. Every time Bob had been at their apartment, she had come into the room, they had laughed and joked with her, they had teased her about the new way she wore her clothes, watching her growing, and she had always smiled and answered them in a slow, measured way.

Bob had taken her out a few times when he had felt like having some girl to talk to who knew him and liked him. And tonight he was leaning back good-humoredly, telling her one thing and then another with the wise self-assurance he usually had when with her; but gradually, as he watched her, he found himself talking more slowly, his voice grew serious and much softer, and then finally he leaned across the table toward her as though he had just discovered that her neck was full and soft with her spring coat thrown open, and that her face under her little black straw hat tilted back on her head had a new, eager beauty. Her warm, smiling softness was so close to him that he smiled a bit shyly.

"What are you looking at, Bob?" she said.

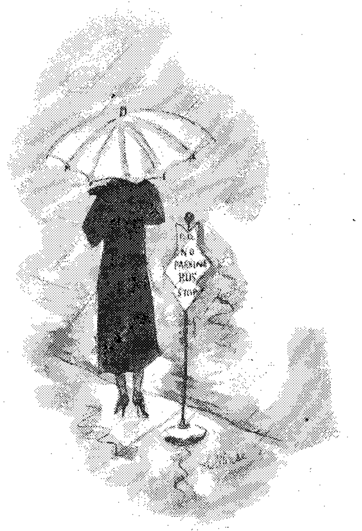
"What is there about you that seems different tonight?" he said, and they both began to laugh lightly, as if sharing the same secret.

When they were outside, walking along arm in arm and liking the new spring night air, Sheila said quickly, "It's awfully nice out tonight. Let's keep walking a while, Bob," and she held his arm as though very sure of him.

"All right," he said. "We'll walk till we get so tired we'll have to sit on the curb. It's nearly two o'clock, but it doesn't seem to matter much, does it?"

Every step he took with Sheila leaning on his arm in this new way, and with him feeling now that she was a woman he hardly knew, made the excitement grow in him, and yet he was uneasy. He was much taller than Sheila and he kept looking down at her, and she always smiled back with frank gladness. Then he couldn't help squeezing her arm tight, and he started to talk recklessly about anything that came into his head, swinging his free arm and putting passionate eloquence into the simplest words. She was listening as she used to listen when he talked with her brother and father in the evenings, only now she wanted him to see how much she liked having it tonight all for herself. Almost pleading, she said, "Are you having a good time, Bob? Don't you like the streets at night, when there's hardly anybody on them?"

They stopped and looked along the wide avenue and up the towering, slanting faces of the buildings to the patches of night sky. Holding out her small, gloved hand in his palm, he patted it with his other hand, and they both laughed as though he had done something foolish but charming. The whole city was quieter now, the streets flowed away from them without direction, but there was always the hum underneath the silence like something restless and stirring and really touching them, as the soft, spring night air of the streets touched them, and at a store door he pulled her into the shadow and kissed her warmly, and when she didn't resist he kept on kissing her. Then they walked on again happily. He didn't care what he talked about; he talked about the advertising agency where he had gone to work the year before, and what he planned to do when he got more money, and each word had a feeling of reckless elation behind it.



FOR a long time they walked on aimlessly like this before he noticed that she was limping. Her face kept on turning up to him, and she laughed often, but she was really limping badly. "What's the matter, Sheila? What's the matter with your foot?" he said.

"It's my heel," she said, lifting her foot off the ground. "My shoe has been rubbing against it." She tried to laugh. "It's all right, Bob," she said, and she tried to walk on without limping.

"You can't walk like that, Sheila."

"Maybe if we just took it off a minute, Bob, it would be all right," she said, as though asking a favor of him.

"I'll take it off for you," he said, and he knelt down on one knee while she lifted her foot and balanced herself with her arm on his shoulder. He drew the shoe off gently.

"Oh, the air feels so nice and cool on my heel," she said. No one was coming along the street. For a long time he remained kneeling, caressing her ankle gently and looking up with his face full of concern. "Try and put it on now, Bob," she said. But when he pushed the shoe over her heel, she said, "Good heavens, it seems tighter than ever." She limped along for a few steps. "Maybe we should never have taken it off. There's a blister there," she said.

"It was crazy to keep on walking like this," he said. "I'll call a taxi as soon as one comes along." They were standing by the curb, with her leaning heavily on his arm, and he was feeling protective and considerate, for with her heel hurting her, she seemed more like the young girl he had known. "Look how late it is. It's nearly four o'clock," he said. "Your father will be wild."

"It's terribly late," she said.

"It's my fault. I'll tell him it was all my fault."

For a while she didn't raise her head. When she did look up at him, he thought she was frightened. She was hardly able to move her lips. "What will they say when I go home at this hour, Bob?"

"It'll be all right. I'll go right in with you," he said.

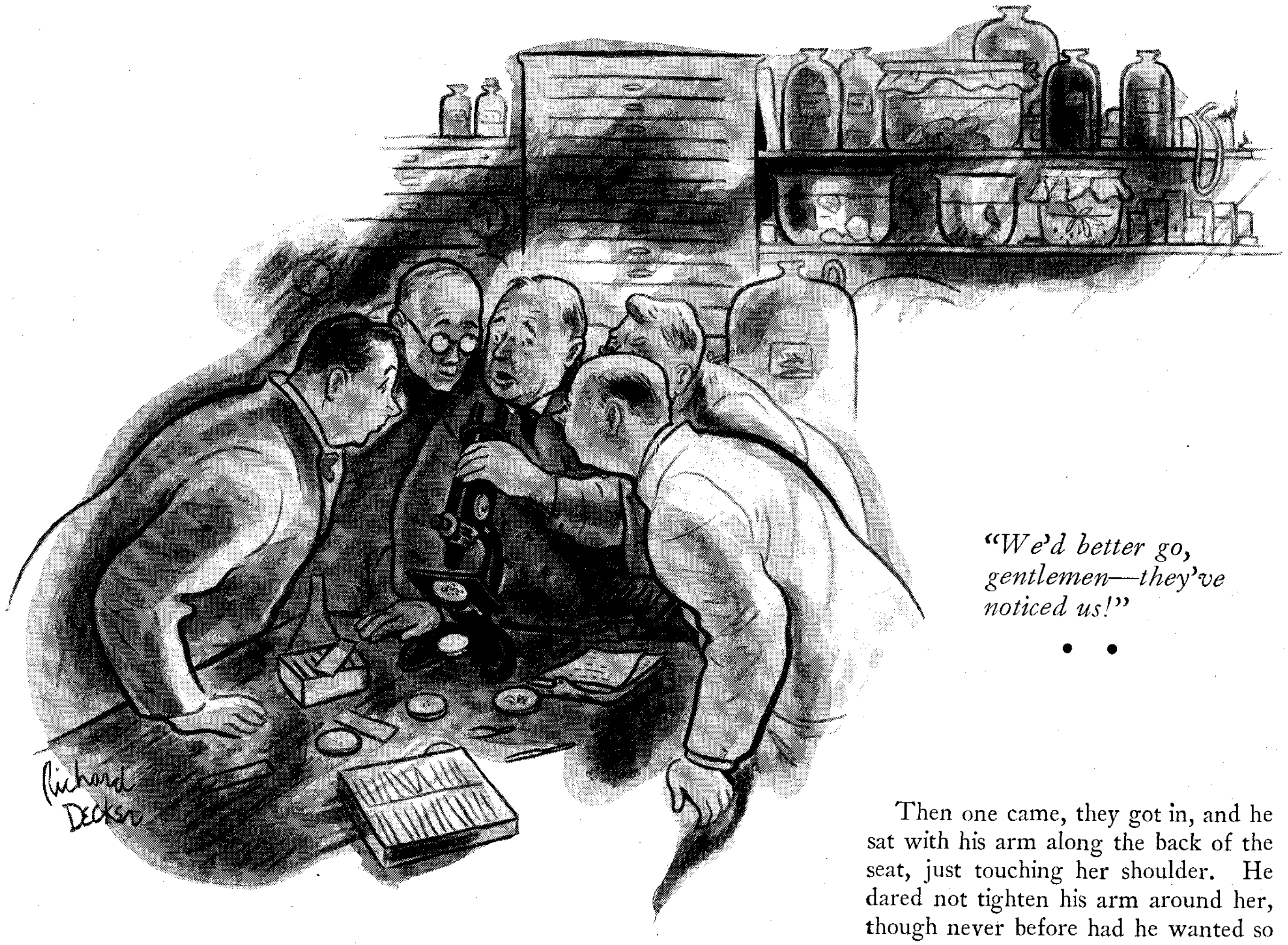
"Wouldn't it be better . . . Don't you think it would be all right if I stayed the night with Alice — with my girl friend?"

She was so hesitant that it worried him, and he said emphatically, "It's nearly morning now, and anyway, your father knows you're with me."

"Where'll we say we've been till this hour, Bob?"

"Just walking."

"Maybe he won't believe it. Maybe he's sure by this time I'm staying with Alice. If there was some place I could go . . ." While she waited for him to



"We'd better go, gentlemen—they've noticed us!"

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answer, all that had been growing in her for such a long time was showing in the softness of her dark, eager face.

THERE was a breathless excitement in him and something like a slow unfolding that was all lost in guilty uneasiness. Then a half-ashamed feeling began to come over him and he began thinking of himself at the apartment, talking with Jack and the old man, and with Sheila coming in and listening with her eager face full of seriousness. "Why should you think there'll be trouble?" he said. "Your father will probably be in bed."

"I guess he will," she said quickly. "I'm silly. I ought to know that. There was nothing . . . I must have sounded silly." She began to fumble for words, and then her confusion was so deep that she could not speak.

"I'm surprised you don't know your father better than that," he said rapidly, as though offended. He was anxious to make it an argument between them over her father. He wanted to believe this himself, so he tried to think only of the nights when her father, with his white head and mustaches, had talked in his good-humored way about the old days in New York and the old eating places, but every one of these conversations, every one of these nights that came into his thoughts, had Sheila there, too, listening and watching. Then it got so that he could remember nothing of those times but her intense young face, which kept rising before him, although he had never been aware that he had paid much attention to her. So he said desperately, "There's the friendliest feeling in the world between your people and me. Leave it to me. We'll go back to the corner, where we can see a taxi."

They began to walk slowly to the corner, with her still limping though he held her arm firmly. He began to talk with a soft persuasiveness, eager to have her respond readily, but she only said, "I don't know what's the matter. I feel tired or something." When they were standing on the street corner, she began to cry a little. "Poor little Sheila," he said.

Then she said angrily, "Why 'poor little Sheila'? There's nothing the matter with me. I'm just tired." And they both kept looking up and down the street for a taxi.

Then one came, they got in, and he sat with his arm along the back of the seat, just touching her shoulder. He dared not tighten his arm around her, though never before had he wanted so much to be gentle with anyone; but with the street lights sometimes flashing on her face and showing the frightened, bewildered whiteness that was in it, he was scared to disturb her. His heart began to beat with slow heaviness and he was glad when the ride was over.

AS soon as they opened the apartment door and lit the light in the living-room, they heard her father come shuffling from his bedroom. His white mustaches were working up and down furiously as he kept wetting his lips, and his hair, which was always combed nicely, was mussed over his head because he had been lying down. "Where have you been till this hour, Sheila?" he said. "I kept getting up all the time. Where have you been?"

"Just walking with Bob," she said. "I'm dead tired, Dad. We lost all track of time." She spoke very calmly and then she smiled, and Bob saw how well she knew that her father loved her. Her father's face was full of concern while he peered at her, and she only smiled openly, showing no worry and saying, "Poor Daddy, I never dreamed you'd get up. I hope Jack is still sleeping."

"Jack said if you were with Bob, you were all right," Mr. Staples said. Glancing at Bob, he added curtly, "She's only eighteen, you know. I thought you had more sense."

"I guess we were fools to walk for hours like that, Mr. Staples," Bob said. "Sheila's got a big blister on her foot." Bob shook his head as if he couldn't understand why he had been so stupid.

Mr. Staples looked a long time at Sheila, and then he looked shrewdly at Bob; they were both tired and worried, and they were standing close together. Mr. Staples cleared his throat two or three times and said, "What on earth got into the pair of you?" Then he grinned suddenly and said, "Isn't it extraordinary what young people do? I'm so wide-awake now I can't sleep. I was making myself a cup of coffee. Won't you both sit down and have a cup with me? Eh, Bob?"

"I'd love to," Bob said heartily.

"You go ahead. I won't have any coffee. It would keep me awake," Sheila said.

"The water's just getting hot," Mr. Staples said. "It will be ready in a minute." Still chuckling and shaking his head, for he was glad Sheila had come in, he said, "I kept telling myself she was all right if she was with you, Bob." Bob and Mr. Staples grinned broadly at each other.

But when her father spoke like this, Sheila raised her head, and Bob thought that he saw her smile at him. He wanted to smile, too, but he couldn't look at her and had to turn away uneasily. And when he did turn to her again, it was almost pleadingly, for he was thinking "I did the only thing there was to do. It was the right thing, so why should I feel ashamed now?" and yet he kept on remembering how she had cried a little on the street corner. He longed to think of something to say that might make her smile agreeably—some gentle, simple, friendly remark that would make her feel close to him—but he could only go on remembering how yielding she had been.

Her father was saying cheerfully, "I'll go and get the coffee now."

"I don't think I'd better stay," Bob said.

"It'll only take a few minutes," Mr. Staples said.

"I don't think I'll wait," Bob said, but Mr. Staples, smiling and shaking his head, went on into the kitchen to get the coffee.

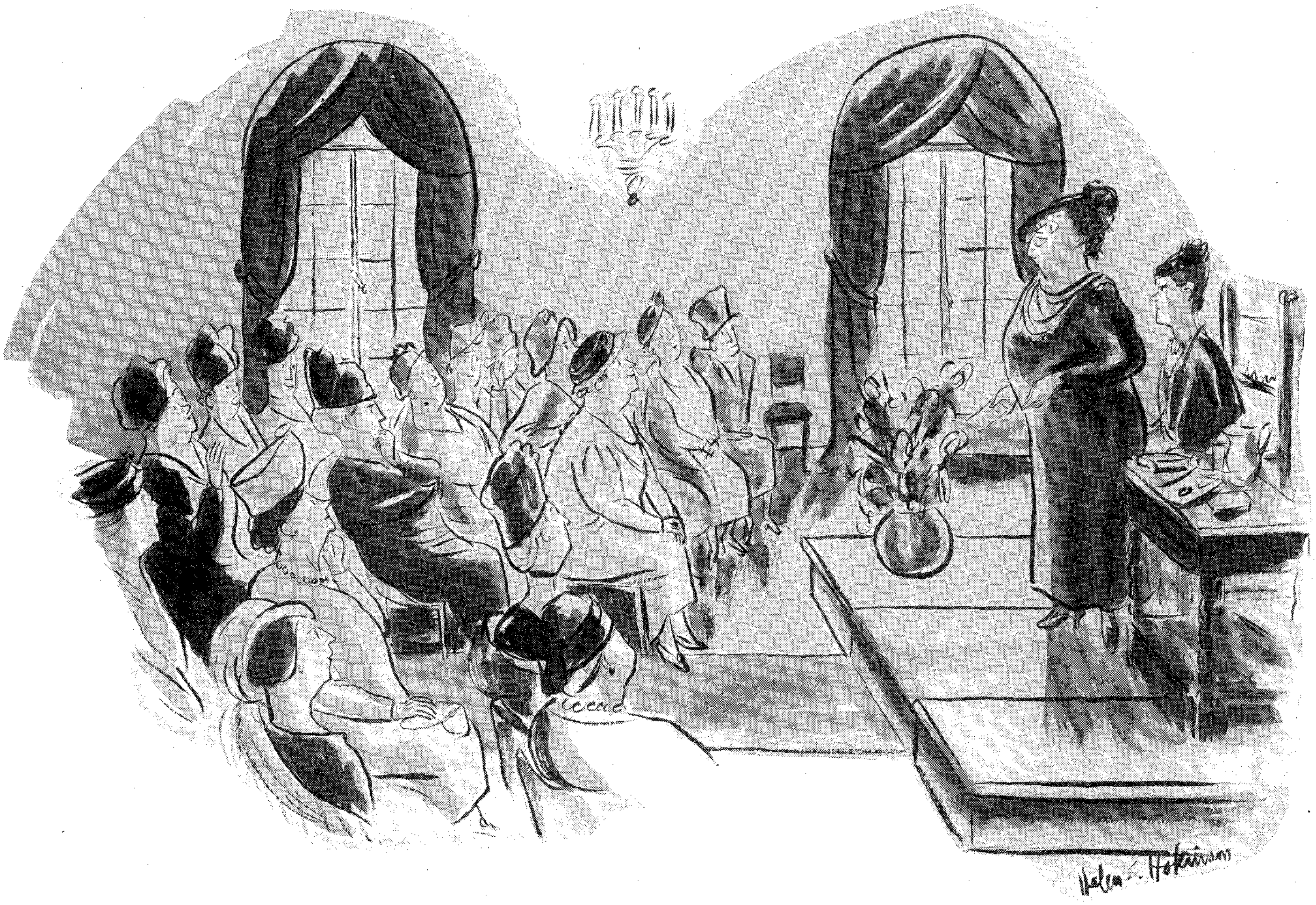
Bob kept on watching Sheila, who was supporting her head with her hand and frowning a little. There was some of the peacefulness in her face now that had been there days ago, only there was also a new, full softness; she was very quiet, maybe feeling again the way he had kissed her, and then she frowned again as though puzzled, as though she were listening and overhearing herself say timidly, "If there was some place I could go . . ."

Growing more and more uneasy, Bob said, "It turned out all right, don't you see, Sheila?"

"What?" she said.

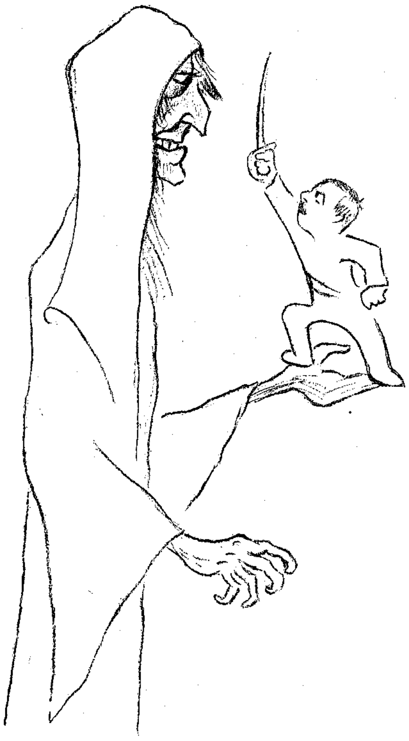
"There was no trouble about coming home," he said.

As she watched him without speaking, she was not at all like a young girl. Her eyes were shining. All the feeling of the whole night was surging through

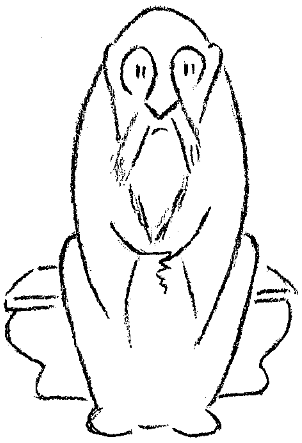


"Our time is so short, I'm afraid we'll have to cheat a little bit on our parliamentary procedure."

EVENING HYMNS

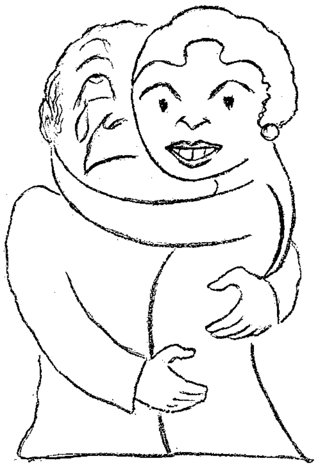


It's a sight for weary eyes
When a gentleman defies
Destiny so boldly.
Destiny herself may smile
At her tidbit for a while,
Relishing him coldly.

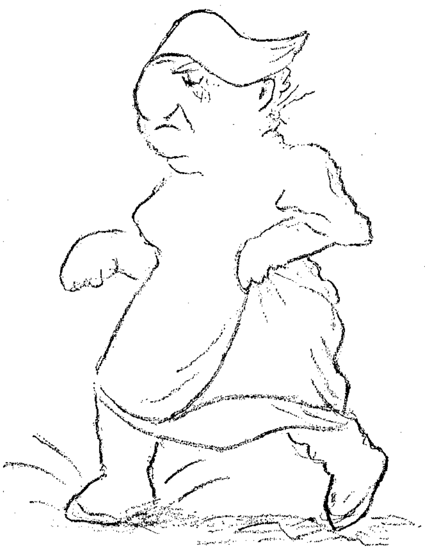


Rattle, cackle, bustle, fuss,
Fade away and blend.
The busy world grows dim to us
As we near the end.

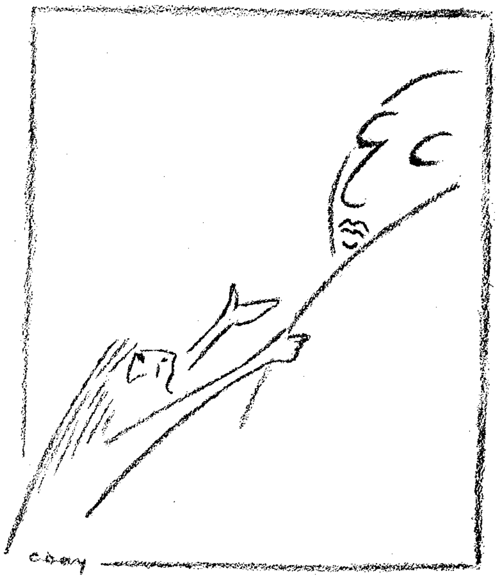
Never knowing that we do,
We grow dim to others, too.



Deeper, darker his eclipse.
Grimly it extends.
He who loves a beauty's lips
Serves a beauty's ends.



See her splattering through the dung.
She was dainty once, and young.



When love begins to flicker and die,
There's always one to cling and cry;
And one to vanish, aloof and cold . . .
And that is the way we all grow old.

—CLARENCE DAY

• •

her; she could hardly hold within her all the mixed-up feeling that was stirring her, and then her face grew warm with shame and she said savagely, "Why don't you go? Why do you want to sit there talking, talking, talking?"

"I don't know," he said.

"Go on. Please go. Please," she said.

"All right, I'll go," he muttered, and he got up clumsily, looking around for his hat and coat. As he started to go, his face got hot with humiliation. He longed to look back at her, and when she did not call out to him as he went, he was full of a wild resentment.

In the cold, early-morning light, with heavy trucks rumbling on the street, he felt terribly tense and nervous. He could hardly remember anything that had happened. Inside him there was a wide, frightening emptiness. He wanted to reach out desperately and hold that swift, ardent, yielding joy that had been so close to him. For a while he could not think at all. And then he felt that slow unfolding coming in him again, making him quick with wonder.

—MORLEY CALLAGHAN

BURGUNDY IS DRY

THEY were terribly rushed in the Wines and Liquors, which accounted for the rather abashed presence of little Miss Cutling. Miss Cutling belonged, by rights, in the Handbags, where she had been for months and felt entirely at home. There wasn't much Miss Cutling didn't know about handbags, but here Miss Cutling felt subdued. Shelves went up twice as high as Miss Cutling, and there was a sign over the counter reading "Domestic Wines." Miss Cutling had at first thought that the sign had something to do with the use of the wines, as distinguished, perhaps, from "Restaurant Wines." She still wasn't quite sure about it.

The first hour or two had, however, not been so bad. She had waited on several people, all of whom wanted either port or sherry, or both. Miss Cutling had heard of both port and sherry, and had even drunk them, although when she was out on a party she still thought it was hard to beat gin. "Give me just gin and ginger ale," Miss Cutling usually said. But she had had a glass of sherry in Childs and had liked it, although not so well as an ice-cream soda or even a cup of hot chocolate. She had tried port, too, and liked it better. It was sweeter.

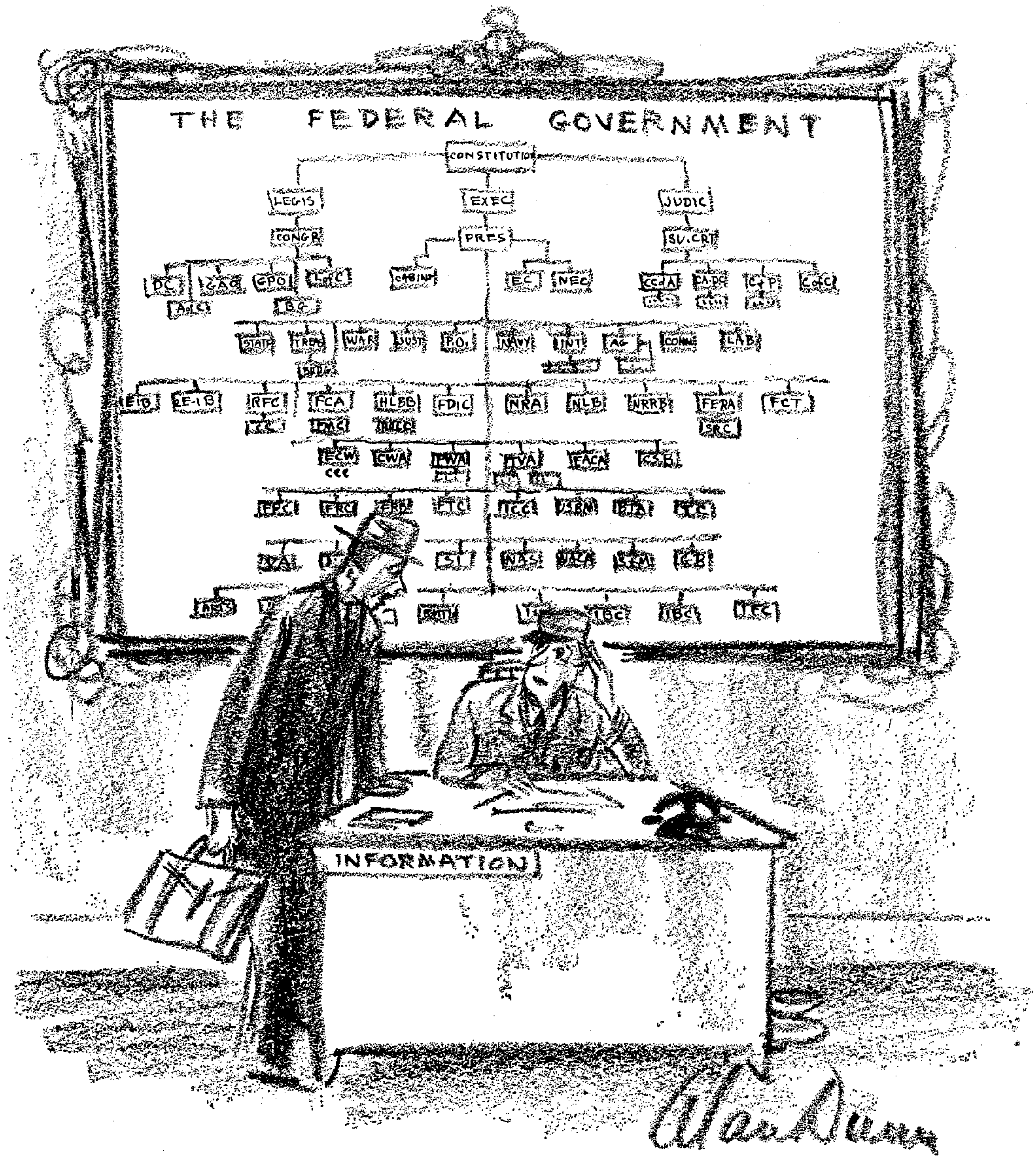
A good many of Miss Cutling's customers were girls like herself, and they came in with clippings from an advertisement. They ordered one bottle each of port and sherry, and after Miss Cutling had found the right shelves, it was easy. The store was having a special price on one brand of port and on one of sherry, two bottles for a dollar fifty-nine, and that was what almost everybody wanted. Miss Cutling began to feel that Wines and Liquors was as easy as Handbags, but not quite so interesting. Then she got a man for a customer. The man tried to get another clerk, who was also a man, but Miss Cutling, with her new confidence, walked up to him and asked whether she could help.

"Well," said the customer, "I want a dry white wine. What do you recommend?"

Miss Cutling just looked at him. Then she looked quickly around the shelves, trying to see a wine that was white. None of the wines were what Miss Cutling would call white, none of them white like a white handbag. But the customer seemed to know. Then she saw a bottle marked "Sauterne" which seemed to be paler than the others. Not really white, but sort of yellowish. Like a vanilla ice-cream soda, a little. Then Miss Cutling remembered that she had heard people mention sauterne.

"The sauterne is very good," said Miss Cutling, and took the bottle off the shelf. She put it down in front of the customer. He picked it up and looked at it doubtfully.

It came over Miss Cutling that handbags were, after all, much simpler. You could open a handbag and show the lining, and the interesting way the clasp was put on, and comment on the chicness of the metal ornament. Miss Cutling looked at the bottle and was baffled. She thought, in a defeated way, how little there was you could say about a bottle. There it was, and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FRB
FTC
ICC
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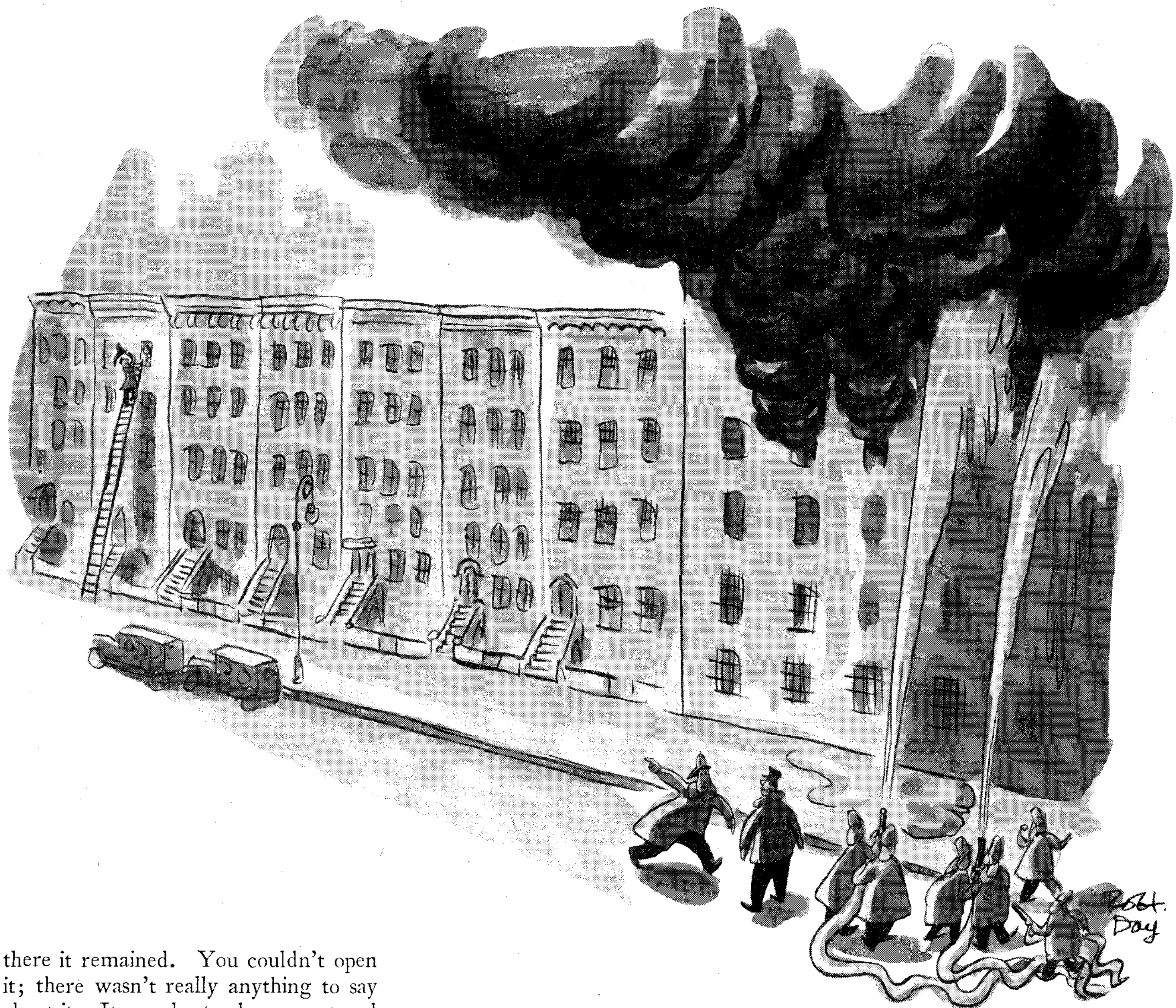
INFORMATION

"Is there any possible way for me to get in touch with the new Federal Communications Commission?"



"He says he knows what he's doing, sir."

there it remained. You couldn't open it; there wasn't really anything to say about it. It merely stood, compact and baffling. Then Miss Cutling remembered what the customer had said.

"It is very dry," she said. She looked at the bottle doubtfully. "It's pretty white," she added, giving the merchandise as much of a break as she could.

"No," said the customer, "I wanted something a little drier, I think."

MISS CUTLING looked at him, in a wondering way. She supposed that every kind of merchandise had its own tag line, but it did seem sort of silly to talk about a wine being dry. But probably it was the same as "chic." She didn't really, she thought, know exactly what "chic" meant, either, except that it was complimentary.

"It's very dry," said Miss Cutling firmly, but the customer simply shook his head. Miss Cutling found doubt creeping over her. Perhaps it wasn't just another word for "chic." She asked the customer to wait just a minute and went over to another clerk. She touched his arm.

"What's a dry wine?" she inquired, in a hurried whisper. The man was busy and annoyed.

"Burgundy," he said, sharply. Miss Cutling went back to the customer.

"We have some very dry Burgundy," she said. The customer looked at her, and his glance made her feel again that she must be wrong.

"I wanted a white wine," he said. "Do you mean a white Burgundy?"

Miss Cutling looked hurriedly around to the shelf on which she remembered having seen bottles marked "Burgundy." They were all red. She said "Excuse me a moment, please" and went back to the busy clerk.

"Have we got a white Burgundy?" she inquired. The clerk looked up from the sales slips he was balancing.

"Naw," he said.

Miss Cutling went back to the customer.

"It's red," she said, "but very dry. The sauterne is very dry, too, though." She thought a minute, seeking a way to round it off. "It's just a matter of preference," she said, with a return of her clerkly tone. "They're both very dry."

The customer said "Thank you very much for your trouble" and went away. He went down the counter a way and got another clerk. Miss Cutling felt a little unhappy. Then she felt a little mad. She wanted to go down and glare at the customer and say "Hey, you, Burgundy *is* dry. It is *so!*"

Just then, however, a girl came in with a clipping from the advertisement and asked for a bottle of sherry and a bottle of port. Miss Cutling wouldn't really have done it, anyway. The customer was always right, she remembered. "But dizzy," said Miss Cutling to herself, and wrote down "one sherry, one port." —RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

SIDESHOW PEOPLE—I

THERE is a peculiar historical interest to sideshows. They still echo some of the literary and scientific bombshells of the last century. The Missing Link has been an important sideshow character since Darwin wrote "TheDescent of Man." The Men from Mars, who usually stand between the Man with the Rotating Head and the Gigantic Van Droysen Sisters at Madison Square Garden in circus time, belong to a tradition which started two generations ago with the sensational accounts given by the astronomers Schiaparelli and Lowell of the canals of Mars. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," the literary sensation of 1843, was responsible for a long line of sideshow Aztecs, including Pip and Flip, last year's Coney Island Aztecs. Kipling's "Jungle Book," with its story of a boy reared in a family of wolves, called into existence scores of Wolf Children, some of whom are still with us. The Wolf Child game ended at Coney Island, however, five years ago when a spectator caused a row by shouting, "You're no Wolf Child! You're just a big bum!" The row ended in the Coney Island magistrates' court. The Wolf Child, who said that his name was A. Flynn and described himself as a writer, was fined five dollars and dismissed from the sideshow. "But I don't care," he said. "I would rather be a writer in my garret than the richest Wolf Child in the world."

Some of the cultural trends of the century were summed up in the career of Zip (William Henry Johnson, of Bound Brook, New Jersey), who died in 1926 at the age of eighty-three after having been a Missing Link, a Martian, an Aztec, and a plain What-Is-It for more than sixty years. Like many other Missing Links and Martians, Zip started life as an idiot. According to tradition, the title of What-Is-It was bestowed on Zip in 1867 by Charles Dickens, who, on his second visit to America, took one glance at the cigar-shaped head of the freak and flashed out, "What is it?" On Zip's death in 1926, it was established, however, that the creator of Pickwick had not been first in the field with this mot; old clippings proved that Zip had been billed as the What-Is-It before the meeting of Dickens and Zip. Zip was one of Barnum's own finds. Other showmen decoyed scores of inmates from homes for the feeble-minded, but were always disappointed in their quest for a rival of Zip. Three generations of circus- and sideshow-lovers refused to accept an imitation What-Is-It. Zip is memorable in another respect; he is the most quoted of freaks, although he made only one remark in his life, and it is not certain that he made that. Zip had been considered a mute, but all the Zip authorities agree that on one occasion, and on one occasion only, he uttered a complete sentence. They disagree, however, as to what he said, and a book of epigrams could be made from the different versions of his one alleged remark.

Another famous Missing Link was Krao, who is said to have been kidnaped by sailors from Siam. Krao started as a Bearded Lady, but was so sumptuously whiskered that she got above her station and superseded Zip as the strongest circumstantial evidence of evolution. She spoke many languages, usually had her Dundrearys buried in a book, and impressed sideshow men as the most intelligent freak of her time. In the earlier part of the evolution controversy, Barnum was criticized for taking the side of Science against Religion by exhibiting his Missing Links. Barnum equalized matters by exhibiting the Cardiff Giant, the colossal petrified man who confirmed the Bible. Nearly all preachers were Fundamentalists at that time, the seventies, and many of them preached on the Barnum archeological masterpiece. The Cardiff Giant's religious importance lay in his confirmation of the text from Genesis, "There were giants in the earth in those days." Barnum became a tireless laborer in the Lord's vineyard, diligently encouraging these sermons up to the time when he was embarrassed by a stonecutter of Binghamton, New York, who confessed that he had chiselled the Biblical monster out of a block of gypsum.

HISTORY and literature have left their marks on another department of the freak business. The midget villages at the Chicago Fair and elsewhere have their precedents in tabloid communities founded by monarchs, who have so often been connoisseurs of midgets. Leo Singer, the noted midget impresario, got his inspiration from Dean Swift and Peter the Great. Back in 1710, the Russian Emperor had summoned midgets and dwarfs from all parts of his empire to St. Petersburg and built them a snow village on the frozen Neva. Two midgets were married there with great pomp, an episode celebrated in Verestchagin's painting, "The Wedding of the Dwarfs." In 1913, Leo Singer saw a reproduction of this work. Later he happened to open a German kindergarten edition of "Gulliver's Travels" belonging to his daughter. Singer had been producing musical comedies in Vienna, but all this midget lore turned his mind in a new direction. He recruited one hundred and twenty-five two-footers and three-footers, and colonized them in Vienna in a toy city designed by Joseph Urban. It was a great success. Early in 1924, Singer brought thirty-five of his stars to the United States, where they have been touring ever since.

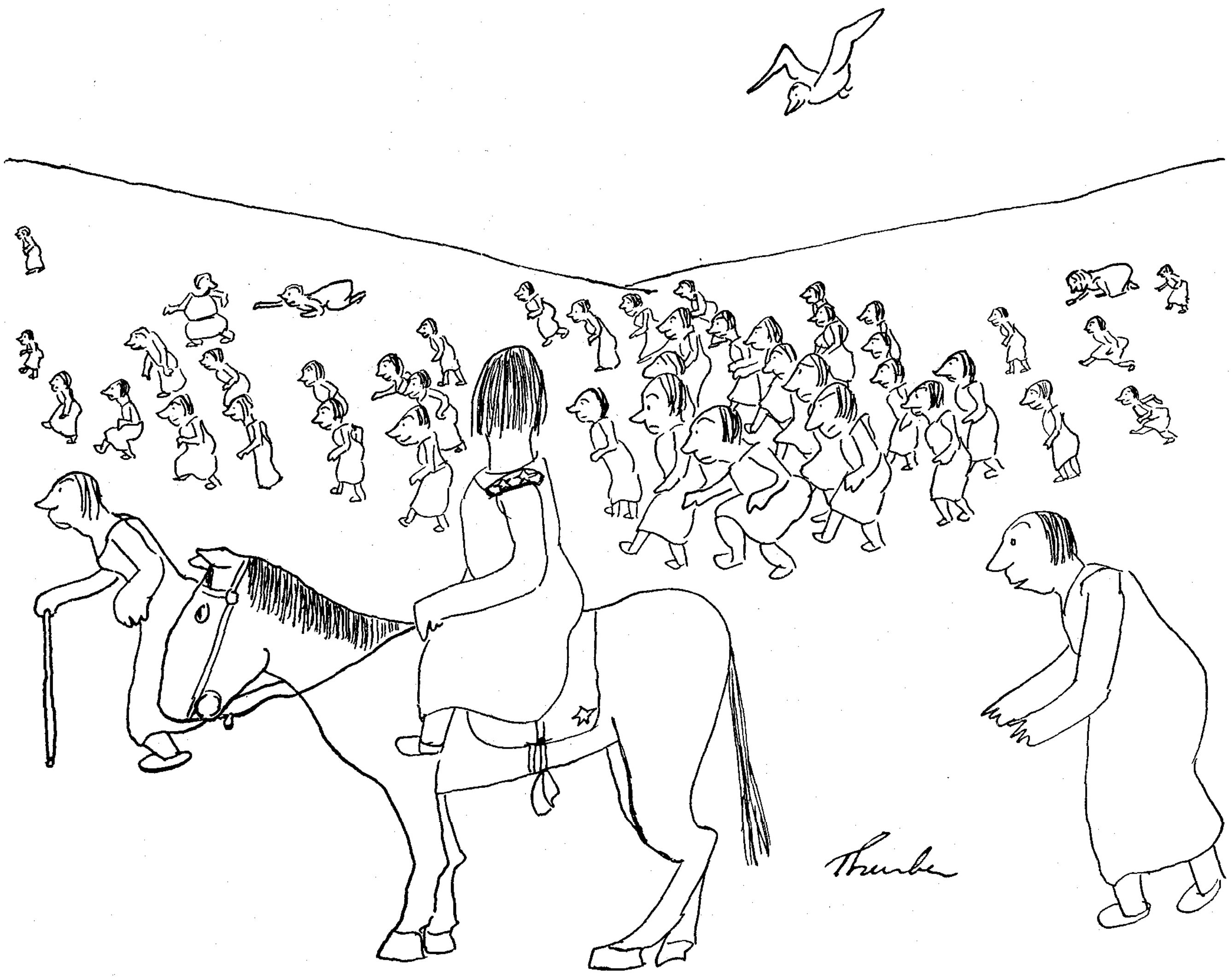
Another historic event is commemorated by the barnstorming tours of various stuffed bodies of John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Lincoln. History states that John Wilkes Booth was tracked down, shot, killed, and buried in 1865, but there are persons who believe that history is in error. These persons have been numerous enough to support several wired and upholstered Booths who have appeared in tent shows. The John Wilkes Booth branch of the amusement industry was organized on a theory that the actor was not killed in 1865, but escaped to Oklahoma, where he spent his declining years demanding a horse, a horse, ordering the landlady's daughter to a nunnery, and railing at Banquo's ghost. After his own death scene, the venerable ham, it was claimed, was stolen from the local undertaker, mounted by an amateur taxidermist, and launched on his posthumous strolling career. He has never played New York, because of discriminatory laws; New York has colonies of Egyptian and Peruvian mummies, but the Health Department insists that domestic mummies must be interred inside of six days. A war of pamphlets has been fought over the Booth mummy, one of the ardent champions of its authenticity being the Reverend Dr. Clarence True Wilson, the Methodist dry leader. Unfair competition hurt the mummy as a box-office attraction. Taxidermists flooded the market with imitations, and the bottom dropped out of the John Wilkes Booth business. According to a Ringlings' Circus executive, factory-made Booths were produced on a large scale for a time by a Jersey City papier-mâché firm. A curious sequel to the

Booth vogue was the stuffing of Southwestern bandits for the sideshow trade. One highwayman, after being hanged and stuffed, was exhibited surreptitiously in Madison Square Garden under Tex Rickard's management. Two bodyguards were kept ready to whisk the relic away if Health Department inspectors put in an appearance. The bandit's greatest fan was Tex Rickard himself, who used to stare spellbound and explain, "It's the most interesting thing I ever seed."

While Singer was getting his inspiration for Singer's midgets from history, Ike Rose of Rose's Royal Midgets was serving his apprenticeship by managing actual historical characters. Before he became the monarch of a midget empire, Rose directed Mata Hari, the dancer who was later shot by the French as a spy. At an earlier date, Rose had barnstormed Germany with the celebrated Cobbler of Köpenick, who, wearing a stolen uniform and sword, overawed the town officials of Köpenick and looted the town treasury. Signing the cobbler on his release from jail, Rose drew ten thousand people to his first exhibition, but police interference ruined the cobbler's tour. Other of Rose's stars in his pre-midget days were Houdini, Billie Burke, Isadora Duncan, and Cleo de Mérode, a girl friend of King Leopold II of Belgium. Later he managed grown-together sisters, and one freak led to another until he found himself touring America with his midget hordes.

Rose likes his tiny protégés and lives with them in an apartment in Washington Heights. The bedrooms here have three tiers of white-enamelled containers in which the midgets are filed away like archives or anchovies. Rose has his meals with them at a long table, the midgets perching on high benches. After the annual New York showing in vaudeville, he tours with them in an enormous bus. It is uneconomical to travel by rail, because adults have to pay full fare even if they are the size of four-year-old children. Rose says it is unethical to dress more than a modest minority of your midgets as infants to beat the railroads. For years he has refused to speak to a rival showman who puts his little jewels in sailor suits in order to trick nearsighted conductors. There is usually some bargaining at hotels over the rates for the diminutive caravan, but hotel men are inclined to be reasonable, because they like the prestige which comes from entertaining the wonder tots. Rose is a paternalist. He watches over the health, diet, and habits of his charges, writes home for them, plays cards with them, reasons with one or two of them who are fond of the bottle, acts as secretary-general to the lovelorn, and has even been the bodyguard for one of his tiny stars, who used to be spanked occasionally by his consort, a hundred-and-forty-pound chorus girl, when he was not quick enough to escape by running under a bed.

MIDGETS are often highly intelligent. General Tom Thumb, for instance, was a successful business-



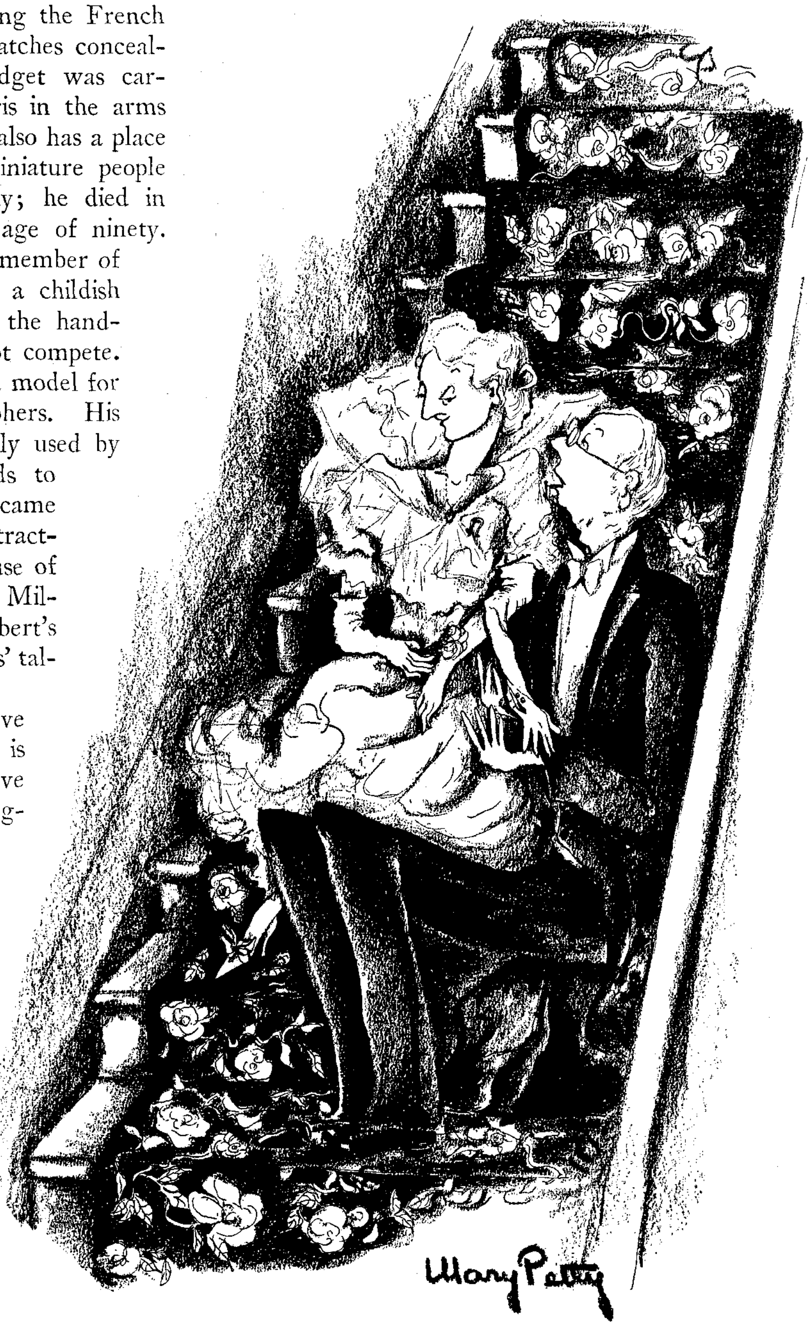
THE WAR BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN

XV. Retreat

man and was lauded by Barnum for his sagacity in managing his affairs. Harry Earle, or Harry Doll, as the circus prefers to call him, is a good businessman and a first-rate movie actor. He was the co-star with Lon Chaney in that crime masterpiece, "The Unholy Three." In that picture, Earle was the burglar who climbed through transoms and afterward baffled the detectives by dressing as an infant and playing with rattles. This was plausible enough, as the midget, though twenty-two years old, makes a remarkably handsome baby. History records similar tricks. Richebourg, who is called the last midget of the French court, disguised himself as a baby and acted as a spy for members of the royal house during the French Revolution. With dispatches concealed in his cap, the midget was carried in and out of Paris in the arms of a nurse. Richebourg also has a place in the chronicles of miniature people because of his longevity; he died in Paris in 1858 at the age of ninety. Franz Ebert, a former member of the Singer squad, had a childish comeliness with which the handsomest infants could not compete. He was in demand as a model for painters and photographers. His pictures were extensively used by makers of infant foods to prove how babies became healthy, bright, and attractive as a result of the use of their patent fodders. Millions have also seen Ebert's likeness on cans of babies' talcum powder.

If adult midgets have impersonated babies, it is also true that babies have impersonated adult midgets. Before Tom Thumb was six years old, he had attained man's estate as far as Barnum was concerned. No circus midget is ever admitted to be under twenty-one. The reigning sideshow star today is Major Mite, who is nineteen inches tall and twenty-one years old, according to the circus figures. Major Mite is the smallest man in the world during good behavior. The circus demoted him once for insubordination about salary. A midget who towered five inches over the Major was appointed smallest man in the world until the Major got over his salary tantrum.

There is one drawback to the career of a human doll; he is in danger of growing. After remaining static for many years, a midget may suddenly shoot up at the rate of an inch or two a year, which is a serious matter for one whose income depends on his shortness. There is a basis of fact for Marc Connelly's short story of the malignant midget who persecuted his rival by secretly cutting wood from the bottom of his cane, thus bringing despair to his victim, who thought that he was lengthening, because his stick was shortening. There are, on the other hand, certain midgets who welcome an increase in inches. Daisy Earle, one of the four Earle midgets, who appears at Madison Square Garden every spring, is on the border line between a tall midget and a short woman. She rejoices at every millimetre added to her stature and hopes to outgrow the freak classification entirely. They have promised to make a snake-charmer of her if she gains another inch or two. Jean Palfly, midget leader of a Hungarian midget band, nearly spoiled his career by unexpectedly soaring up to almost four feet, but he meets the situation by sitting down in a specially constructed chair, which conceals his altitude, and by never rising while in view of the audience. Herman Arndt, conductor of another tiny orchestra, was two feet five inches tall at fifteen years, and four feet six inches tall at twenty-six; he solved his problem in the same way that Palfly did. Midgets have been known to grow several inches after the age of thirty. One kind of glandular upset retards their growth in the first place; another kind of glandular upset may start them growing again comparatively late in life. "Suffering," according to the books, caused a remarkable increase in height in Jeffery Hudson, the midget who left a greater name in history than any other man of his inches. A small target and hard to hit, Jeffery killed a man named Crofts in an unequal duel and spent some time in jail for it. Employed by Charles I on diplomatic missions, he was captured twice, once by Flemish pirates in the English Channel and once by Turks in the Mediterranean. His experiences while a prisoner of the Turks are held responsible for



"I've had you in the back of my head since 1905, Miss Greenleaf."

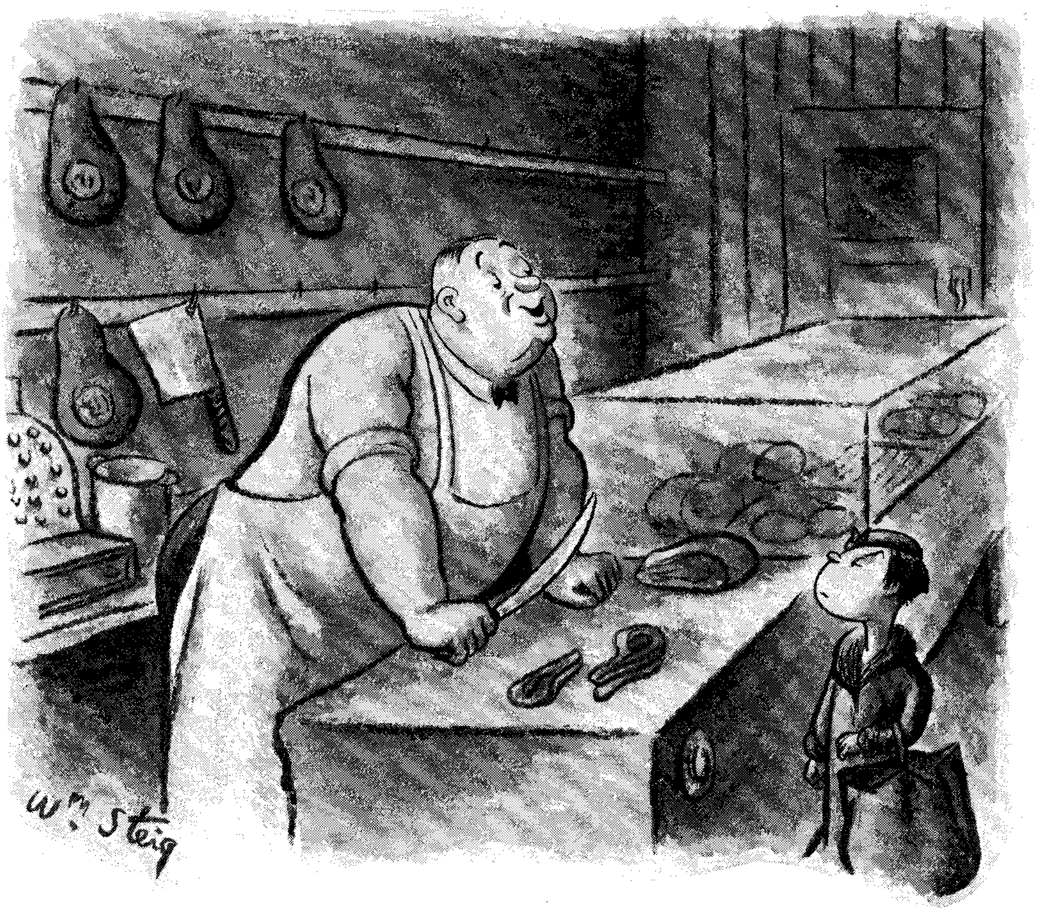
his belated growth. The literature about Jeffery asserts that he was a foot and a half tall (he stepped out of a cold pie at a dinner to Charles I) up to the age of thirty, but grew later to three feet nine inches. He won the nickname of Strenuous Jeffery, fighting as a captain of horse on the side of Charles in the English Civil War. When sixty years old, Jeffery was imprisoned on suspicion of being implicated in the Popish plot of 1678. Three years later he died. Besides having been celebrated in prose and poetry in his own time, Jeffery is a character in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

THERE are opposing philosophies among showmen on the question whether the public should ever be permitted to see freaks without paying. Whenever the circus holds a parade, the freaks turn out in a body and march, because Dexter Fellows recommends this publicity. Hubert's Museum, on the other hand, muffles up its stars when they come and go, in order to excite as much curiosity as possible and satisfy none. Ike Rose deliberately scatters his midgets through the crowds at carnivals and on boardwalks in order to sharpen the appetite of freak-lovers. The authority of Barnum can be cited on both sides of the question. When he went to London with General Tom Thumb in 1844, the showman took the finest private house he could find and sent invitations only to the people who mattered greatly. He had the upper middle classes and the lower aristocracy eating their hearts out because they could not wedge into the midget's receptions. But later, after letting the bankers, baronets, green grocers, and costermongers buy their way in to see the midget at public exhibitions, Barnum flung exclusiveness to the winds and permitted people of all ranks to stare at him as he drove about London in a midget coach drawn by Shetland ponies. Tom Thumb could not compare with our own Major Mite in smallness and probably could not compare with Harry Earle in cleverness, but he was the greatest box-office freak that ever lived, thanks to the genius of Barnum. The General was born in Connecticut, a scandal that was always carefully hushed up. Barnum picked him up at Bridgeport, but billed him on his first public appearance, which took place in New York, as "lately arrived from England." This country produces freaks equal to the best of the Old World, but the American inferiority complex has always begrudged recognition to the domestic product. Barnum, in his memoirs, said that he had called Tom Thumb an Englishman in deference to "our disgraceful preference for foreigners." Major Doyle, the leading statesman of the present generation of midgets, has been leading an agitation to exclude imported competitors, because the servile American curiosity-seeker pants after European second-raters and neglects home-grown marvels. It was by keeping the secret of his American birth that General Tom Thumb was able to grow rich. The General was received three times by Victoria at Buckingham Palace. In his later years, he wrote, "I have kissed two million women, six of them queens."

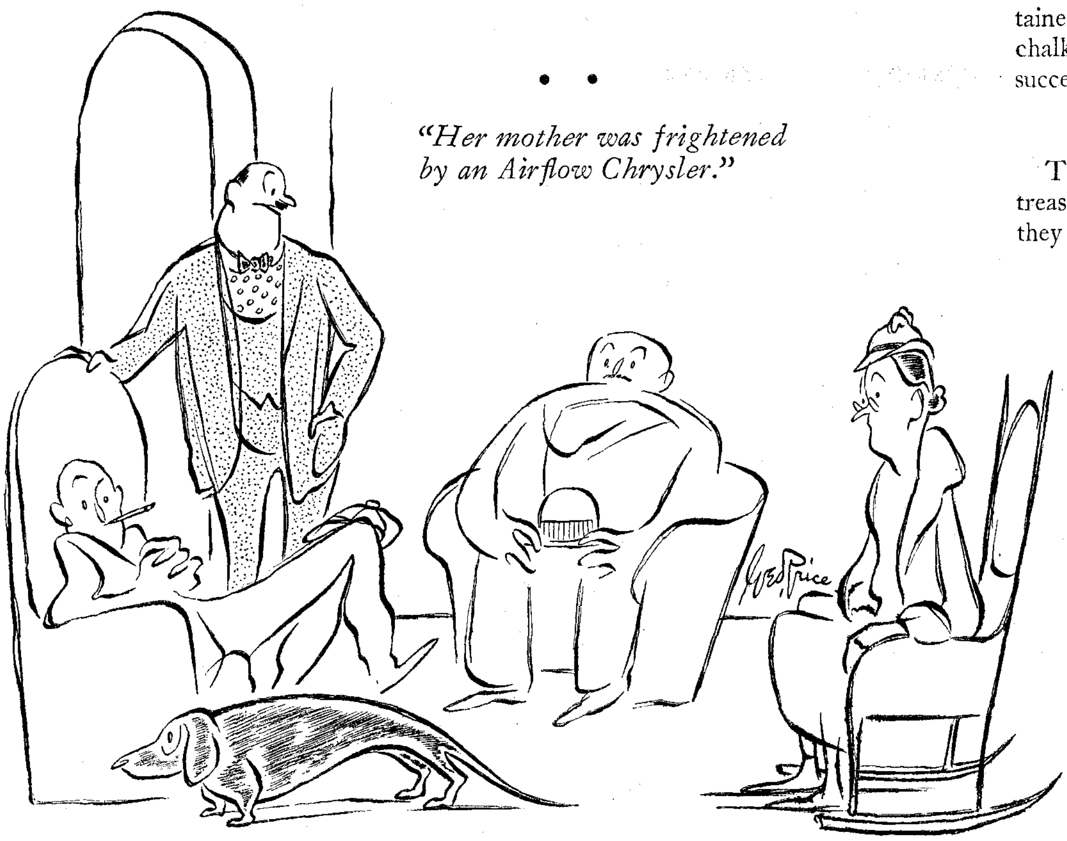
Barnum's star, however, was lucky in the age in which he lived. Some of the countries whose queens kissed him today have no queens. After a couple of thousand years as royal and imperial favorites, the midgets are today dependent on the democracy. Even the White House has been closed to the little people in the last decade. Harding was the last President to welcome Singer's midgets. That genial Chief Magistrate received them on a man-to-man basis, and there the tradition ended. Woodrow Wilson, after leaving the White House, greeted several of Singer's tiny ladies from his automobile outside of Keith's, and later wrote them a letter wishing them well. The obliging William Howard Taft was photographed, in his Chief Justice's robe, up to his hams in midgets, but Charles Evans Hughes didn't follow the precedent. The last important recognition of midgets came last summer when J. P. Morgan, between questionings by Pecora, dandled Lia Graff, the chic circus midget, on his knee, but that recognition was extorted by strategy. A circus press-agent sneaked her into the Senate committee-room, the vest-pocket beauty crept into Morgan's lap, and the scene was flashlighted before the senators could collect their dignity.

—ALVA JOHNSTON

(This is the first of three articles on sideshow people.)



"Does Mademoiselle wish something else?"



"Her mother was frightened by an Airflow Chrysler."

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OF ALL THINGS

WE gather from the remarks of Sloan, Taylor, and Atterbury that industry is feeling a lot better. It wants to fire the doctor and take up its old bad habits.

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Wall Streeters say that the stock-exchange act would retard recovery. Probably it would discourage speculation and have a bad effect upon the shirt industry.

•

A girl in Bryn Mawr, Pa., was bitten by a Vanderbilt dog, and she had the owner haled into court. In the more gracious days the gal would have taken this bite as a social distinction.

•

Because of the centennial, the city government went to Brooklyn last week. It found its way back all right, Manhattanites were relieved and surprised to learn.

•

An Iceland volcano, long believed extinct, is in violent eruption. At the same time Alabama reports disquieting rumbles from Tom Heflin.

•

We do not know as yet what member of the brain trust revealed his hellish designs to Dr. Wirt. Whoever he was, he showed more trust than brain.

•

A Soviet ship flying the red flag arrived in New York Harbor. It contained apricot oil, wine, birdseed, and chalk, but nobody who looked like a successor to Rooseveltski.

•

The British have money left in the treasury at the end of the year, but they laugh heartily at the suggestion that they pay something on the American debt. We always knew that an Englishman could see a joke if you gave him time.

•

The Governor says we need a man of the Hughes calibre to investigate the utilities scandal. New York would be willing to trade Curry and a second-string catcher for a good utility prober.

•

The experts who predicted that Japan and the Soviet Union would start fighting early in the spring were fortunately wrong. The war had to be postponed because neither party showed up.

•

The big incomes increased in size last year, while the small ones shrank. Congressional tax experts are happy to see the rich getting back their fine old soakability. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

• •

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE

Mr. Hemingway said that he shot only lions that were utter strangers to him.—The Herald Tribune.

When hot for sport and ripe to kill,
The average novelist shoots at will;
But that, my friends, I'm glad to say,
Is not the case with Hemingway,
Whose sporting life is ever so subtle
Where leopards roam and lions scuttle,
Whose fowling piece doth never bungle
The oldest law of Afric's jungle,
Who stands his ground in time
    of danger
But only shoots a total stranger.

What sort of cad, I ask, is he
Who meets a cat one day at tea
And next day, in the play of ire,
Cannot control his rifle fire?
Whose morals are so frightfully weird
He dens a lion in his beard
And shoots, to show that he knows
    how to,
A jungle beast he used to bow to,
Or massacres, in thoughtless wrath,
The first old pal to cross his path?

Ah, friends, beware the sportsman fickle
Whose four-foot friends aren't worth a nickel,
Whose ethics of the chase are phony,
Whose dachshunds are so much boloney;
And cling to Ernest Hemingway,
Who writes by night and hunts by day,
Whose books with gore are fairly ruddy
But *not* with gore of pal or buddy,
And who, in time of darkest danger,
Will only dominate a stranger.

—E. B. W.

THE THEATRE

A FULL QUOTA

HAVING been practically the only white person who was not privy to the intimate details of the family life of the Brontës, I was able to view "Moor Born" simply as a play about three literary spinsters and their menfolk. And, as such, I thought that it was pretty darned good.

Whipping myself along with a youthful prejudice against the sisters of Haworth parsonage, I have succeeded in maintaining a dogged and sullen indifference to their many biographers, in the face of what has turned out to be a world movement to Know More About the Brontës. Practically all that I know about the Brontës I learned from "Moor Born," and while I do not take any particular pride in my ignorance, neither am I particularly ashamed of it. I happen to have been more interested in Emily Dickinson's family life, that's all. (I do suppose that I might possibly have been able to swing both during my half-century of research, but there has been so much smooch about the Brontës that I felt I never should be missed.)

Anyway, I liked Dan Totheroh's play. I don't know whether the Emily that he wrote, and that Miss Helen Gahagan played with such intensity, was the real Emily or not, but I liked to watch her in her thoroughly unpleasant moonings about the house, and was pleased to see her die. "Wuthering Heights" may be a great book, but it isn't great enough to give its author the right to snarl out "But they're dead" when her well-meaning sister brings her a sprig of heather from her own frost-bitten moors. I hope that I was meant to feel that Emily was something of a trial to live with.

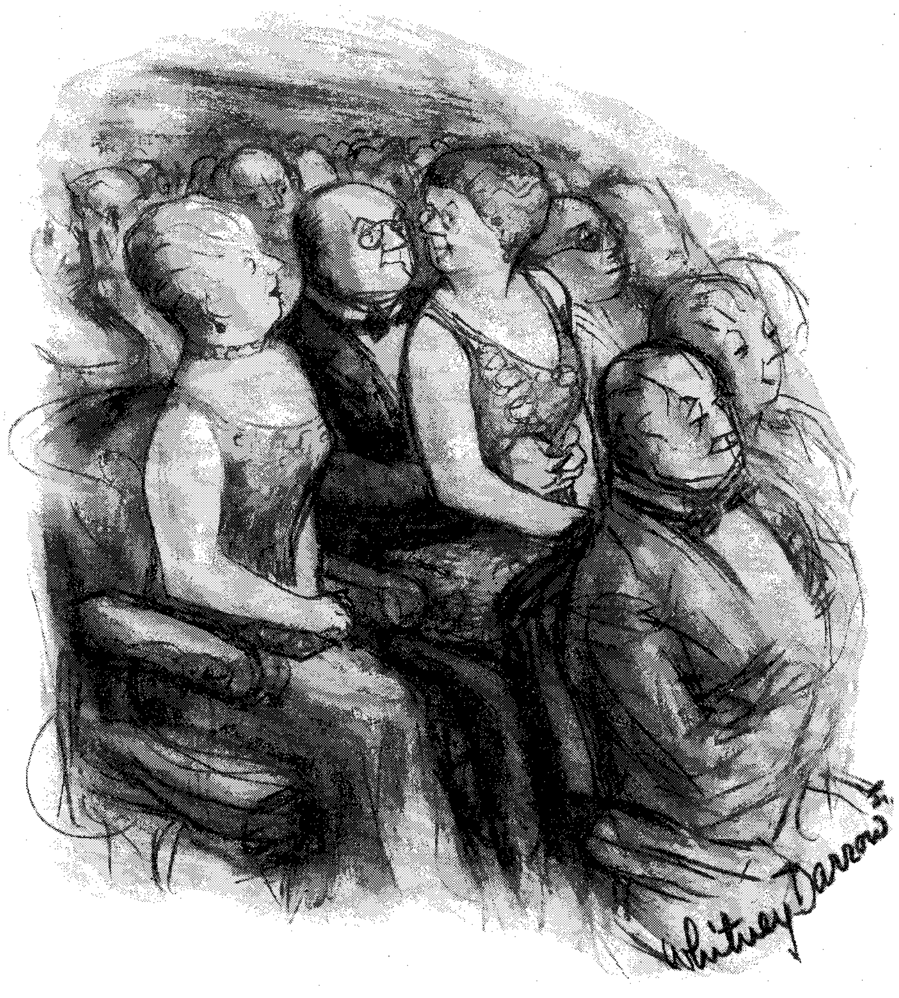
Mr. Totheroh's Charlotte may not be the real Charlotte, but as I am not bothered by any hagglings on the subject, I may say that I liked Frances Starr's playing of a nice, simple-minded sister who happened to write "Jane Eyre." I was glad that she didn't die, and I am sorry to learn (from subsequent collateral reading) that little Anne died almost immediately after the final curtain, for Edith Barrett made her a pleasant nitwit who deserved a better break than to be cooped up on a moor with a couple of nuts. (I don't mean you, Charlotte. I mean Branwell and Emily.)

There wasn't much that Glenn Anders could do with Branwell except rave and rant as he did, and he is a very good raver and ranter. When he died, a great deal of excitement went out of the play, for there are few more tense situations on the stage (or in real life) than waiting for a good, loud drunk to come home. And if Pop Brontë was as much of an old psalm-singing crab as Thomas Findlay made him, the wonder is that Charlotte and Anne didn't give the whole establishment the pitch, and duck out back to Brussels.

You see, even at this late date, I am getting interested in the Brontës in spite of myself, and it must have been "Moor Born" that did it, for I was virgin soil at the opening. I also got a good gloomy feeling about the wind on the moors outside the window, and knew exactly the odor of literary musk that pervaded the inside of the parsonage, so, for one untutored observer at least, it must have been a pretty good show.

AT the opening of "House of Remsen," I had with me a young man who was leaving that night for school after his Easter vacation. It was supposed to be something of a lark for him. So when the first act unfolded to disclose death, adultery, bastardy, and rampant gloom, I felt that it would be a little more of an evening if we went over and heard Lyda Roberti sing "I'll Be Hard to Handle" at "Roberta."

I went back to a matinée of "House of Remsen," however, because, in spite of its lack of hilarity, I felt that the authors (Nicholas Soussanin and William J. Perlman) had something there. I still think that they had, but, unfortunately, it was a little too big for them to handle. Somebody in the team has a genuine feeling for the theatre, and the play that they have written is one of those which hold your attention, even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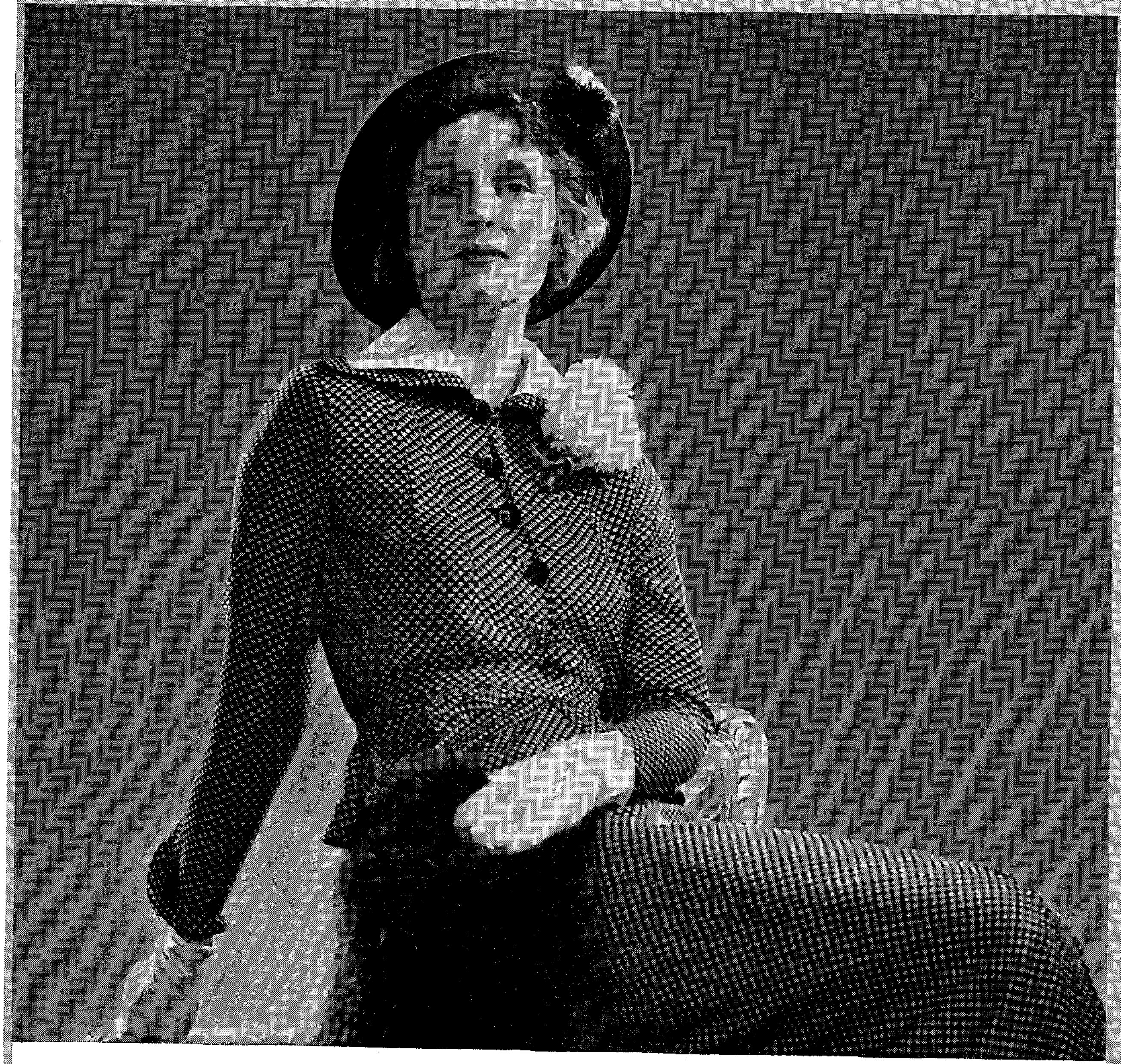

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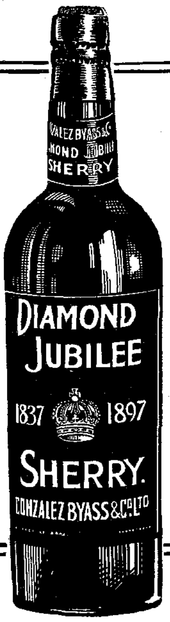

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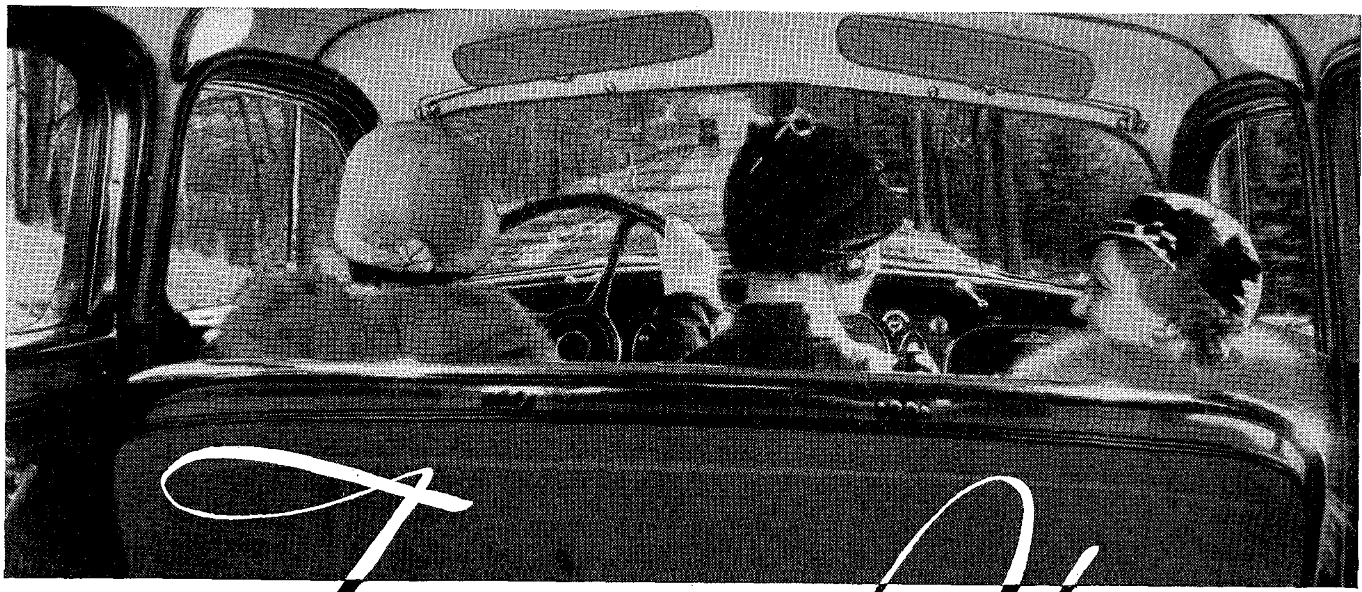
though you know in your heart that you are being made a sucker of. The story of a man who raises two children, hating one because he thinks it is not his own, only to discover that it is his favorite who rates the bar sinister, is not a story that you believe particularly, and as told in "House of Remsen" it contains quite broad streaks of ham. But somewhere in its making, there is unquestionably drama. The cast, which includes James Kirkwood, Francesca Bruning, Albert Van Dekker, and Edgar Stehli, play it in just about the way it is written, with corresponding virtues and faults. I think (if I read my program correctly) that Houston Richards will do a good piece of comedy some day.

INCIDENTALLY, while speaking of reading programs correctly, I am informed that in my review of "Yellow Jack" I gave credit elsewhere which should have gone to Mr. Myron McCormick for his performance as the private who comes down with fever in full view of the audience. I ran such a sympathetic temperature with young Mr. McCormick at the time that I want to take this opportunity to mention it again, using his right name.

THE week was equally divided between gloom and gaiety. "Moor Born" and "House of Remsen" took care of the gloom nicely, and "Brain Sweat" and the first edition of the "Casino Varieties" furnished laughs for the more frivolous-minded.

"Brain Sweat" was a bit slow in getting around to its laughs, although it was consistently amusing to listen to, as it was played by Negroes who, as most Negroes do, know their business instinctively. When Mr. Billy Higgins sat in his rocking-chair in the middle of the stage and exercised his brain on his "project," while his wife (Rose McClendon) exercised her elbows at the ironing-board, there was authority enough in the air to supply a full performance of "Hamlet." And when, in the last act, he came through with a rasher of thousand-dollar bills for general distribution, there were laughs enough to supply three hundred performances of "One More Honeymoon." (This will suffice as a review of "One More Honeymoon.")

THE first edition of the "Casino Varieties" does not, as its sponsors claim, take the place of the old-time vaudeville, as there are no acrobats and no drop showing a fountain with a



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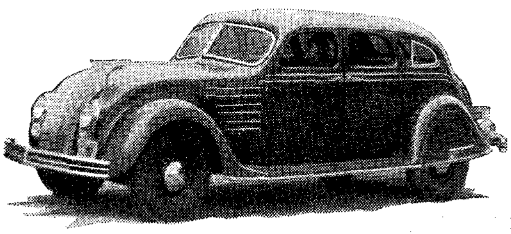

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long flight of steps in the background. It does, however, furnish some laughs which have been missing since the Palace went sissy.

In the first place, it has Mr. George Jessel. Over a period of years, after observing Mr. Jessel on the stage and at the banquet table, as well as in occasional personal contact, I have come to the conclusion that he is the most consistently and genuinely witty man that I know of. His stuff springs from his own mind, and is made up of a combination of timing, delivery, and a feeling for comedy which goes deeper than mere gags. If he wanted to, he could write—but why should he want to?

Some of his material in the "Varieties" is familiar to Jessel followers, but it is his own, and for my part I wish that he would go even further back and get into the stage box with his "mother." In his nearsighted-professor act, I waited for his "I can't see a goddamned thing" as I used to wait for Joe Jackson's cuff to come loose, and laughed just as hard as if I had never heard it before, only I laughed before he said it. And his new line deploring the violation of the Hungarian border is political satire which strikes home to anyone who has ever had colored maps served with his eggs in Budapest.

Another quick-witted young man, to my way of thinking, is Mr. Walter O'Keefe, and he is in the "Varieties," too. He has not been in the business as long as Mr. Jessel, but he has caught the knack of it, and has a method all his own, as well as a mind which is obviously his own too. In addition, he can put a song over with a minimum amount of effort, which is also a great help to an audience.

The rest of the show, with Gertrude Niesen to sing, the DeMarcos to dance, and the Ritz Brothers to camp, makes up into a good evening's entertainment, and Bobby Connolly, as usual, has done a good job of staging. It may not be really old-time vaudeville, but it is more than satisfactory new-time music hall. If the bill changes next week and isn't as good as the opening, don't blame me. Don't blame me anyway.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

If the canary refuses to use his bird bath, try sprinkling a little sand in the bottom of the bath before filling with water. The bird's refusal is often due to a slippery bottom.—*Plainfield (N. J.) Courier News.*

Or let the little fellow keep his pants on.

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It's the newest...smartest...most distinctive bath ever designed...this "Standard" Neo-Angle Bath ...but, oh so roomy, safe and comfortable! It's almost square, with the tub running diagonally, to give you convenient seats in opposite corners. And no matter what kind of bath you prefer — shower, tub, foot or sitz — you can have it in this single one-piece bath.

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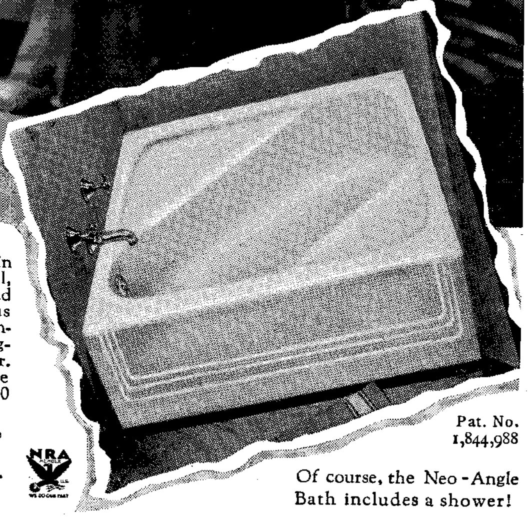

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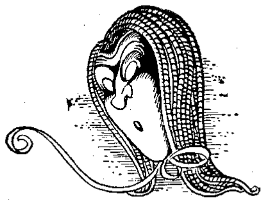


THE GUARDSMAN

THE primal eldest form of literature found expression in gathering the household or the village in a firelit circle after dinner and telling them stories they already knew. There is an honored if somewhat confused tradition that a wandering minstrel named Homer (that may not have been his name and he may have been a couple of other fellows) was especially good at this sort of thing. Time was when any poet worth his salt, or at least his place above it, felt that the Rape of Lucrece was never really told at all until he himself had told it. In our own day this sense of the special dignity, savor, and challenge of the twice-told tale has been lost except among those whose work and delight it is to potter about in the lore of murder. The best of these strange craftsmen seek not so much to chronicle a case unknown to their colleagues, or even, with elaborate Sherlockian nonchalance, to throw new light on some ancient mystery, as to pick up one of these old wives' tales and retell it a little better than it has been told before. In this art, even the great Mr. Roughead of Edinburgh has never excelled, to my notion, our own Edmund Pearson, whose matchless account of the Borden case in "Studies in Murder" remains unsurpassed in its field. Another entrant in the lists is an English writer named Winifred Duke, whose patient and precise "Six Trials" I find none the less enjoyable merely because she presents cases with which I was already familiar. Then she insures my fond attention by the care (and also, I suspect, the relish) with which she sets down all the odd Dickensian patronymics which infallibly bob up in such bloody archives. Thus I am sure that she, too, especially enjoyed the baffling case of the late Mrs. Thomas because the evasive Mrs. Hearn was arrested by Superintendent Pill, and only after arsenic had been discovered in the unfortunate viscera of the deceased by the analyst for Devonshire, Dr. Thomas Tickle. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Dr. Tickle.

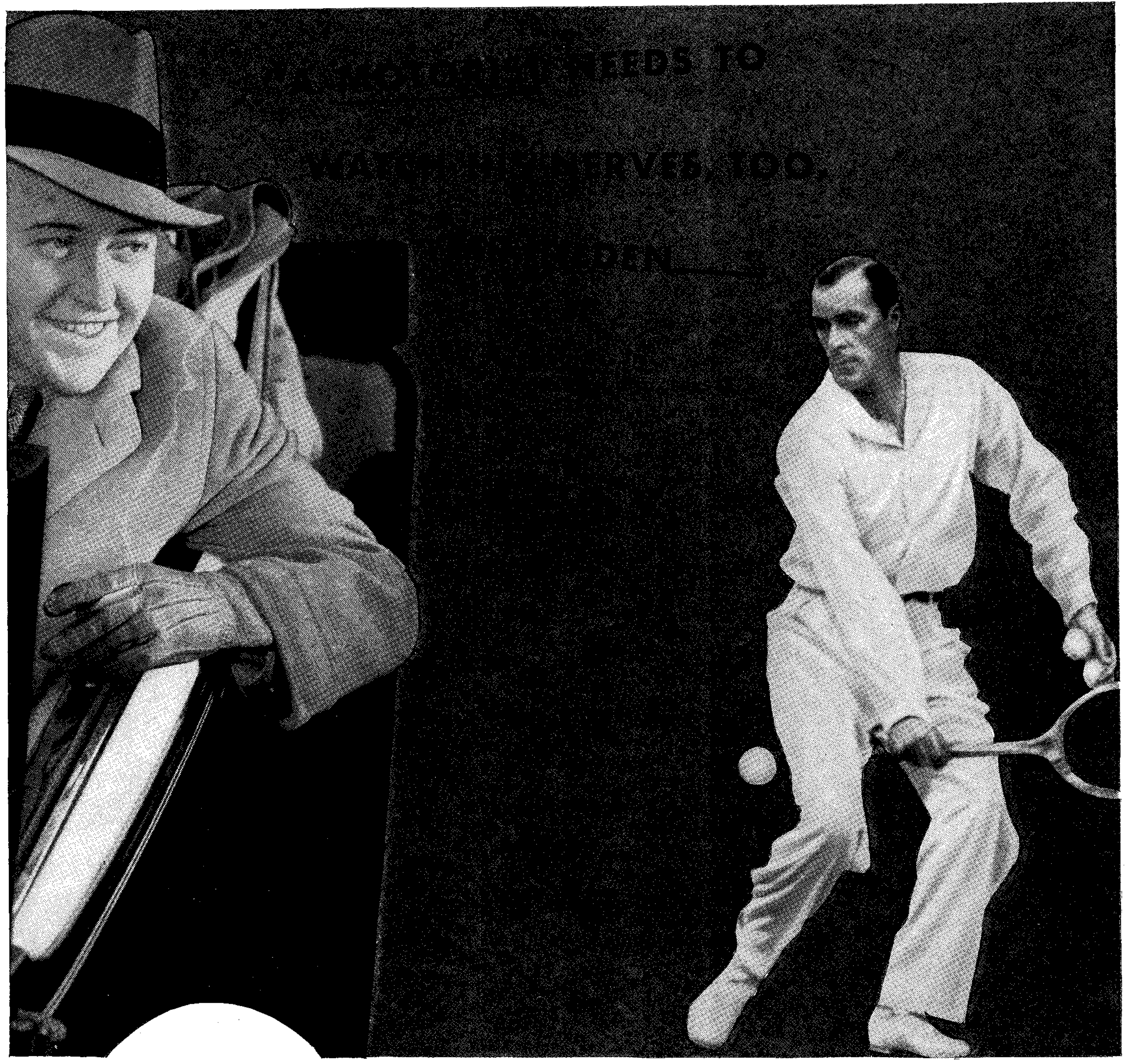
However, in looking through a kindred book by H. M. Walbrook called "Murders and Murder Trials" (neither this nor "Six Trials" has yet been published in America), I did come upon one case in which not only the circumstances but also the names were all new to me. And this was strange, I thought, because the crime and punishment of young Wooldridge has a good chance to linger in men's minds long after the time when the midnight cocoa of Madeleine Smith and the monstrous laugh which was cackled between two murders on an August morning in Fall River long ago have both been forgotten, and when no one remembers any longer what it was that the little American dentist left behind in the cellar when he hastily vacated his house in Hilldrop Crescent.

CHARLES THOMAS WOOLDRIDGE was a proud, violent, high-stepping trooper in the Royal Horse Guards who, in a jealous fury, so slashed and tore at his young wife's throat that she died of her wounds. She was the postmistress at Clewer when he married her, and all went well so long as his regiment was quartered at Windsor nearby. But trouble began when they were shifted to the Regent's Park barracks in London. On his visits home, he would find her cold and taunting. Then he would strike out at her wildly, hurl her to the ground, and next, rushing into a neighbor's house, he would pour out on paper a very torment of self-reproach. In one such moment of abasement, he even signed a document in which he undertook to "molest" her no further. "It is very hard lines," he wrote, "but it's all my own silly fault."

On the last Sunday in March—the year was 1896—she had agreed to come up to London to meet him outside the barracks, and he made the sentry promise to send in word to him the moment she arrived. But she did not come at all, and after hours of waiting the sentry saw him counting his money to see if he had enough for a journey. "I have to go to Windsor tonight," he explained to the sentry. "I must go. I'm going to do some damage." Much of what happened next must be guessed at. The most important witness was the young niece who made her home with his wife. This girl met him at the door, fetched the wife at his bidding, and herself went off upstairs to bed. A few moments later she heard a scream and the sound of someone quitting the house. From her window she could see a woman's figure lying in the lamp-lit road. A man was kneeling beside her, bending low to stare at her. Already there were people running toward them. Among these was a police constable. He testified later that Trooper Wooldridge stood up straight and merely said, "Take me. I have killed my wife." Not long afterward a jury devoted two minutes of a day in May to voting him guilty. He stood with folded arms when the Clerk of Arraigns asked him if he had anything to say against sentence of death being pronounced upon him. "Nothing, sir." And when they got ready to hang him early in July, they say he stood under the beam almost as though on parade.

WELL, that—bleak in outline, barren in detail—is the story of Trooper Wooldridge and, as such tales go, it is admittedly no great shakes. If he will, nevertheless, be long remembered among men, it is due rather to the impression made at the time on a fellow-convict as the whispered word ran across the prison yard that he, young Wooldridge, had to swing, this once jaunty guardsman who now wore a shabby gray suit and a cricket cap and had so short a time left in which to look up at that little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky. You see, a poet was among those who kept the endless vigil before he danced upon the air. Perhaps the chaplain would not kneel to pray beside his dishonored grave, but in pain and in pity the watching poet reared above that burning pit of shame such a headstone as will still be standing, I think, when all the great tombs of its day have crumbled to dust and wandered down the wind. For Wooldridge was the hapless fellow to whose memory—"In Memoriam C. T. W. Sometime Trooper of the Royal Horse Guards. Obiit H. M. Prison, Reading, Berkshire, July 7th, 1896"—Wilde dedicated "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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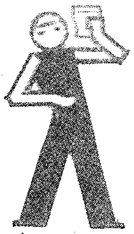

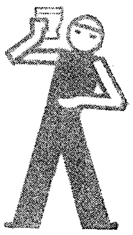

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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

PREWAR ERA

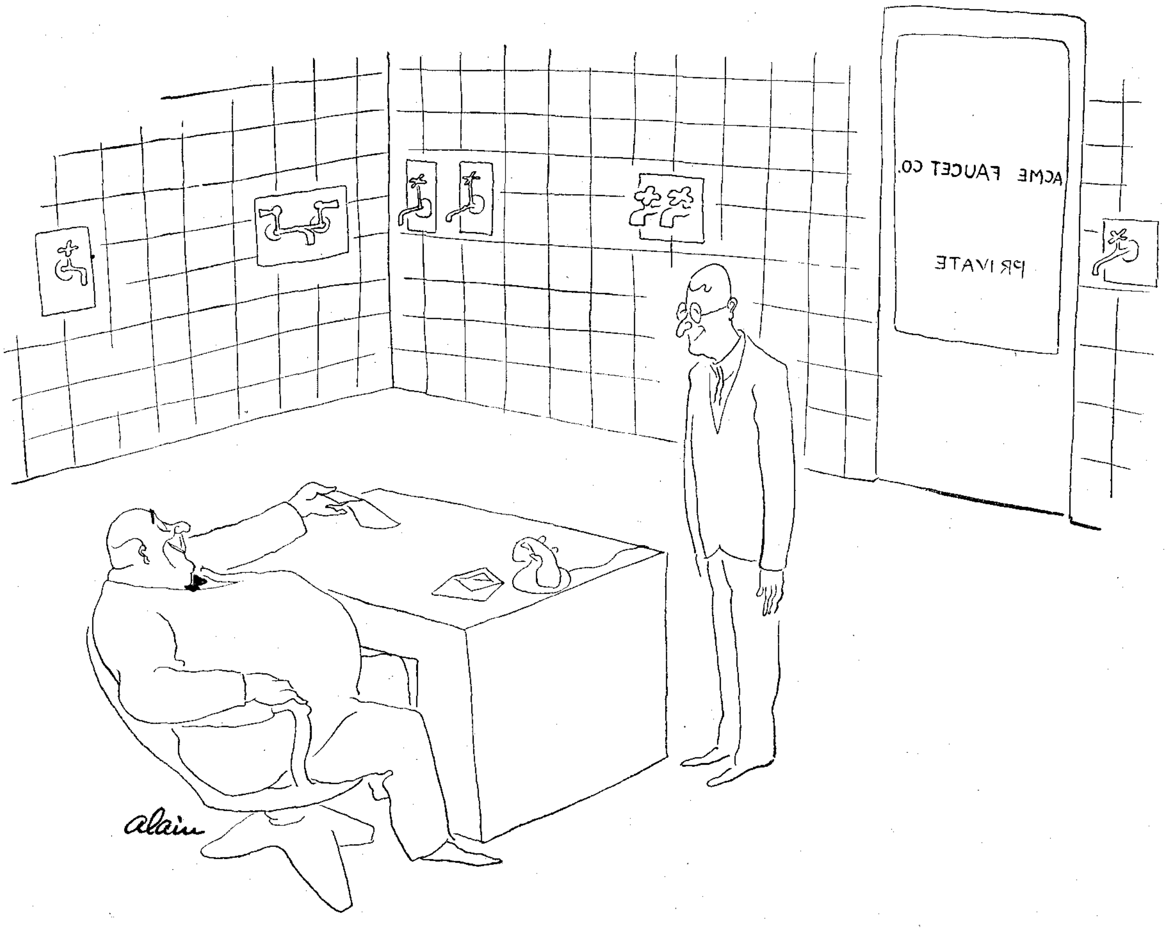
IT seems to me that only in New York a young man just past thirty can write of his childhood and draw from his memory scenes and customs so far removed from the experience of present-day youngsters as to have become quaint. For instance, my life, out of doors, like that of every small boy I knew, was lived on roller skates. I skated the ten blocks to Kirmayer School in Sixtieth Street, skated back and forth to lunch, and in the afternoon screeched up Fifth Avenue into the wilderness of the Nineties where, in a vacant lot with a full block of Avenue frontage, we played soccer, prisoner's base—a highly organized, militaristic version—and baseball. The long stretch from Sixtieth to Ninetieth was usually navigated by hitching on the end of a truck. The most favored hitches were the Ward's Bakery electric trucks. (I saw one crawling its fifteen miles an hour north just the other day, but no small boys hung on it.) These were preferred because of their frequency—their schedule seemed to call for about a five-block interval between them—and because of their satisfactory speed. Beer trucks were almost as regular but too slow. Zest and hazard were added to the Ward-truck hitching by the fact that, because of their silent mechanism, the driver could often hear the clatter of your skates, and there was a convention among the drivers of all vehicles that when a hitcher was discovered, the truck must be stopped and the offenders chased. I never remember a driver's catching anybody, but I often was thankful for my long legs.

Ward trucks were satisfactory transportation, but for adventure you chose something faster — a big furniture truck, or, most daring of all, a limousine. Twenty or twenty-five miles an hour was the maximum speed for getting pulled on skates with safety. Beyond that limit skates began to wobble and the track of each made a series of short, erratic waves. There was no way of correcting this wobble once it set in—you either had to let go and take a chance on slowing down before you took a header and ruined another pair of trousers (most boys wore knee-pads under the knickerbockers) or grab something on the vehicle and pull your feet off the ground. The latter method committed you to hanging in mid-air until the carrier craft slowed down —way down, for five or ten miles an hour was a fast landing speed. Sometimes you were carried blocks out of your way or even into the terrifying Park, where there was no slowing down. If you waited a second too long before choosing one of these alternatives, a skate would be off, shaken by the wobble. Then the jig was almost certainly up. My most prized experience, however, was the time when I hung by one hand and with the other refastened my skate—all at thirty miles an hour on the end of a delivery truck.

We wore roller skates everywhere, even into the department stores, where the thunder of our rollers was the despair of staid floorwalkers. I seldom took off my skates even when I boarded a street car.

LADDERS played almost as important a part in my youth. They figured this way: The block in which I lived was entirely composed of four- and five-story brownstones. Early I discovered that the ladder which led to our roof—up a funnel-like closet about four feet square to the underside of a bolted hatch—could be dragged up on the roof, and that with its aid I could circumnavigate the block.

The XXX Club, which met weekly in this same funnel, followed me to a man. A *raison d'être* for these excursions was soon found in water bombs—paper vessels, holding nearly a glassful of water and watertight for several minutes, which, made in a moment and filled in another, could be dropped to the pavement, where they exploded with thunder and



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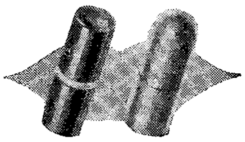

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Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

splashes. Direct hits are hallowed memories. The object of the over-roof excursions, of course, was to remove the war from home territory, for irate citizens were sure to ring doorbells and complain sooner or later.

Traffic has put an end to roller-skating in the avenues, at least among my nephews and their friends—they roll, daintily, down the Mall in Central Park—no better than their elders, who make a sport of roller-skating these days instead of treating it as the serious business of transportation that it is. And the apartment houses which replaced the brownstones have finished the ladder trick. An apartment house, I'd think, would be a happier water-bombing ground than ever I knew, but I walk unmolested, day after day, even on Sunday afternoon under a top hat. The art—or the spirit—has been lost.

Wireless probably started my roof-climbing career; I must have first climbed my magic ladder to string an aërial. The word "radio" was used only in technical books and probably meant something different; one had a wireless, a receiving set, and a sending set, the last a fascinating jumble of coils, bare copper wire, and sparks. I learned the code from a small machine which ran by clockwork and sent me messages on a buzzer. Communication was with other small boys in the neighborhood exclusively, although there were a few envied individuals who were permitted to own large sets which the catalogues said had a radius of fifty or one hundred miles. Contact was uncertain, too, not because of static but because of the mysteries of achieving a steady enough wave-length. Arrangements were made entirely by telephone. You ran downstairs and called up a friend to tell him you were going to send, ran up and sent, and down again to the phone to hear whether he had got the message.

There were no such things as tubes when I began. Instead of a tube one had a mineral detector. There were many versions on the market, but mine was a "cat's-whisker galena." The adjective was not slang but referred to a frail wire resembling a feline whisker which was set to tickle a cube of the mineral galena. The adjustment was very delicate; only certain spots in the galena were sensitive and they had to be found by trial and error. You sometimes took hours to get a set in adjustment, only to have to start all over

THE SHIP'S IN

From the oldest vaults in Jamaica comes

Dagger Rum

J. WRAY *and* NEPHEW, *Ltd.*
KINGSTON, JAMAICA • EST. 1825

• Glasses Up! Daggers Up! To your health, to revelry, to the ladies! For the ship is in from Jamaica laden with fine old Dagger Rum.

Dagger Rum, in whose sweet, aromatic fragrance and flavor were born the spirit of romance, deeds of gallantry, and joyous celebrations of history.†

Dagger Rum, *Jamaica* rum, mind you. No insipid, synthetic, so-called rum. Never have you tasted cocktails of such elusive bouquet or quaffed such cooling and exhilarating highballs and punches.

Dagger Rum that keeps men young.†† Dagger Rum, the drink of true economy — for a little goes a long, l-o-n-g way.

Today's the day. Tonight's the night. Drink deep, there's plenty for all. And, in the mountain vaults of that enchanted Indies isle, mellowed for years in ancient kegs, Wray & Nephew have thousands of gallons in reserve so that no man need go dry. Available at fine liquor stores, hotels and clubs.

LOOK FOR THE DAGGER ON BOTTLE

ONE DAGGER	†	*over 5 years old*
TWO DAGGER	††	*over 6 years old*
THREE DAGGER	†††	*over 10 years old*

DAGGER COCKTAIL

One part syrup, made with sugar and equal parts lime and lemon • Three parts Dagger Rum • Ice and shake well

RUM OLD-FASHIONED

One small lump of sugar • Dash of Angostura Bitters • One drink of Dagger Rum • Fruits in season • Ice and serve with spoon

PLANTER'S PUNCH

One part of lime juice • Two parts sugar • Three parts Dagger Rum • Dash of Angostura Bitters Ice and shake well

Sole Agents for U. S. A. EDMUND MELHADO & CO., INC. *New York, N. Y.*

This advertisement is not intended to apply in states wherein the sale or use of liquor is unlawful.

Finest Old
Jamaica
Three Dagger
††† Rum
J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd.
Sole Agents for U.S.A.
Edmund Melhado & Co. Inc.

---

† It is an historical fact that George Washington, Lord Nelson, and many other worthies of their times held Jamaica Rum their favorite drink.

†† We are compiling a list of centenarians and nonagenarians who attribute their longevity to regularity with Jamaica Rum. We should be pleased to hear from others.

again when a careless elbow jarred the table and jiggled the whisker. Of course I manufactured or, rather, put together my sets, the crowning touch being the lettering of a huge sign to go over the sending set, which read "Danger 10,000 volts."

MY apparatus was secluded in a vacant maid's-room on the fourth floor rear, set aside for my experiments. (I also dabbled in chemistry with the usual odoriferous and explosive results.) After I had toyed with wireless for a year, my father became interested and bought a ready-made receiving set for himself, installing it in his bedroom. With this installation I suddenly found myself an important member of the household. My sisters were forbidden to touch Dad's machine and I, the youngest, was alone called into conference on ways and means to make it work. But the business brought about my downfall hardly a month after it began. Since Dad and I used the same aërial, traffic regulations had to be set up. I was not allowed to send after five P.M., half an hour before his usual appearance. Up to that time, Dad's set was disconnected by a huge lightning switch outside his window which made a gap my one-inch spark coil couldn't jump. Each afternoon I would conclude my experiments by going downstairs and closing this switch. Came a day when I threw the switch early, went back up to my room, and decided to have just one more try at ether-splitting. I must have spent longer than I thought at making adjustments. Finally I sat down at the key and began ticking. My coils were in fine hum, sparks flew, and all was well until the door burst open and a panting maid bellowed "Stop, stop,

An ancient Sherry that Wellington loved

During the Peninsular campaign, the Duke of Wellington visited the *bodegas* of Domecq where he was so entranced by the quality of our ancient wines that he carried tales of their goodness to England where Domecq Sherries have held a high place in British esteem ever since. We would be honored if you would add a few Domecq bottles to your cellar. Our youngest wine is sixteen years old, the eldest, more than two centuries.

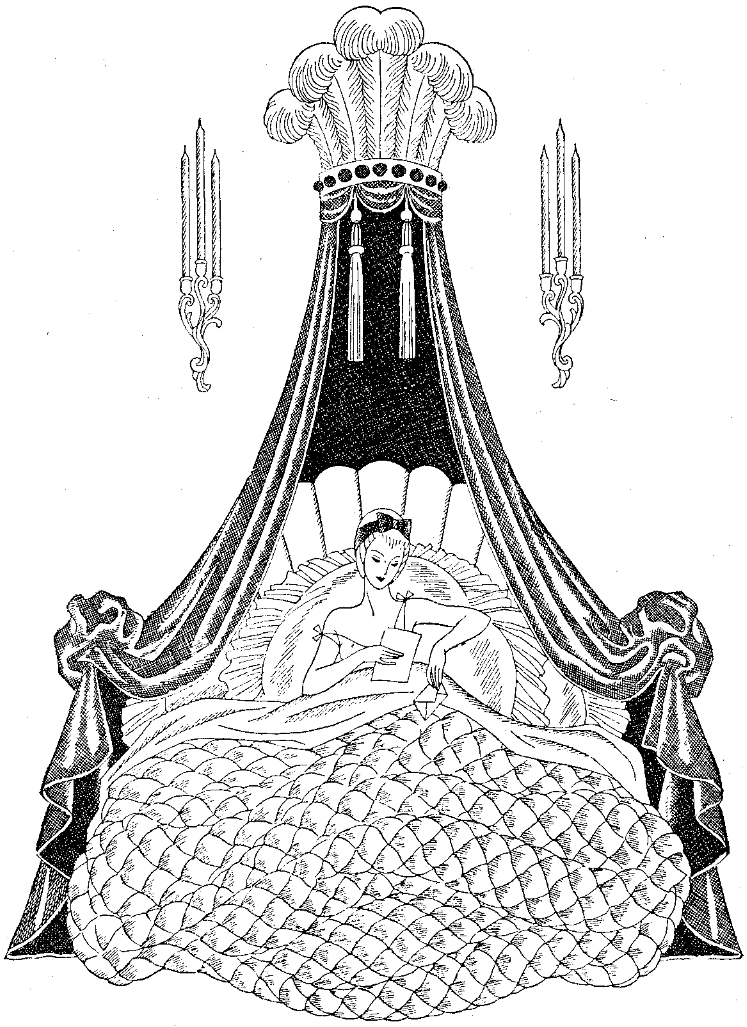
Pedro Domecq
Pedro Domecq and Cia
DOMECQ OBLIGE
founded 1730, Xeres

J. B. HAVRE & CO., 200 BUSH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

you've been after killing yer father!" He had come in and had put on his head set (no loudspeakers then) and some of the ten thousand volts I'd been disseminating had fled down the wires to his instrument, up through his ear phones, until he wore a halo of sparks, sputtering between the metal bands and his sparse hair. He had not been hurt but was badly scared, and the maid had witnessed the phenomenon. I never had much sympathy for him after this incident, because I know I was more frightened myself. It didn't seem as if I would breathe for hours. My sending set disappeared while I was at school the next day.

GREAT moments with my radio, however, were yet to come, for one night when I was ill in bed with grippe I heard the S. O. S. from the Titanic. I didn't know what it was about—subsequent transmission of latitudes and longitudes was too fast for my reception—until I read the papers, but I knew the S. O. S. and had my thrill. Again, listening with Dad on his set, we heard one of the first talking tests from De Forest's laboratory up on the Hudson. The messages ran like this: "Hello, hello, hello, can you hear me, can you hear me, can you hear me, hello, hello, hello" again and again and again. We knew only vaguely that there was such a thing as wireless telephony, and we thought our aërial had grounded on telephone wires until we heard a screechy one-step from a phonograph. Then the excitement was terrific. We read of the test next day in the *Times*—an inconspicuous little item on an inside page.

Everyone who tinkered with radios belonged to a radio club and corresponded about wavelengths and receptions. Distance was then, as with some few short-wave addicts even now, the end-all. We had Berlin and Hawaii to our credit, Paris was commonplace. Transatlantic stations were desirable customers because in those primitive days they sent very slowly and repeated each word twice. I remember in the early days of the war taking down casualty lists going from England to Canada. Since then automatic-sending devices have about ruined that form of listening in, I understand. An early wireless-telephone holiday came, a year or so after we heard De Forest's test, when the destroyer fleet was equipped with radio. The fleet anchored in the Hudson and our receiving set let us in on a fascinating party line. Operators



FOR BEAUTIFUL BOUDOIRS

Like all things of individual beauty and exquisite taste, Carlin Comforts are widely simulated but never successfully.

Most women immediately sense the distinction in a Carlin original.

Fine all-wool summer blankets, edged with grosgrain ribbon, noteworthy for excellent laundering qualities. $8.95

Lovely summer weight comforters in pastel shades, superbly suited to seashore or country atmospheres. $17.50

New summer bed spreads in novel cotton materials, monogrammed and made to specific measurements. . . . $25

Carlin Comforts

536 Madison Avenue at 54th Street, New York
ALSO AT SAKS—FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
AND I. MAGNIN & CO. SHOPS • CALIFORNIA

long live BACARDI

BACARDI, *the Smooth*
BACARDI, *the Delightful*
BACARDI, *Cuba's greatest gift to man!*

Ron Bacardi Superior
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SANTIAGO DE CUBA

FAMOUS the world over for its delicacy and flavor—straight or in highballs, and smartest of all mixers. Every smooth, delightful drop is eloquent of full, mellowing maturity—always at least four years in the wood. Order from your dealer today. And write for the internationally famous Bacardi Chart—25 celebrated cocktail combinations. Schenley, Room 407, 18 W. 40th St., New York.

A Schenley PRESENTATION

Schenley, Sole Agent in the United States for
COMPAÑIA RON BACARDI, S. A.

Copyright, 1934, Schenley Import Corporation

yelled and joked back and forth, a girl got on the mouthpiece (not microphone then) at some amateur station and flirted daringly with this republic's seamen. I was a little shocked.

Shortly after this wireless dwindled in interest, I went away to school, and when I next spun a dial the machine had become a radio and the romance of the voice from nowhere had been syndicated.

SO many things have changed—in so short a span. Our home, in East Seventieth Street, was lit by gas; when electricity was first installed it was on the first two floors only, it being too great a luxury for the children's bedrooms. Bulbs glowed a fraction of a second before they became bright, and were scrupulously turned off upon leaving a room. Almost all fixtures were double, gas and electricity, for economy or in case the electricity failed—I don't know which.

I remember that in the family conversation there was considerable comment on those faddists who were having their stoops removed and English basements installed. One or two of our friends had moved to apartments in Park Avenue in the Eighties and were well looked down on for it. Our own move from Seventieth Street between Madison and Park to Seventy-first Street a few doors east of Lexington was a daring venture eastward, and I was a little ashamed of it in school and took pains to explain that ours was a very exceptional block. I couldn't have conceived of anyone living east of Third Avenue. Gangs of small toughs armed, after dark, with long stockings partly filled with sand came from beyond Third Avenue and beat up small boys, even as far west as Park Avenue. Four of them attacked me once and left me howling in the middle of the sidewalk. Later I routed a trio with my Knickerbocker Greys sword. I drew it in terror and they fled without striking a blow.

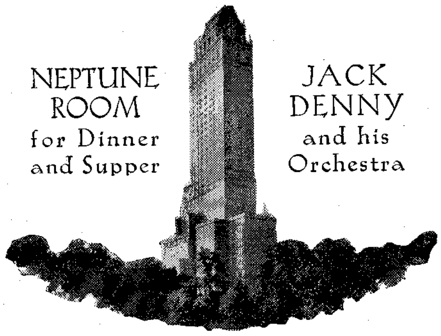
My family never thought of taking a taxi during the daytime. Vulgar waste. At night taxis were always called for from my father's club, and my sisters were known to all the drivers. Whenever they went out to a party they were chaperoned by our faithful dragon, Arny, who had an elaborate secret service in operation in Sherrys, which was the only place parties were given outside one's house. The spy system included most of the employees of the place, who reported to Arny, waiting in some nether fastness, just

Pierre Presents!

The necessary requirements of an ideal suite are . . . First, that it affords, as nearly as possible, the environment of your own home . . . Second, that the rooms are spacious, yet livably simple . . . Third, that the view from your windows be delightfully inspiring . . . Fourth, that the servicing by the hotel management be of highest calibre. All these, and more, are found at the Hotel Pierre. Serving pantries in every suite. Rates as attractive as the suites themselves. Rooms, single or En Suite for a day or a year.

NEPTUNE ROOM
for Dinner
and Supper

JACK DENNY
and his
Orchestra



Hotel Pierre
Charles Pierre, President
Fifth Avenue at 61st St., New York

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WE DO OUR PART

New York's De Luxe
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Since 1922 Theodore Luce, Inc.
has displayed the Lincoln Motor
Car in surroundings befitting
its great beauty and distinction

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permanent beauty

demands the perfect permanent wave, the skilled hair treatments, rinses, hair pieces, eyebrow shaping and manicures for which smart women go to

G. JEAN
32 west 58th street, plaza 3-1470

"My 'schnozzle' says Old Gold"

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD
© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

The one and only JIMMY DURANTE, star of MGM's forthcoming musical picture, "Hollywood Party"

"A dame ups to me the other day and asks me what cigarette I like best. I don't say nothing....... but I reaches into the secret pocket of my weskit, and before you could say *'Lollapalooza,'* I flashes an OLD GOLD under her dainty schnozzle.

" 'Take a sniff,' I says to her, 'and you'll know there ain't no artificial flavoring in OLD GOLD. That O. G. tobacco don't need no touchin' up. That's why they smoke so smooth; in fact, they're *Old Smoothies!* I oughta know, 'cause my schnozzle is an old-time inhaler-inner!' "

The Connoisseur,
JIMMY "Schnozzle" DURANTE

No better tobacco grows than is used in OLD GOLDS. And they are PURE. (No artificial flavoring)

AMERICA'S *Smoothest* CIGARETTE

Tune in on TED FIO-RITO's sensational Hollywood Orchestra every Wednesday night—Columbia Chain

The Rising TIDE

DURING five years of declining prices, undoubtedly a few of those who were in a position to wait, secured apartments at bargain prices. *The tide has turned.* Prices for everything are rising. Rentals must follow. Waiting may be costly. The choicest apartments will go first. Choose while rentals are still low

960 FIFTH AVE.
15 Rooms, 6 baths. Corner apartment of unusual character. Superb Park views. Special fixtures and architectural treatment. Pine panelled living room 39′ x 22′—13 ft. ceiling. 4 fireplaces. 5 large family bedrooms, 4 facing South.

1125 FIFTH AVE.
12 Rooms, 5 baths. Entire 8th floor. Representing 5th Ave. at its best. Spacious living room and dining room overlooking Park and Reservoir. 2 fireplaces. 4 to 5 commodious, family bedrooms, one with dressing room.

270 PARK AVE.
14 Rooms, 5 baths. Spacious, quiet family residence. Corner living room 29′ x 18′, and dining room 27′ x 17′ 6″. 2 fireplaces. 4 of the 5 large, family bedrooms face South on Garden. Marguery Restaurant . . . Maid service available.

300 PARK AVE.
10 Rooms, 3 baths. Unusually quiet, livable home facing south and west on 49th and private street. Corner living room has uninterrupted view. 3 sunny bedrooms, exceptional closets. 2 fireplaces. Sherry's Restaurant . . . Maid service available.

525 PARK AVE.
11 Rooms, 4 baths. Corner apartment with the completeness of a private house. Comfortably large, corner living room, open fireplace, library, 4 family bedrooms, one 17′ 8″ x 19′ with dressing room. In fashionable 60's, near clubs.

635 PARK AVE.
13 Rooms, 4 baths. Entire 11th floor—all outside rooms. Living room 30′ 6″ x 18′ 6″, and dining room 27′ x 18′ 6″, both face South. Library. Several fireplaces. 4 excellent master bedrooms. Fine for entertaining.

755 PARK AVE.
9 Rooms, 3 baths. Corner fashionable, residential street. Dignified home with high ceilings, generously spaced rooms. Ample closets. Newly decorated and equipped. 2 sunny family bedrooms face wide street.

830 PARK AVE.
9 Rooms, 4 baths, duplex. Interesting, new architectural and decorative treatment. Occupying space of 11 rooms, featuring reception hall 26′ x 17′ and living room 31′ 6″ x 16′. 4 master bedrooms being on upper floor, affords privacy and quiet.

840 PARK AVE.
11 Rooms, 4 baths, Duplex. Now being completely remodelled and redecorated. Really an individual house. Well arranged living room, dining room and library between. 3 fireplaces. 4 sunny family bedrooms on the upper floor.

929 PARK AVE.
11 Rooms, 4 baths. Entire floor. Attractively proportioned living room, with fireplace. 2 large and 2 smaller master bedrooms, 3 baths and dressing room, flexibly arranged to combine into interesting suites.

133 EAST 64th ST.
12 Rooms, 5 baths. A substantial and well planned home with comfortable living room 27′ 9″ x 19′, open fireplace. 4 to 5 inviting master chambers, one with dressing room—90 ft. of Southern exposure.

21 EAST 90th ST.
7 Rooms, 4 baths. Fine for family with small children, being on 5th Ave. block, at Park entrance. Living room with fireplace. 2 pleasant, sunny, master bedrooms. Bath room with shower adjoining library, makes 3rd chamber possible.

Douglas L. Elliman & Co. INC.
Management
15 East 49th Street PLaza 3-9200

who danced with her charges and how their escorts behaved. A single suggestion that a stag showed signs of being under the influence of liquor barred our, and apparently everyone else's, door to him thereafter. Parties were not early, though. Twice I remember waking to hear Theresa come in, well after the sun was up, and looking out in the hall to see her, still awake and lively, running upstairs, Arny in the rear, very sleepy-looking, her arms filled with favors.

Both my sisters came out in our house. The dining-room and that inevitable and little-used downstairs drawing-room were thrown together, and Dad's secretary, John, came up from the office, and stood around, looking very embarrassed. His job was to protect the silver from the hired butlers and the hired butlers from the champagne. One butler and one bottle got away from him once and the former made a Bolshevik speech, swaying by the pantry door. He said, "I'm just as good as anybody here." The head of the employment agency himself came around the next day to apologize to Mother.

IT is hard for me to conceive of anyone's having had a happy childhood who didn't live in a brownstone front, each floor of which was a different world, from the kitchen and its parlor, where one ruled as the young master, snitching food, breaking Irish hearts, and potting the cook with sugar pills shot from air-rifles, to the top floor, which was one's own castle, easily defended from marauding sisters by hurling schoolbooks from the head of the narrow stairs.

What possible fun can any child have in an apartment house?

—RALPH MCALLISTER INGERSOLL

•

STORRS, Conn.—Men and women of Connecticut State College were almost unanimous in choosing Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the President, as the greatest woman personality in a poll conducted by the college paper. They also agreed that a course preparing for marriage should be given.—*The Sun.*

What every first lady should know.

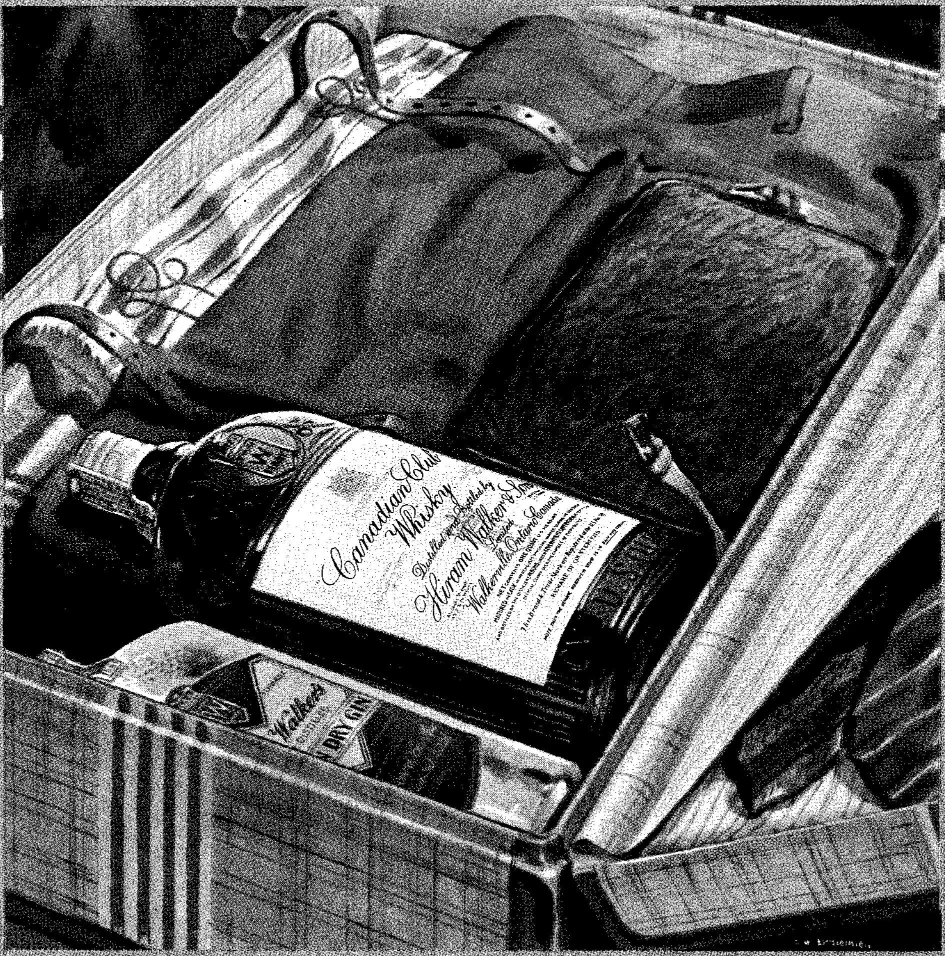
•

Magistrate Alfred M. Lindau reserved decision for two weeks yesterday in the case of Harry Donenfeld, President of Merwil Publications, Inc., who was indicted some time ago on charges of publishing obscenity preferred by John S. Sumner.—*The Herald Tribune.*

That old connoisseur.

"CANADIAN CLUB" is one of the really fine whiskies of the world. Distilled, aged in wood for years, every step of its manufacture is safeguarded to provide the high degree of quality and purity which have distinguished the products of Hiram Walker & Sons for more than 75 years. Its age is attested by the Canadian government's official stamp which seals each bottle. In Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin—as well as in all other Hiram Walker products, including several very fine brands of moderately priced blended whiskies you will find the same inherent qualities which are so evident in "Canadian Club."

"The Essential Guest," a new booklet of attractive recipes, can be had from your dealer or you may write for it direct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Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
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Walker's
DRY GIN

"CANADIAN CLUB"

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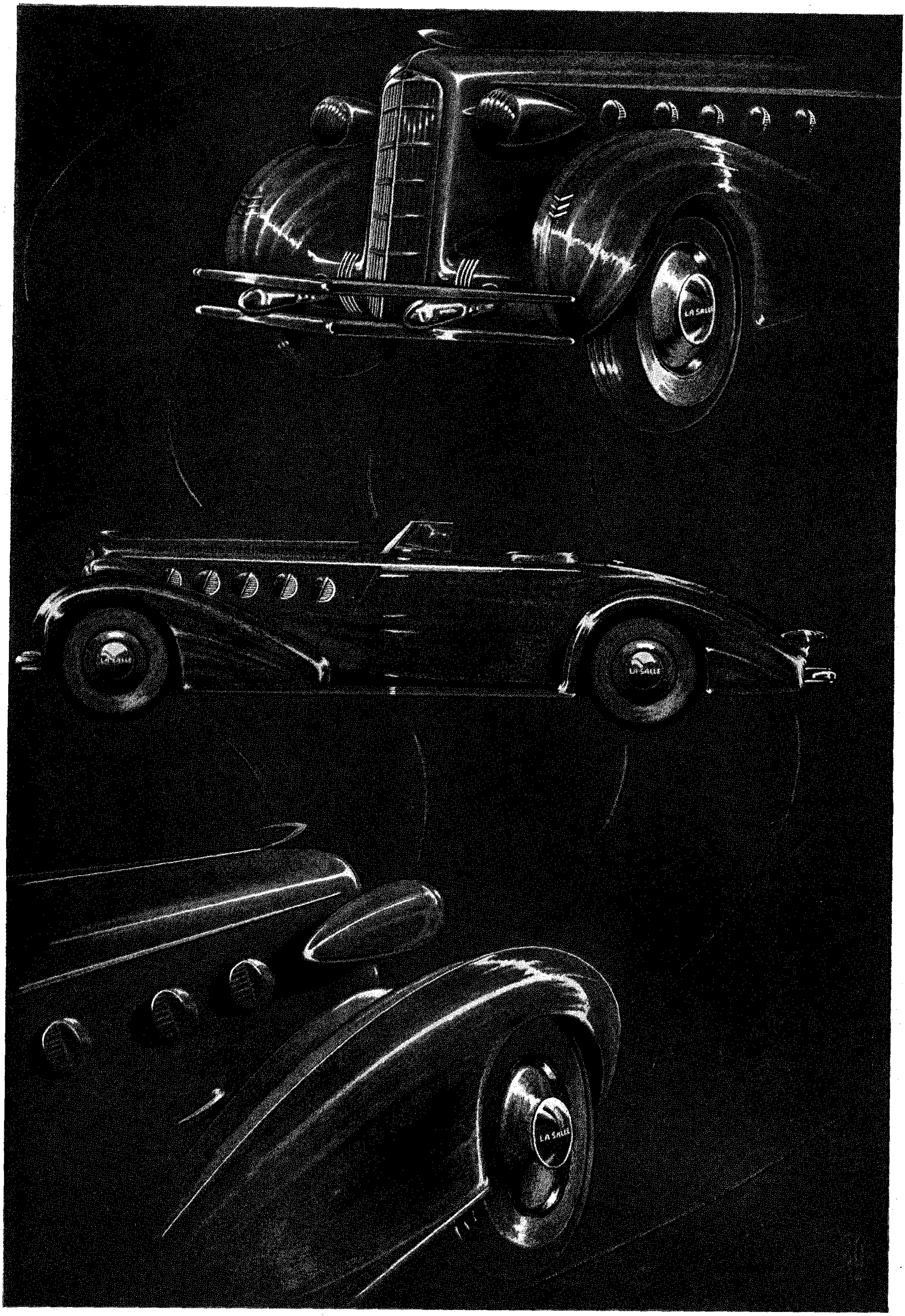

LA SALLE
LA SALLE
LA SALLE
LA SALLE

The New STREAMLINE *La Salle*

illustrated by

COUNT ALEXIS *de* SAKHNOFFSKY

* * *

What can we say about the new streamlined La Salle to equal what *you,* and thousands of other men and women, have been saying about it ever since the first hour it appeared? We can only repeat this thought, which doubtless has been growing in your own mind: If you want the most *thrilling* new motor car of 1934, then most certainly you want this new Cadillac-built La Salle! To look upon these impressions by Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky . . . or to examine the new La Salle personally . . . is to know that it is the supreme expression of streamline styling, as well as the most *beautiful* car of the year. To drive it is to know comfort, agility and safety such as you have never experienced before. The bodies are *Custom Bodies* by Fleetwood. The chassis is a *precision chassis* by Cadillac. The net effect is the *new style,* the *new vogue,* in motor car performance and appearance, exactly as was the original La Salle of a few years ago. But perhaps you do not fully realize this further point, which, to many people, is the most amazing of all. The new La Salle lists as low as $1495, f. o. b. Detroit—almost *one thousand dollars* below last year's price! With this fact in mind, does it not become comparatively easy to gratify your desire to *own* a new La Salle?

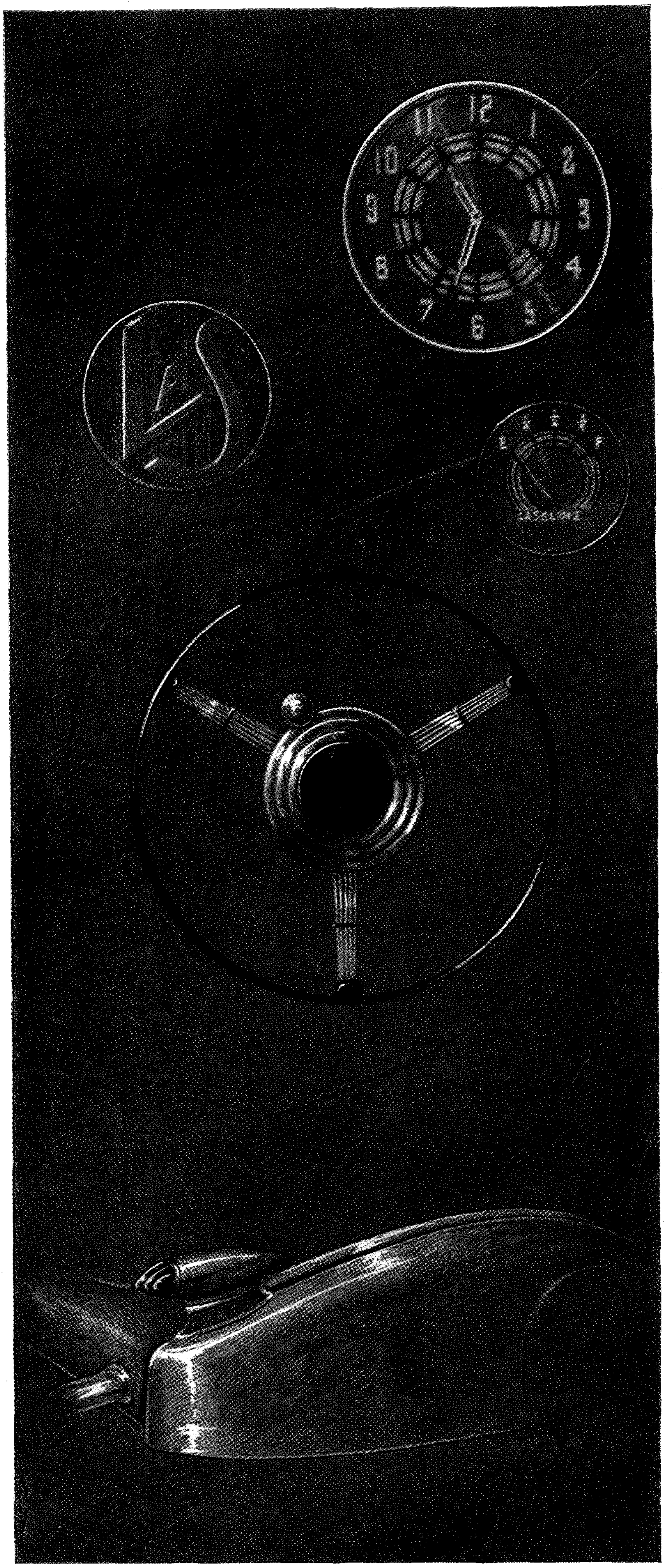
LIST PRICES AT DETROIT

$1495 *and* $1595

(Equipment other than standard at slight extra cost)

LA SALLE

Cadillac designed *Cadillac built*



Talk about your Aristocracy!

ONE OF THE
57
HEINZ
TOMATO JUICE
HEINZ
TOMATO
JUICE
H. J. HEINZ CO.

THEY'RE the "blue bloods" of the tomato family—these big, plump, handsome fellows that lend their zestful freshness and mellow flavor to Heinz Tomato Juice.

And what a pedigree—what an illustrious ancestry—they boast! For years Heinz selected the choicest seeds from the finest tomatoes grown. These were crossbred until a perfect Heinz tomato was produced. Now under more than a million feet of glass Heinz grows the tiny plants and transfers them to the farmers' fields, where their cultivation is carefully watched until harvest time.

Right at the peak of the season—when they are ready to give up their legacy of lusciousness—these beautiful, ruddy, sun-ripened tomatoes are picked and rushed to nearby Heinz kitchens. Before nightfall they are pressed and the rich, wholesome juice is packed ready for your table. Even the delicate bouquet—the garden-fresh aroma—is retained. No spice is added—just a tiny pinch of salt to bring out the tempting "August" flavor.

Heinz Tomato Juice is distinctly different because it comes from special Heinz-bred tomatoes—the very finest produced in America. Here's truly the aristocrat of tomato juices. Order it from your grocer today. Serve it chilled at any meal. You will find it uniform in quality the year around.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND

Heinz Tomato Juice

MOTORS

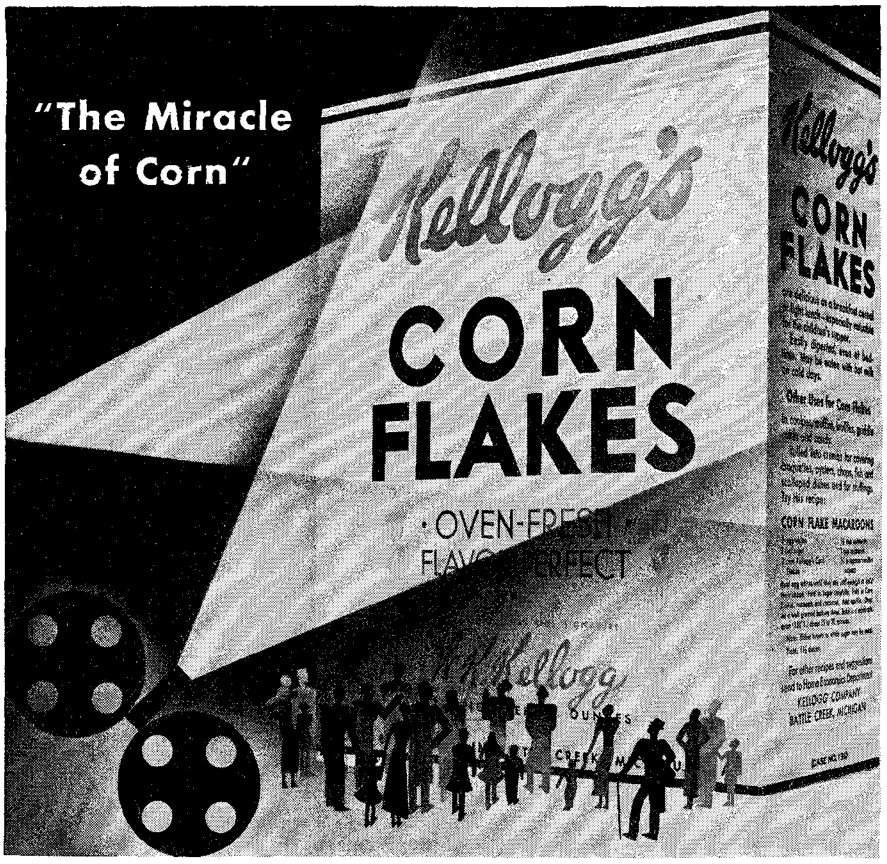
Something Special—An Airflow Ride — The Decline of the Tourer

NOT so long ago, when the younger generation and a few body-builders were experimenting with the chassis of the Model A Ford, someone said, "No matter how you dress it, it'll still look like a Ford." He ought to see a Brewster cabriolet-de-ville body on a chassis produced by Ford.

The other day, I was told that if I went to the Rolls-Royce showroom on East Fifty-seventh Street, I'd see something special. I murmured in protest that there's never anything "special" under the sun. I was wrong. I've seen all the motors of 1934, and driven a few, but all things considered, this is an astonishing car. Several months ago, Mr. Inskip, who directs the destinies of Brewster and the American Rolls-Royce, decided there ought to be a small, smart town car, suitable for city traffic and reduced incomes. So he took a Ford chassis, because—to give one of a number of reasons—of its adaptability, lengthened its wheelbase from 112 to 127 inches, and did things to the fenders, which, praise be, haven't skirts.

The result was a long, sleek thing—done in black, with bands of dull chromium in the right places—which you'll lose your heart to, if you lose your heart to motorcars. The treatment of the radiator shell, which comes down to a point, and of the front fenders, which sweep upward, is particularly striking. The inspiration—and you can see a marked resemblance—was the radiator-cap mascot of Rolls-Royce. The body is quite as roomy as the average town car. Seats five comfortably, and there's plenty of head room, even for a tall man with a top hat. The coachwork is thoroughly Brewster, and there is none whose reputation stands higher for design, construction, and decoration.

At the preview for some of Mr. Ford's executives and engineers, one of the party, after seeing the chromium-plated engine and the other refinements, confessed he'd like to crawl under the car to look at the torque tube, but the Rolls-Royce atmosphere restrained him. He'll have an opportu-



and A Modern Miracle of SELLING!

Greatest name in the cereal business, largest producer of ready-to-eat cereals in the world — KELLOGG! 12,000,000 people eat Kellogg's Corn Flakes daily.

Almost one home out of every two buys it! More than 2,000,000 quarts of milk and cream are consumed each day with it.

Truly, a world-famous product backed by an outstanding sales and service effort that never relaxes.

• • •

WHEN Kellogg recognized the value of a selling film, Castle was selected to produce and distribute it.

Our answer: "THE MIRACLE OF CORN"— it visualizes the romantic Kellogg story and does a highly successful job in speeding millions of cartons from counter to consumer. The first year, more than two millions saw it at exhibitions throughout the United States, provided by Castle.

If there's a story in your business, *we'll find it* and transplant it to a living, moving, talking, *selling* film.

Twenty years' experience has taught us what belongs in a profitable business film and what *does not!* When Castle goes to work — your business film will pay!

What television *may* provide in years to come, CASTLE FILMS give you *now!* Action! Music! Drama! Talk! On one screen or thousands of screens — before selected groups in every town in the nation!

CASTLE FILMS

PRODUCERS—DISTRIBUTORS—EXHIBITORS OF
BUSINESS MOTION PICTURES

R. C. A. Building, Rockefeller Centre, New York City
Wrigley Building, Chicago • Pacific Coast, Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco

Turn a trip across the Continent into a
CANADIAN ROCKIES
VACATION

7-DAY
STOPOVER AT
JASPER
PARK LODGE
$47.50
SPECIAL PREPAID RATE

WHAT a lucky break it is that this sky-high Jasper Park vacation is right on the coolest route to the evergreen Pacific Coast!

To the right—to the left—the mightiest of Canada's Rockies thrust their dazzling peaks high into the sky—then plunge headlong into brilliant, jewel-like lakes . . .

Now for action! Jump into the saddle and follow the trails that lead in all directions from Jasper Park Lodge, or view Jasper's glories by motor. Go climbing with experienced guides. Golf on the Jasper course (Jasper Golf Week Aug. 26 to Sept. 1). Fish. Hike. Play tennis. Swim. Dance. Enjoy the luxury and comfort of Jasper Park Lodge. (Season June 15-Sept. 23.)

THE COST? *Way down!* As low as $7.00 a day (including room and meals) at Jasper Park Lodge—discount for extended stay. Rail fares are low, too, so plan to travel on to the Pacific Coast and Alaska. Come in or write for booklets. Ask, too, about vacation costs in Eastern Canada.

CANADIAN NATIONAL
To Everywhere in Canada

BOSTON
186 Tremont St.
BUFFALO
420 Main St.
CHICAGO
4 So. Michigan Blvd.
CINCINNATI
49 E. Fourth St.

DETROIT
1523 Washington Blvd.
DULUTH
428 W. Superior St.
KANSAS CITY
705 Walnut St.
LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.

MINNEAPOLIS
634 Marquette Ave.
NEW YORK
673 Fifth Avenue
PHILADELPHIA
1422 Chestnut St.
PITTSBURGH
355 Fifth Ave.

PORTLAND, ME.
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.
ST. LOUIS
314 No. Broadway
ST. PAUL
83 East Fifth St.
SAN FRANCISCO
648 Market St.

SEATTLE
1329 Fourth Ave.
WASHINGTON, D.C.
922 15th St. N.W.
LONDON, ENG.
17-19 Cockspur St.
PARIS, FRANCE
1 rue Scribe

nity, as Edsel Ford ordered a duplicate on the spot.

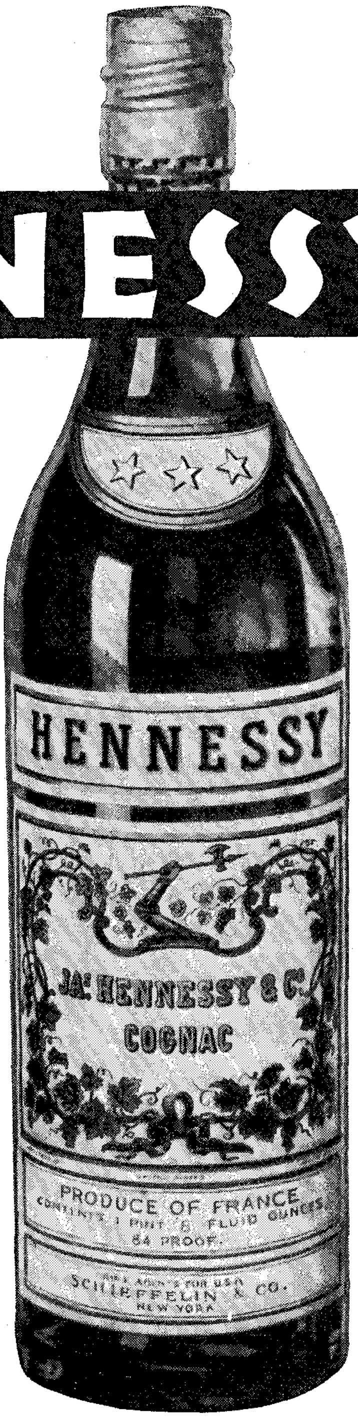
I've saved the surprise to the last. The car costs $3,670, driven up to your door in New York. Formerly, the cheapest Brewster body was $5,000.

WELL, I've driven an Airflow De Soto, and a lot of other cars are never going to seem quite the same. I didn't shave or write a book while sitting in the back seat riding down Twelfth Avenue, but I did drive fairly fast over the roughest stretch of road I know at Miami. I'm going to believe all the ads after this. There was an extraordinary floating sensation. In fact, I was hardly aware of being transported by mechanical means.

Mr. Chrysler and Mr. Foy really ought to do something about having the speed limit raised, though. I was stopped and cautioned—I had slowed down by that time—by a couple of cracker catchpoles, who did it just to find out where the engine was. One of them impertinently opened the hood to make sure.

NOW that the snow is off the not-so-open road, a lot of us will be Sunday drivers again. Wonder what's become of the touring car? Of course, no-draft ventilation is an excellent thing, but I've a soft spot in my heart for the old one-man top. Three or four years ago, open cars had a short-lived revival, but in my brief survey of the showrooms last week, the only touring cars I saw were Fords and Packards. (I don't believe there's a sleeker automobile than the Packard

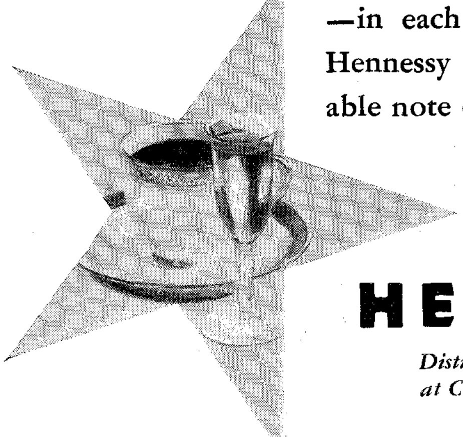
★★★ HENNESSY


HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & Co
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
CONTENTS 1 PINT 8 FLUID OUNCES
84 PROOF
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO.
NEW YORK

COGNAC BRANDY

Since 1765 . . . . Quality has obtained for Hennessy the largest brandy sales in the world

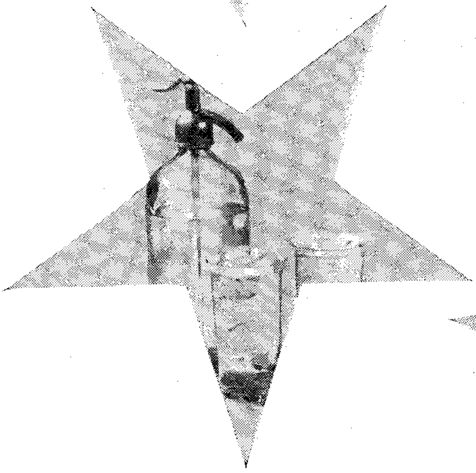
The after-dinner liqueur, the tall cool glass of brandy-and-soda, the soothing nightcap, the egg punch with brandy, the warming hot grog—in each the versatile Three-Star Hennessy provides the indispensable note of authority.

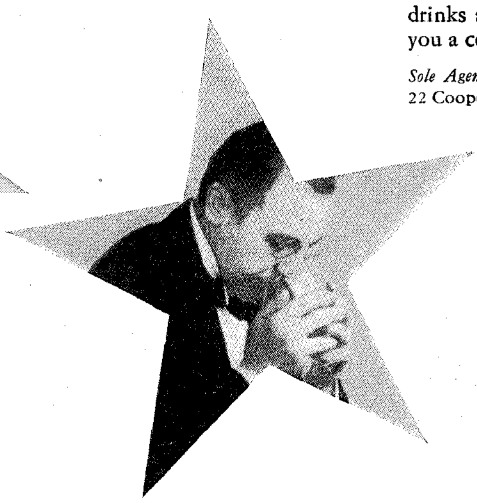


★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

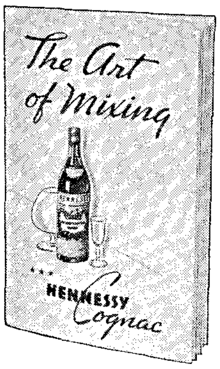
Distilled, matured and bottled at Cognac, France, since 1765.





You'll enjoy having "The Art of Mixing," an attractive booklet of authoritative recipes for drinks and dishes. A mere request will bring you a copy with our compliments.

Sole Agents for the United States... Schieffelin & Co., 22 Cooper Square, New York City *Importers since 1794*


The Art of Mixing
HENNESSY
Cognac

This advertisement is not intended to offer Three-Star Hennessy for sale or delivery in any State wherein its use is unlawful.

Twice as much fun on the BIGGEST SHIPS to CALIFORNIA

Oh, boy! What a wonderful sleep! I'm glad now I chose a BIG ship. Size makes such a difference. This Big Three liner is so steady. It's great for sound sleep!

These Panama Pacific liners are even bigger than I thought! BIG enough for two outdoor pools—built right in the deck. It takes huge size for something like that!

This sun deck is BIG enough for all sorts of zestful sport. Deck tennis . . . shuffleboard . . . quoits—they're all much more fun on a really BIG deck!

Talkies in the BIG lounge after dinner. And what a lounge! Its size and beauty makes one gasp. These Big Three liners are certainly "huge floating palaces".

May I have the next dance? Moonlight, a sky literally white with stars, soft music, wonderful companions. And dancing is ever so much more enjoyable on BIG decks—with acres of room!

Will you have a drink? Anything you want. Every conceivable sort of refreshment at this wondrous bar. A nightcap —and then off to bed for another restful *sleep. This BIG ship's been oceans of fun!*

Every moment's a pleasure, whether you're asleep or awake, resting or playing—because Big Three liners are really BIG. Exciting calls at Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco. Amazingly low rates for First Class and Tourist. 25% reduction for round trips.

"THE BIG THREE"
S. S. VIRGINIA
S. S. PENNSYLVANIA
S. S. CALIFORNIA

Apply to your local agent. His services are free.

PANAMA PACIFIC LINE
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY
Main Office, No. 1 Broadway, New York. Other offices in all principal cities

UTMOST OCEAN SERVICE
through your local agent

phaëton, and you can get it with either eight- or twelve-cylinder engines.) Of course, there are plenty of closed cars that can be turned into open ones—nearly every maker has a coupé with a rumble seat—and Cadillac, Lincoln, Buick, and Auburn have convertible sedans. Also, La Salle will bring one out next month, while Chevrolet will have a tourer.

THE new car of the week is a Pierce-Arrow Eight, a good companion to the Eights and Twelves introduced in January. It's a club brougham, with a wheelbase of only 136 inches (the shortest in the Pierce-Arrow range), but in every way it lives up to the standards of the company. It has the right feel about it, and the traditional characteristics of refinement and performance. You have to sit in the car to appreciate its roominess.

The line at present includes a two-door and a four-door model. The bodies, of course, are built at the company's shops, and the interiors are smart. The delivered-in-New-York price of the two-door brougham is around $2,400, and the four-door is $100 more. —SPEED

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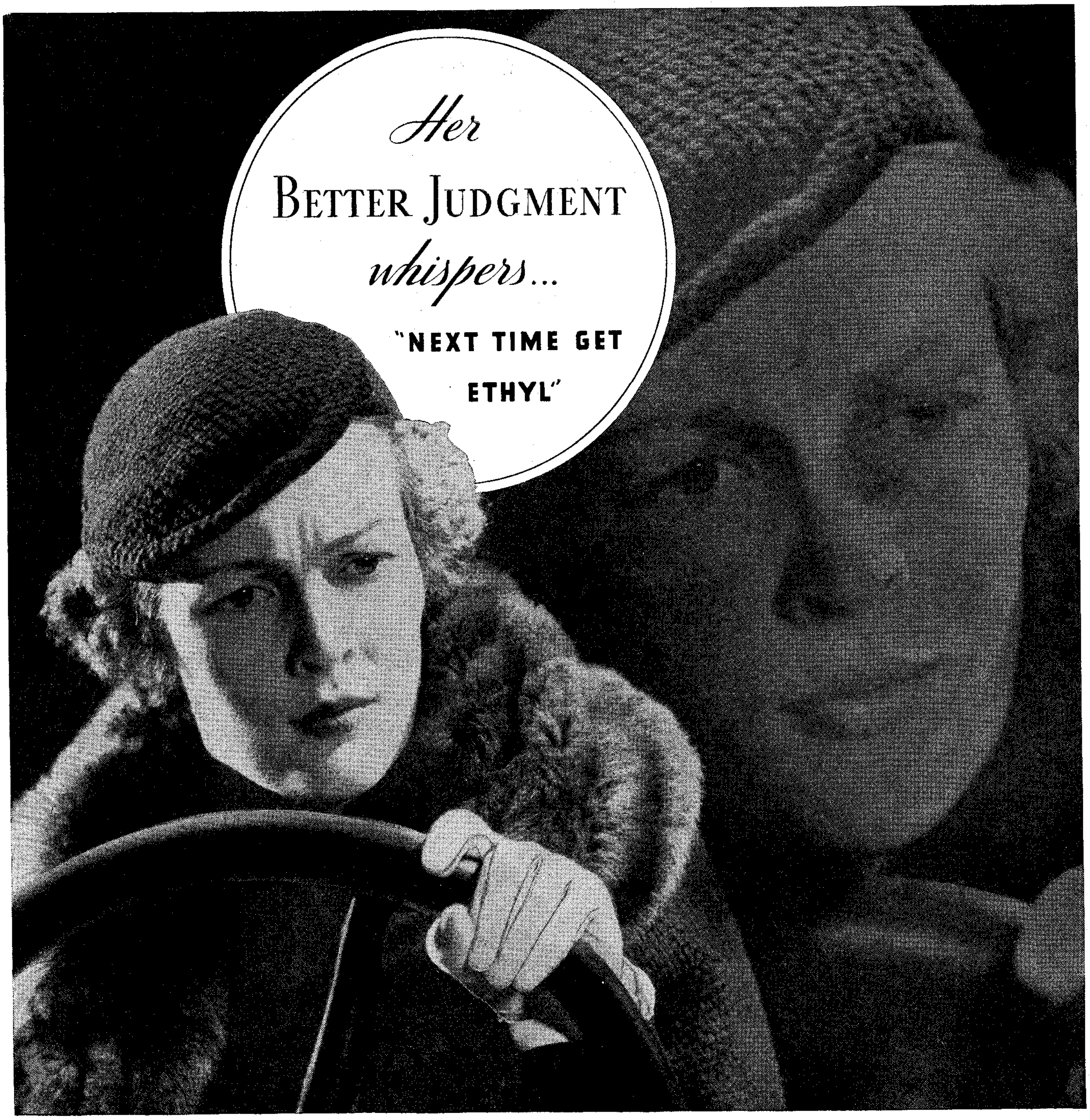
WARNER BROTHERS TURN OVER A NEW LEAF

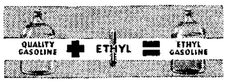
[*From the Film Daily*]

One of the most unique exploitation campaigns ever accorded a premiere was put on for the world premiere of Warner's "As the Earth Turns" at the Melba theater, Dallas. The theme of the campaign was set up by the Warner home office advertising and publicity department which posed the question of whether the public wants realism or hokum in their film fare. With the cooperation of the Dallas Film Guild and the Dallas "News," the city took to this idea and made it a matter of civic interest. The catch-phrase used was "No Bunk in Pictures and No Bunk in Advertising." In addition, the campaign included the following ballyhoos: Arrangements for Eddie Barr, critic of the Dallas "Dispatch," to interview Jean Muir by long distance phone, with both ends of the conversation broadcast over Station WRR; a 10-page tabloid, containing a condensed version of the novel on which the picture is based, in the Dallas "Dispatch;" Gladys Hasty Carroll, author of the best-seller, in town attending literary teas and special luncheons; Dallas Film Guild sent out 6,000 letters and made many phone calls appealing to the recipients to support the picture and to ask others to support it; a special invitation list of 400 guests, representing a "cross-section" of Dallas opinion, invited to the premiere to answer the question "Should Hollywood make more pictures like 'As the Earth Turns'?" This campaign was duplicated in several other pre-release engagements.



THIS young woman was told by her husband to "save money" on gasoline. But after her last experience on a grade with a traffic light at the top, her *Better Judgment* whispers: "You really don't save money when it's at the expense of your car's performance."

Your car won't run without gasoline. The better the gasoline, the better it will run. Whether you paid $500 or $5000 for your car, isn't it sound economy to bring out its best—every minute and every mile—with Ethyl Gasoline? Particularly . . . when Ethyl's quality now costs only 2¢ a gallon over regular gasoline? That is less, on the average, than $1 a month! Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City. © E. G. C., 1934



WITH
ETHYL
(TRADE MARK)
REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

Ethyl contains sufficient lead (tetraethyl) to make it the world's quality motor fuel.

THIS IS
RUSSEKS
"Sound Effect"
TAFFETA at $49.75

That sibilant sound we have been hearing at smart gatherings lately is really and truly our old friend taffeta. It rustled into the spring openings made into everything imaginable — hats, bags, gloves, coats and dresses for all hours of the day. Russeks Design Studio has rendered a version of the taffeta vogue in the taffeta jacketed crepe frock above. The dress has a bright top and a dark skirt . . . The taffeta jacket which matches the skirt is flecked with white. Navy with green—brown with red $49.75

THIRD FLOOR
RUSSEKS
FIFTH AVENUE at 36TH STREET

PROFESSOR'S OFFICE HOUR

"Professor, I came to see you about Roswell. . . . Oh, I am Mrs. Norton, Roswell's mother. I was so anxious to meet you, because Roswell admires you so much. He was always writing about you in his letters, telling about how interesting you made the work, and how enjoyable your classes are. And so it was such a shock to me to get the mid-term report and to find that he was marked only a D minus."

"Roswell Norton. Let me look a moment. . . . I see he was absent eight times this term, and he got a D and an F on his quizzes, and his classwork averages a low D."

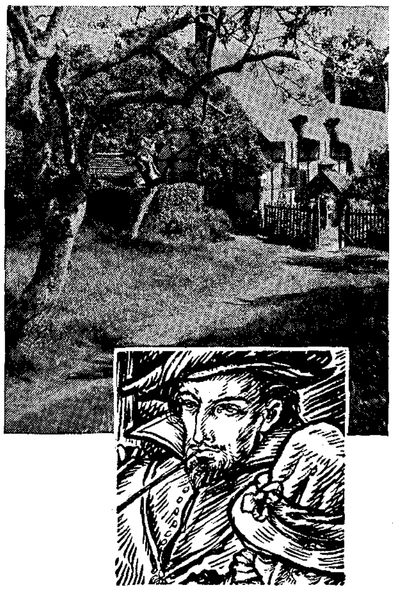
"That is what is so dreadful to me. I assure you that report almost stunned me, and I had to go to bed for two days. Roswell always did so well in high school, and they were so proud of him. And as for his absences, Roswell always had a delicate throat, and I have taught him never to take foolish chances in bad weather. For after all, health is really the most important thing, don't you think so?"

"Why, yes, of course—"

"And I want him to be a great surgeon some day, and I know you can't get into the Medical School unless you have good marks. Roswell has very definite leanings toward medicine. He dissected a frog when he was only twelve years old; I remember he had it spread all over the laundry—ugh! And so when I got this terrible report, I decided to sacrifice everything and come down here and help him in every way a boy's mother can. Roswell is my only child, and my own life seems of no importance at all compared to his success."

"That's very creditable, I'm sure."

"And so, Professor—or should I say Doctor? I'm afraid you'll think me very ignorant—I shut up my house and came right down here, and I've



England's Finest One-Day Tour through Shakespeare's Land

Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of Shakespeare . . . Warwick Castle, home of ancient England's most powerful family . . . Kenilworth Castle, the scene of Scott's great novel . . . all in a fascinating one-day tour!

You leave London by Paddington Station, changing later to a luxurious motor coach. For the next few hours you journey over the roads of rural England . . . explore ancient ivy-clad castles, visit Shakespeare's birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage, and glimpse famous battlefields where crucial contests were waged.

This one-day journey through historic England will live forever in your memory. Yet the entire cost is only $9.00 first class throughout, including transportation, meals, sight seeing, entrance fees and tips. Write any office of the American Express Co., or see your local travel agent.

GREAT WESTERN
◆ RAILWAY ◆
OF ENGLAND AND WALES
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.
(General Agent for the U. S. A.)
65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

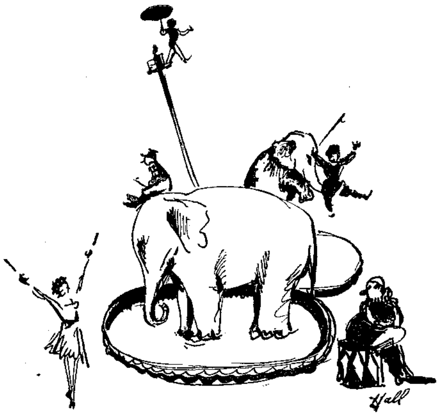
REDUCE WHERE YOU NEED TO
AT THE
MARJORIE DORK SALON
10 East 49 Street
VOLUNTEER 5-0150 New York

THE SURREY
A Residential Hotel
Large rooms in suites of one, two and three rooms. Serving pantries. Furnished if desired. Moderate rentals. Select clientele.
20 EAST 76th St.

taken a little furnished apartment near the campus gate. And I've brought down some of Roswell's favorite books and pictures, so that it will seem a little like home to him. And I've bought a little portable radio, so we can listen together to some of the programs we love to listen to together; you know, really good music, Lawrence Tibbett and all that; Roswell loves good music, and evidently at the fraternity they tune in on nothing but jazz, jazz, jazz all the time. I don't think the fraternities are entirely a good influence, do you, Doctor? I mean, they're sort of cheap and coarsening. And Roswell is so young; he's only nineteen, and of course he's very impressionable. He looks up so to the older boys; he seems to think they're a fine lot of boys, but I must say . . .

"Well, anyway, I think it's the bad influence of the fraternity that has pulled down his scholarship. Dances, you know, till all hours of the night. And some of these girls they have to dances seem to me definitely cheap. And Roswell is so naturally friendly, and takes everything at its face value. I suppose these 'crushes,' as we used to call them in my day, are all right, but Roswell is too young to have any real discrimination about people.

"But I think you can be sure that his work will improve now. I get him a nice little dinner every night, the things he likes, in our little apartment, and then I supervise his study. In the fraternities, you know, everything is so noisy, and they're always skylarking around, and it isn't conducive to real study. I often think the trouble with Roswell is he just doesn't know how to study. So now we just sit side by side on the davenport and he studies, unless, of course, there is something *really* good coming over the radio. So I am sure, dear Professor, that you will notice a great improvement in his work from now on. Poor Roswell! I'm afraid he rather regrets his fraternity and all



"APRIL IN THE ENGLISH LAKE COUNTRY! HOW I ENVY YOU"

IT'S FUN to share . . . by Overseas Telephone Service . . . the pleasures and adventures of your friends who go a-traveling. There's something of a thrill, for even the most sophisticated, in knowing that your voice is flashing thousands of miles across continents and oceans, as easily as though you were talking with a person in the same room. And it's gratifying to be able to exchange the very latest news . . . to wish some one well on an anniversary . . . to make or change plans. • You can place an overseas telephone call from any Bell System telephone; simply ask for Long Distance. A three-minute conversation from New York to London or Buenos Aires costs $30; Rome, $34.50; Honolulu, $30; India or Australia, $45.

OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

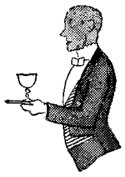
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. BELL SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Introducing

Colonel Appleton

A Jolly Good Fellow and Sportsman
with a Decided Liking for Apple
Jack in Cocktails, Highballs or Neat

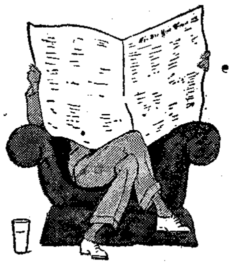
AFTER HIS RIDE . . . . .



PERFECT COCKTAIL

½ pineapple juice; ½ Laird's Apple Jack; 1 dash of Angostura bitters. Ice, strain and serve.

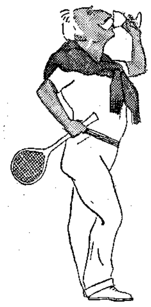
AT HIS CLUB . . . .



APPLE "JACK HIGH"

1 teaspoonful of sugar; ½ jigger lemon juice; ½ wine glass Laird's Apple Jack. Ice and serve with charged water.

AFTER HIS GAME . . . .



APPLE SOUR

1 teaspoonful sugar; ⅓ lemon juice; ⅔ Laird's Apple Jack; 1 thin slice orange. Ice, shake and serve with charged water.

LAIRD'S
APPLE JACK
1851

Send 10c in stamps for the most explicit Apple Jack recipe book ever compiled.

LAIRD'S
APPLE JACK

LAIRD & CO. • Scobeyville, N. J.
Department N4—14

their rowdiness and horseplay sometimes. But of course boys of that age are naturally self-centred, and he doesn't realize the sacrifice I am making, giving up my home and all my friends and everything. But I don't mean to complain, because Roswell's success and happiness is the most important thing in the world to me. Still, I do think it would be a good thing for him just to realize in an indirect sort of way what mothers do for their boys without asking any return but—but love. And I was wondering if—but I'm afraid you will think me very forward—"

"Oh, I am sure, Mrs. Norton—"

"Well, I know how Roswell respects and admires you, and I was wondering if once in a while you couldn't just talk to the class, in a general sort of way, of course, about—well, about how important it is to—to love your—"

"There, there, Mrs. Norton; there, there. Now, don't worry about Roswell; I'm quite certain that his marks are going to be considerably better."

—Morris Bishop

• •

DEATH IN FORTIETH STREET

[LAMENT UPON DISCOVERING, SOMEWHAT BELATEDLY, THAT WOOLWORTH NO LONGER SELLS ALL GOODS AT TEN CENTS OR LESS]

Tall Nineveh is ended,
And gone with Priam's boy
Those towers that defended
The windy plains of Troy.
And Tyre's a mumbled story
By learned men discussed,
And now another glory
Is falling into dust.

For they're lifting up their prices at the ten-cent store!
And Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more, any more!
They're showing goods a-plenty
For fifteen cents, or twenty.
Oh, Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more.

How fond my recollections
Of that enchanted time
When things were sold in sections,
And every part a dime!
A thousand shining lures, then,
Broke down the last defense.
And everything was yours, then,
For ten amazing cents.

But they're raising up their prices at the ten-cent store!
The splendor of a nation is stricken to the core.
As sure as you're alive,
They'll charge you twenty-five!
Oh, Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more.

Farewell to glass and napery,
And candies bright and hard.
Farewell to window drapery,
A dime the quarter-yard.
Farewell to beads and laces
I loved so long ago,
And to the Dresden vases
Designed in Tokio.

For they're pushing up their prices at the ten-cent store!
The writing's on the wall and the sign upon the door.
And Barbara Hutton's married
To a handsome prince, and harried.
But Woolworth's isn't Woolworth's any more.

—Phyllis McGinley

WHETHER IT'S....

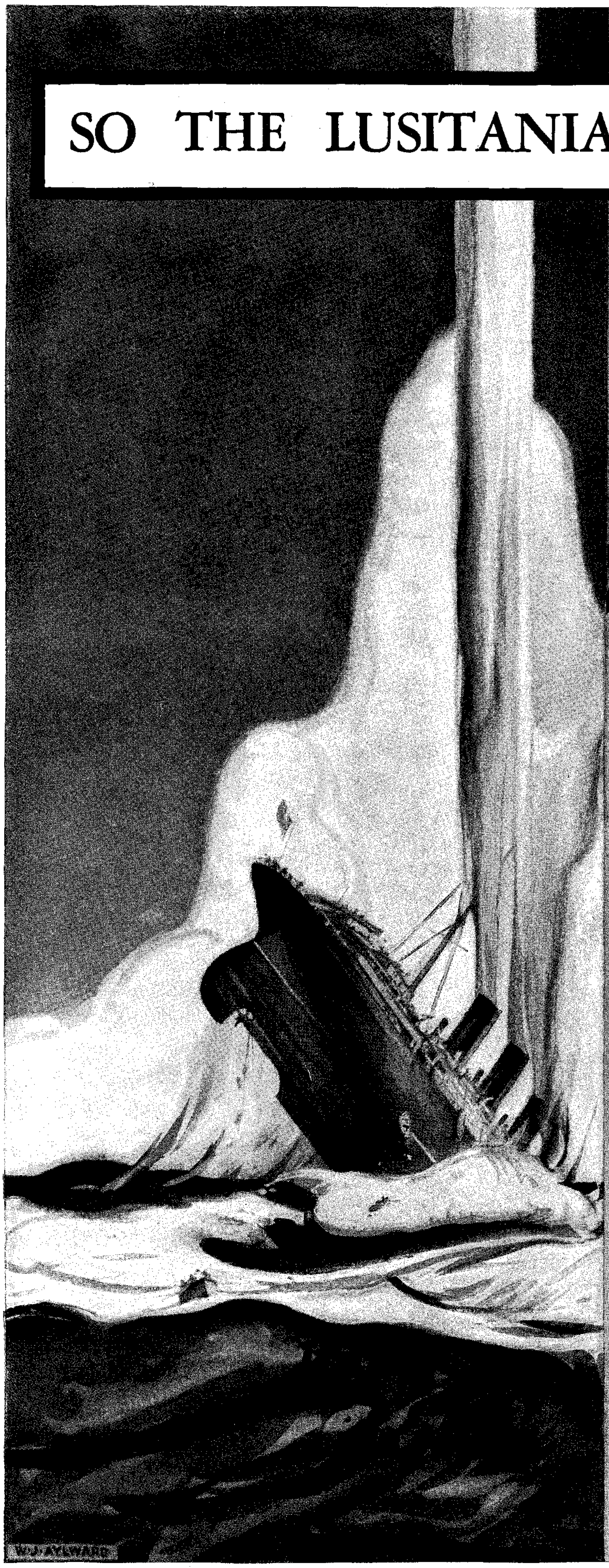
Mix your highballs on the alkaline side

Expert mixologists ply their art over on the alkaline side . . . with White Rock. Its "dry" tang brings out the flavor and bouquet in good drink-things. White Rock is over on the alkaline side. Helps counteract the acidity of whatever it's mixed with. Better for your spirits . . . **better for you**

White Rock

. . . the mixer that thinks of tomorrow

SO THE LUSITANIA WENT DOWN



Well, what of it?

★

"What of it?" you cry. "The whole world was shocked. For days the newspapers talked of nothing else."

Well, but what of it? After all, it was a little thing.

How many Lusitanias would have to go down to carry all the dead and missing soldiers and the dead civilians of the great World War?

One Lusitania a day.
For a year.
For 10 years.
For 25 years.
For 50 years.

One Lusitania a day for 70 years, or one a week, beginning nearly a century before the discovery of America by Columbus and continuing to the present hour.

That is the number of Lusitanias that would be required to carry the dead. The dead of all nations who died in the war.

This advertisement, written by Bruce Barton, painted by W. J. Aylward and presented here through the co-operation of THE NEW YORKER and the courtesy of the AMERICAN MAGAZINE, is the first exhibit of an educational campaign dramatizing the horrors of war; a campaign which Henry Ewald has called "a bold, practical plan which dwarfs all former use of advertising." Co-operation to develop this campaign into a persistent, extensive, efficient drive for Peace is invited by World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

BIG BUSINESS

THEY held the annual meeting of stockholders of the United States Steel Company on the top floor of an unpretentious bank building in Hoboken. The room was quite large, with curtains at the windows, and at one end a big table facing rows of collapsible chairs. It did not look very much like the Home Office of a great corporation, but that is what it was. Indeed it was the Home Office—that simple room—of a large number of corporations, including the International Harvester Company, Marshall Field, National Lead, and American Sheet & Tin Plate. All of these business houses find it cheaper, in the way of taxes and such, to be New Jersey corporations rather than New York or Pennsylvania or Illinois corporations. So they give their official address as Hoboken, and run over there every now and then to have their formal meetings. All of them take turns in the same room. They do not pretend, or have to pretend, that they transact any other business there.

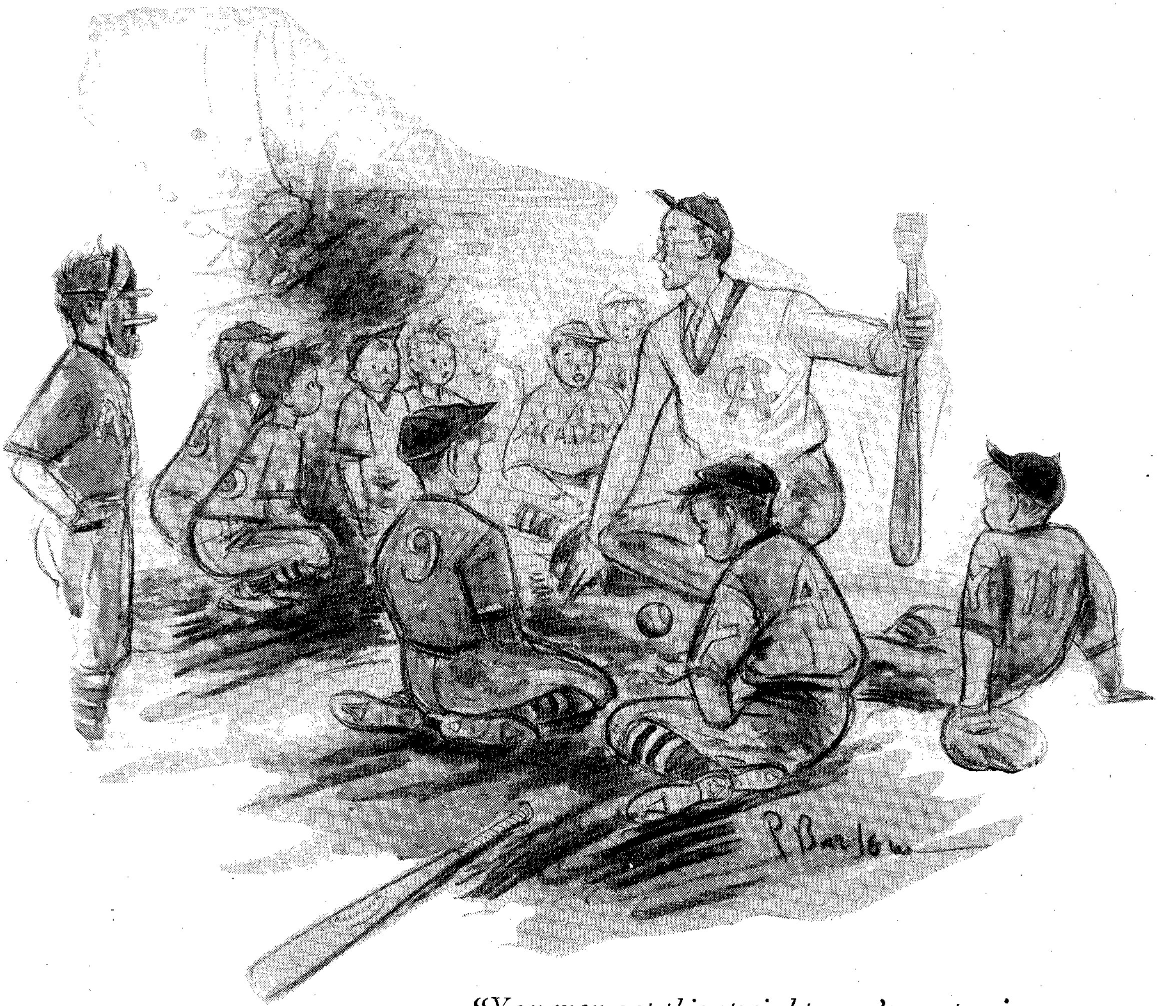
So, on this particular day, all the officers and directors of U. S. Steel picked up their papers from their regular desks at 71 Broadway, and went by tube train to Official Headquarters across the river.

There were about three hundred men and women in the room when the meeting started at twelve o'clock. They were all stockholders (except for a few newspapermen) and the call which had brought them together said that they were "to pass upon the purchases, contracts, and other transactions of officers and directors" during the year just gone, and "to elect five men to the board of directors." The three hundred sat very gravely in the face of so momentous a duty.

The women among them were for the most part elderly, sharp-eyed, full of determination that everything should go off properly and that nothing untoward should jeopardize their precious shares. The men, too, were elderly. They did not look very much like typical plutocrats. They looked, rather, like the people you see in a crowded courtroom when a big trial is on—the surprising people who find it easy to get away from workaday affairs to see that the world is run in seemly fashion and that justice is done to all.

But it became apparent very quickly that their earnestness need not have been so intense. Mr. Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the board of directors, stood up and called the meeting to order and read out the totals of the proxies that had been received from other stockholders. The figures were a trifle overwhelming. More than a hundred thousand owners of shares in the company had, in lieu of showing up personally, mailed in little cards which gave to a committee of five the right to vote for them. The committee of five had been chosen in advance by the board of directors.

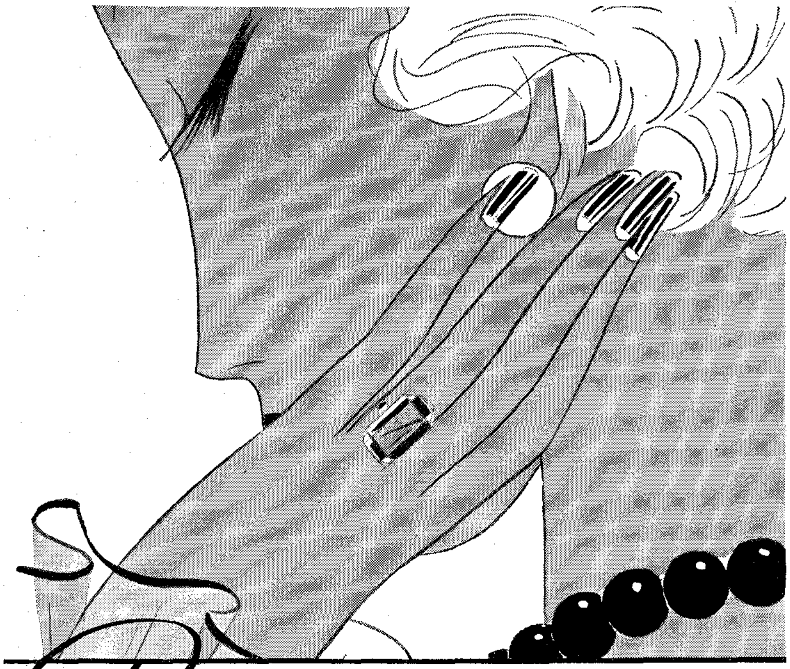
This invisible hundred thousand was like a strange shadow over the three hundred gathered in the room. For the feeling was inescapable that the five committee members, now possessing such a huge number of votes, would have no crude disagreements among themselves.



"You men get this straight—we're not going to have any cigarette fiends on this squad."

After a few preliminary flourishes—the ratification of the call for the meeting and the establishment of proof that the meeting had been advertised properly—a gentleman sitting near the chairman got to his feet. This was Mr. Kenneth B. Halstead, general solicitor for the corporation. He had a long sheet of foolscap in his hand and he began to read.

The tenor of his reading was simple: a brief and explicit resolution, approving forthwith all actions of the officers and directors during the preceding year and nominating for reëlection those board members whose terms had expired. When he was done, he moved the adoption of the resolution and Mr. Taylor called for a vote upon it. Somewhat to the astonishment of everybody a short,



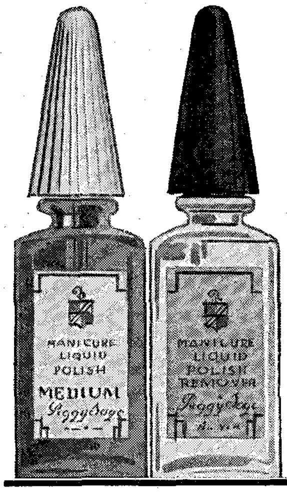
Prepared for Conquest by **PEGGY SAGE!**

For the girl who cares, or the girl
who dares, there's
nothing to it but Peggy Sage Polish!

And this holds true whether
your Peggy Sage Manicure is fresh from
her Salon or achieved at home
with her preparations.

From Fire Engine Red (or Mahogany, or Diane)
to her palest pink
the Peggy Sage Polish you choose
will make you blissfully sure of glamour.
And doubly to her credit,
Peggy Sage's polishes are rich and
smooth-flowing with long-lasting lustre.

You'll do yourself proud to follow
the Peggy Sage way to lovely hands.



• PEGGY SAGE SALON MANICURE PREPARATIONS

- *Liquid Polish* .. $1.00
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- *"Set of Two" with Polish and Remover* . $1.50

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gray-haired man stood up and called, "Mister Chairman."

He was recognized.

"I would like to know," he said, "why this company continues the practice of paying pensions to retired officers and employees at a time when even the stockholders are receiving no dividends whatever."

Mr. Taylor is a suave and contained man. He thought for a moment, and then said, "Mr. Townsend, it has always been our practice to retire on pension anybody who has worked for twenty-five uninterrupted years for your company. It has been the feeling that such faithful men are entitled to support during the last years of their lives, when they are no longer able to work."

Mr. Townsend bowed politely. "But," he said, "do you think we should continue paying out these sums when the stockholders themselves are receiving no return at all on their investment?"

"You are a humane and thoughtful citizen," Mr. Taylor said. "Surely you can see the justice of paying pensions."

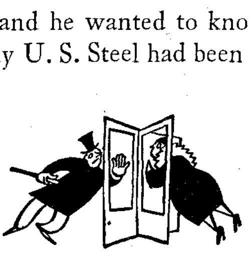
"Even when the stockholders, the people who own shares in the corporation, are getting no profits at all?"

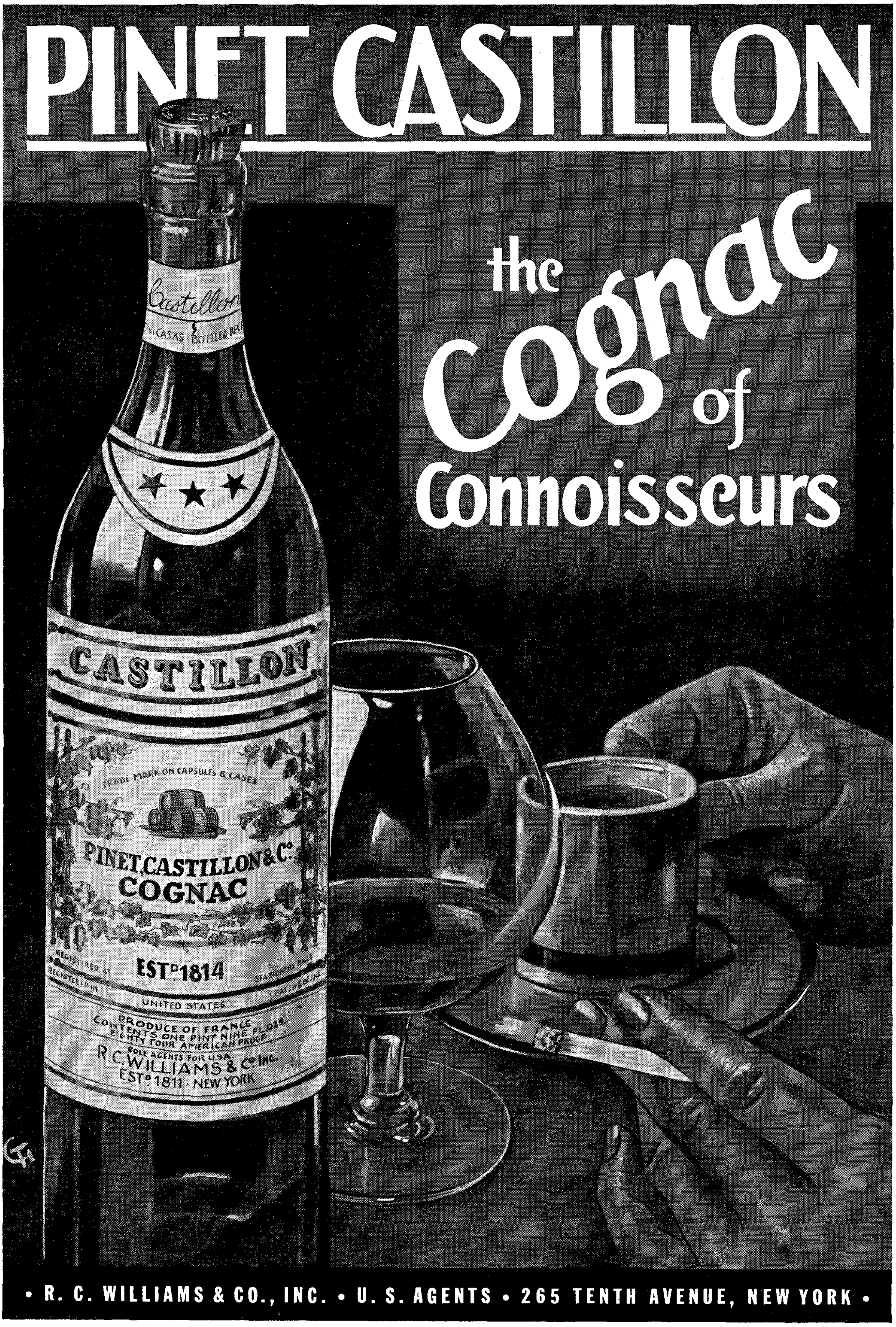
The dispute, in carefully modulated language, went on interminably. Mr. Taylor pointed out that the U. S. Steel Company had an enviable reputation for generous and friendly dealings with its workers. Mr. Townsend countered with a reiteration of the deplorable fact that the company was not making any money. Finally, for the briefest possible moment, Mr. Taylor lost his temper.

"Surely," he said, "you are not heartless and cruel? You would not want these old, loyal servants to suffer deprivation?"

But he regained his urbanity even before Mr. Townsend could continue, and when the latter said, yet once again, that stockholders should not be made to suffer for a mere sentimentality, the chairman was able to smile and bow.

The next man who stood up to talk was against the NRA. He thought the NRA had retarded the recovery of business and he wanted to know, right now, why U. S. Steel had been so ready

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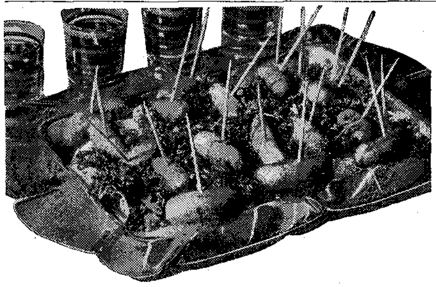

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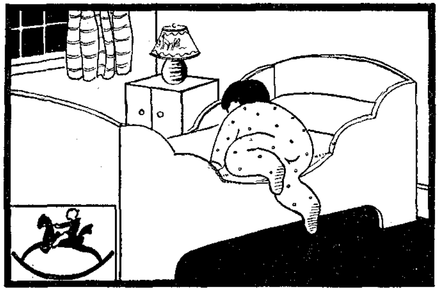

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to get mixed up with it. This gentleman did not seem profoundly interested in what the Chair might have to say on the matter. He was interested in getting something off his chest, and this seemed as good an audience as any. He thought the whole New Deal was costing dividends to stockholders and he wanted everybody to know just how he felt about it. Even the Chair's statement that the company was working at forty per cent capacity, as against eighteen per cent a year ago, and that 200,000 men were employed, as against 220,000 in the 1929 peak—even these remarks did not seem to affect the gentleman.

"Do you approve the NRA?" he demanded.

"As a temporary measure, it has done much good."

"Would you approve it if it were permanent?"

"No!"

Mollified, pleased, the gentleman sat down. There was a little applause among the three hundred. The five men who controlled the votes of a hundred thousand had been sitting in their chairs a little bored, not listening very attentively.

IT was a very beautiful day, and looking out the window, I could see the Leviathan tied up in Hoboken waters a block away. Rust was after her stacks. Her decks were empty and forlorn, and her hull seemed motionless and dead in the slack water. An abandoned and half-forgotten ship.

I got to thinking about some other meeting of stockholders, long ago and far away, when men sat down and proudly voted for the construction of that mammoth of the seas. I got to thinking of the fierce labor that went into her making, the hammer of the riveting machines and the flare of blowtorches. That made me think of the great sheds in Pittsburgh where the steel men, even then, were wrestling with the huge ladles of molten iron. I could remember the look of the blast furnaces on a sultry night, the savage glow of them and the cataclysmic explosion when they are blown off. I could remember the grim, soiled faces of the men, the bulge of their muscles, the passion of their toil.

This room, and the polite voices of people who were owners of bits of paper, seemed curiously unrelated to those memories.

But now I was recalled to the room itself more sharply by a new voice, a belligerent and loud voice. A large, very broad-shouldered man was staring at the chairman.

"I would like to know," the man said, "whether it is true that James A. Farrell was voted a bonus of $99,000 when he retired as president of the company."

Mr. Taylor spoke very softly and patiently. "It was not a bonus," he said. "It was an adjustment of salary, voted in appreciation of Mr. Farrell's long and faithful service."

"You may not call it a bonus," the man said, "but he got it. He got that amount when the company was not making enough money to pay its stockholders a penny."

"But you misunderstand," said Mr. Taylor.

"Do I misunderstand also," the man said, "when I ask whether your salary this year is $162,000?"

"The figure is correct."

"And that two years ago, when the company was making a little money, your salary was only $100,000? That you got your raise after the stockholders ceased to make any profits?"

Mr. Taylor said, "It is slightly embarrassing to discuss personal matters."

"I'm not being personal," the man said. "I'm asking why any officer of our corporation is worth that much money."

There did not seem to be any altogether final answer to that, and after a while the discussion lagged. Mr. Taylor finally said, "We shall have luncheon now, if it is your pleasure."

SO the luncheon was served. Its most interesting item was pumpkin pie, a tradition of these affairs. Once there was a stockholder who attended every meeting for twenty years. They always had pumpkin pie, and he liked it. Then, one year, the caterers forgot it. Those were more piping times, when the profits were coming nicely and stubborn interruptions at the meetings were infrequent. It made a pleasant diversion for the old stockholder to protest the absence of pumpkin pie, and for the meeting thereupon to amend the by-laws, providing as a fixed rule that pumpkin pie would thereafter be served without fail at every meeting of stockholders.

On this occasion, however, the matter was something less than important.

As soon as the dishes had been cleared away (we ate holding the plates on our laps), Mr. Taylor asked for order. He said, "If there are no further objections, the resolution that is before the meeting will be adopted, and the election of board members declared

Russell Patterson

WHEN HUSBANDS GET A COLD RECEPTION!

THOSE bitter cold days when the temperature dropped to zero or below . . . when chilling winds swept through every crack and crevice of the house . . . and no amount of coaxing seemed to get warmth and comfort out of the old heating plant . . . that's when husbands got a cold reception at home.

And weather forecasters say the next four or five winters will be equally severe. Prepare now for even the coldest weather by installing American Radiator Heating. Better play safe and have it done today. A small down payment installs it—no monthly payments until next fall. Use the coupon to get the facts.

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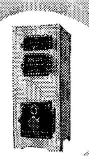

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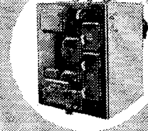

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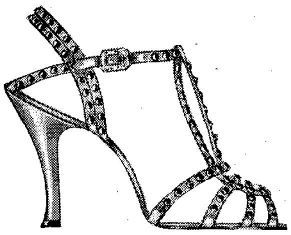
Sandalissimo



NTH degree in everything sandals are famed for. A day model that covers the toes and heels and clasps the instep like a slender bracelet. Crossed-stitched vamp. Black or grey. Navy or brown with light stitching. $18.50

Of all evening sandals, the nakedest, lightest, and most flattering. A mere crosswork of nail studded bands. Black or white with silver or gold nail-heads. Silver with gold. Black, pink, yellow, navy with contrasting nail-heads. $21.50

ON THE PLAZA · NEW YORK
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

unanimous. Those in favor, Aye."

A scattering chorus of Ayes.

"Opposed, No—it is so ordered."

Then he made a brief speech, saying that the worst of the depression is over and that prosperity is within sight. This won applause. A motion for adjournment was offered, but before it could be voted upon a tall man from the South stood up. He had come, he said, four hundred miles to attend the meeting. He had received his reward for the journey. For it had given him profound encouragement to find such distinguished men in charge of the corporation's destinies, to find that they were full of courage and optimism.

He sat down. The meeting was adjourned until next year. The people filed out—only a few of them had ever spoken a word—and one of the great corporations of the world was off into another twelvemonth of commerce. The officers and directors were the last to leave the room. On the way down in the elevator Mr. Taylor smiled a trifle wearily. "Next year," he said, "I think I will give up my privileges as chairman and be content with my privileges as stockholder. It is easier, and pleasanter, to ask questions than to answer them."

A number of the stockholders wanted to shake hands with him, in the elevator and in the lobby downstairs. He was most gracious, and greeted them in friendly fashion.

—MORRIS MARKEY

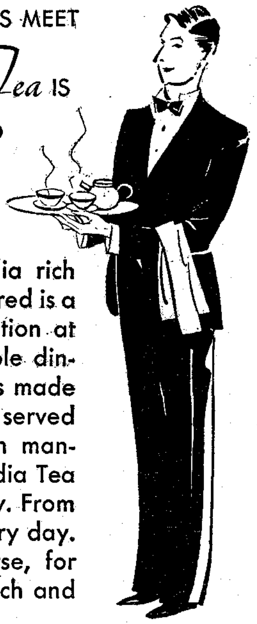
•

THE PERILS OF PEACE

The strike is over, peace is born;
The taxi toots triumphant horn
That once again our lives we trust
To him who holds them less than dust,
The universal taxi-man,
Who by an odd and ancient plan
Must deaf and dumb and *changeless* be
In dangerous variety:
The novice, who will stop and start
With jerking guaranteed to part
Head from shoulders, and to pour
All lighter luggage to the floor;
The veteran, dodging all too well
Between the pillars of the "L;"
Worse still the one whose constant luck
Is to fall in behind a truck,
Or him whose face is not the same
As that within the numbered frame;
His friend, who looks a fugitive
From Sing Sing, and to whom you give
A treble tip, lest he decide
To take you for a longer ride—
To these we give what once was gold
And pray to heaven the brakes will hold!

—JEAN BATCHELOR

TEA FOR TWO AT THE
Barclay
WHERE FASHIONABLE
NEW YORKERS MEET
India Tea IS
SERVED



Tea from India rich and full-flavored is a tea-time tradition at this fashionable dining place. It is made correctly and served in the English manner. Enjoy India Tea at The Barclay. From 4 to 6:30 every day. And, of course, for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

And Tea Time is a Charming Tradition at
THE GOTHAM
Fifth Ave., at 55th St.
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THE AMBASSADOR
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India INDIA TEA Tea

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SINGLE ROOMS $4 and up
With bath
DOUBLE ROOMS 5 and up
(Twin Beds) bath
SUITES . . . 10 and up
Living room, bedroom and bath
WITH SPECIAL WEEKLY AND MONTHLY RATES

ATLANTA

I'D been working in the real-estate office a month when I inherited Atlanta. Her exact status was nebulous. She did some typing, but was neither a secretary nor a stenographer. Nor was she just a messenger girl, though she did spend much of her day dashing around the office on her fat little bow legs, locating salesmen or bullying the office boys. She also answered the phone, and, most important of all for me, adroitly camouflaged my two-hour lunch periods on the days I had my hair done.

But Atlanta herself was never in doubt as to her position. Quite simply, she was in the real-estate business. Roy was in real estate too, and her experience with Johnson & Esser would be a help to him in later life. Roy was her Beau. The other girls had boy friends, but Atlanta had a Beau. When she uttered the word, she threw a little aura of reverence about it, and her voice became excruciatingly refined.

The other girls hated Atlanta, and I certainly don't blame them: she snooted them unmercifully and maddened them almost to the point of mayhem with casual references to her private life.

She frequently gave Dinner Parties. "Three couples," she would say in her super-cultivated voice. "I wore my velvet and Mother was in cheeefon. Our hats were large, with brims."

"Hats, Atlanta?" I'd ask. "You mean later, when you went out?"

Kindly, she ignored my unfamiliarity with social usage. "No, at dinner. Roy was there. I looked lovely."

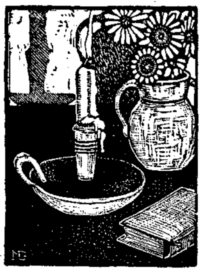
"What did you do after dinner?"

"We played a rubber of bridge and then went riding in Mother's car."

Then, too, she attended what she referred to as Formals.

"I had a charming time at the Formal last night. I wore my chartroose with the touches of gold. I looked lovely."

FINALLY there came a time when Atlanta didn't do much work. She was going to be in her girl friend's



A Woman's Fancy turns to FASCINATION

—in the Spring, which is more than a hint why the young man's fancy turns the way *it* does. So a smart girl turns to fragrance, and she thinks *topmost* of Coty Lotion for the Hair... it makes each swirl and curl so sweet—and sleek! It gives her tresses the haunting allure of famous Coty perfumes—that tilt and turn *other* heads to thinking of the girl as flower-fresh, daintily desirable. Your own hairdresser has all *twelve* Coty odeurs—including those Spring-time favorites such as purple *lilac* and *violet,* as rose and *lily-of-the-valley,* ready in

LOTION COTY *for the hair*

MADE FOR AND SOLD ONLY IN BEAUTY SALONS

L'AIMANT
COTY

wedding. She had many fittings on her maid-of-honor dress, and a round of Dinner Parties and Formals were being given for the engaged pair. At last the wedding took place, and the next day I heard all about it.

"I wore black net, with pink showing through."

I was horrified. "Black?" I murmured.

Atlanta modestly lowered her eyes. "Mmm," she said, "with pink showing through. I looked lovely."

I recovered, and was impressed, and coyly supposed that she and Roy would be stepping off next. She giggled prettily, and admitted that it was possible.

I teased her a lot about Roy, but always felt there was something almost indecent in putting such ideas in the child's head. I rarely remembered that she was actually near my own age, and made a point of sending her down the hall in quest of envelopes or stamps when ribald members of the staff drifted in with tales to tell. She always went with good grace, apparently willing, even eager, to have her sensibilities protected.

LAST week Atlanta informed me that she was resigning. She was extremely sorry to leave me, but it seems that she is going to have a baby. I promptly had distressing visions of Roy the Seducer, of Homes for Wayward Girls, of a hundred-and-one variations on a single sordid theme. Then she said that she had been married secretly on Thanksgiving Day. Relief poured over me in waves, in floods. In the moment of quiet following on recent shock, I asked what I felt to be an absurdly superfluous question: "Is it Roy?"

"No," giggled Atlanta, "it's Ed. I'm joining him out in Death Valley. He's with the Standard Oil people."

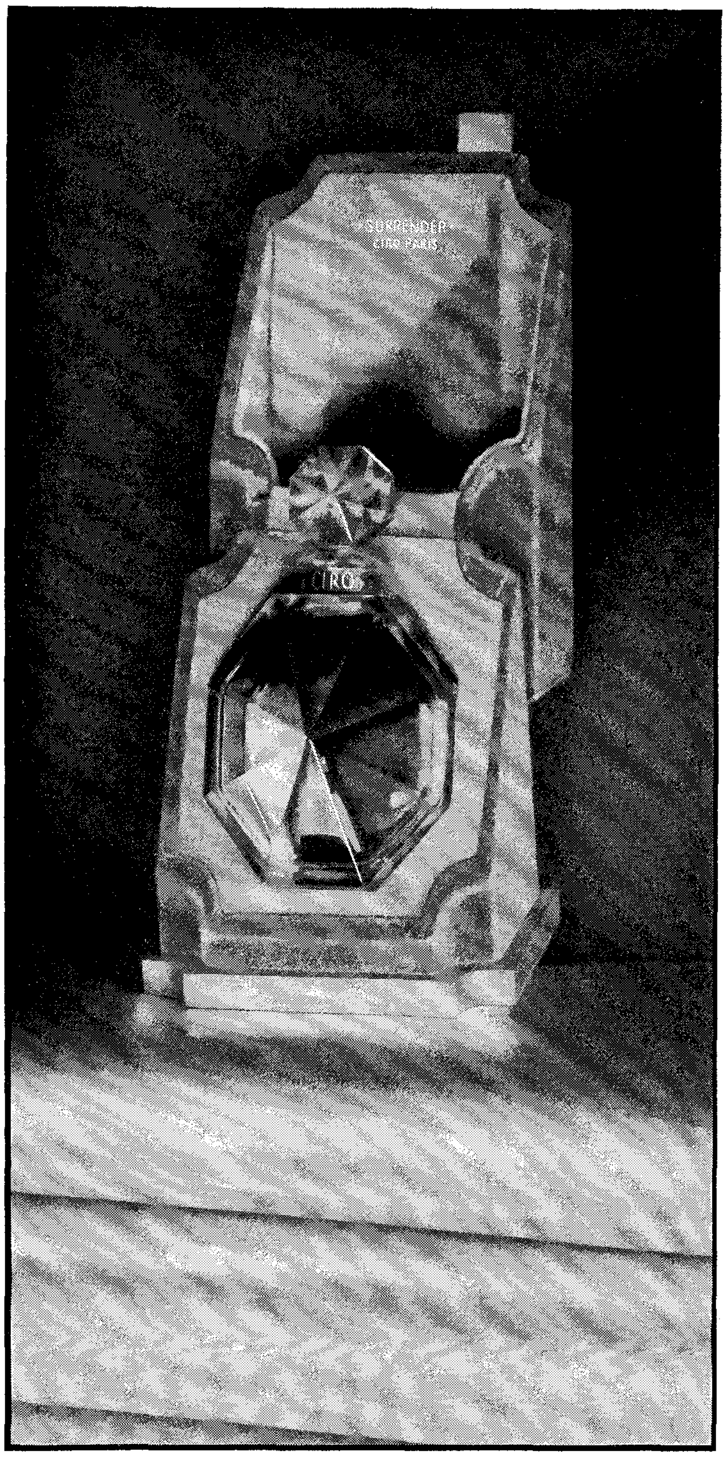
As in a dream I heard her drop several polite remarks about how much she had enjoyed working with me, and how she would always remember our association with pleasure. As in a dream I formally shook hands. Then I watched her walk down the hall and out of my life, with a last jaunty jiggle of her too-tight skirt.

—HELEN RIESENFELD

●

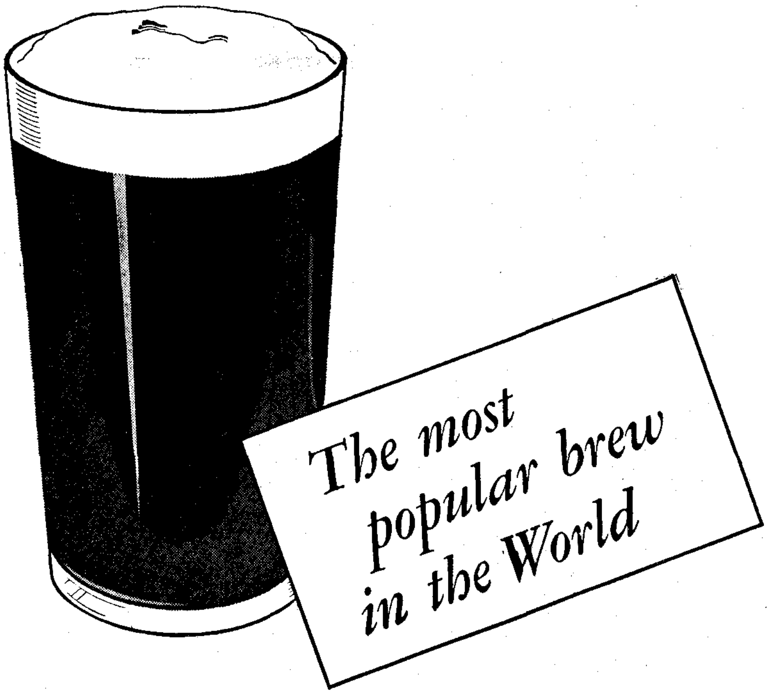
Ladling molten glass from a huge furnace with the aid of ladies bigger than washtubs, it will take 10 hours to fill the 17-foot mold.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Times.*

Big girls are never spry.



SHE WILL, IF YOU GIVE IT
HE WILL, IF YOU WEAR IT
"SURRENDER"
by
CIRO
PARIS

from Dublin . . . . .


The most popular brew in the World

The one drink they couldn't copy

The most popular brew in the world has come back. It was the most popular before prohibition. It is the most popular today. The sales of Guinness are much larger than those of any other brew.

But during the past 14 years it has not been obtainable in America. *And no one could copy it.*

To attempt to produce Guinness by any other means than those used at Dublin would expose the fraud at once. No drinker of Guinness, try as he might, could make himself believe in that deception.

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Guinness is made today as it has been made since 1759—of pure natural materials, Barley Malt, Hops, Yeast and water—*nothing else.* No substitutes and no preservatives are used. No chemicals are added to brighten or sweeten it.

Further, none of the healthful elements are filtered out for the sake of sparkle. It is kept in oak vats for about a year and matured again in Bottle. Then it is shipped to you. Try it. We believe that you will discover why for over 170 years it has been recommended by poets—and doctors.

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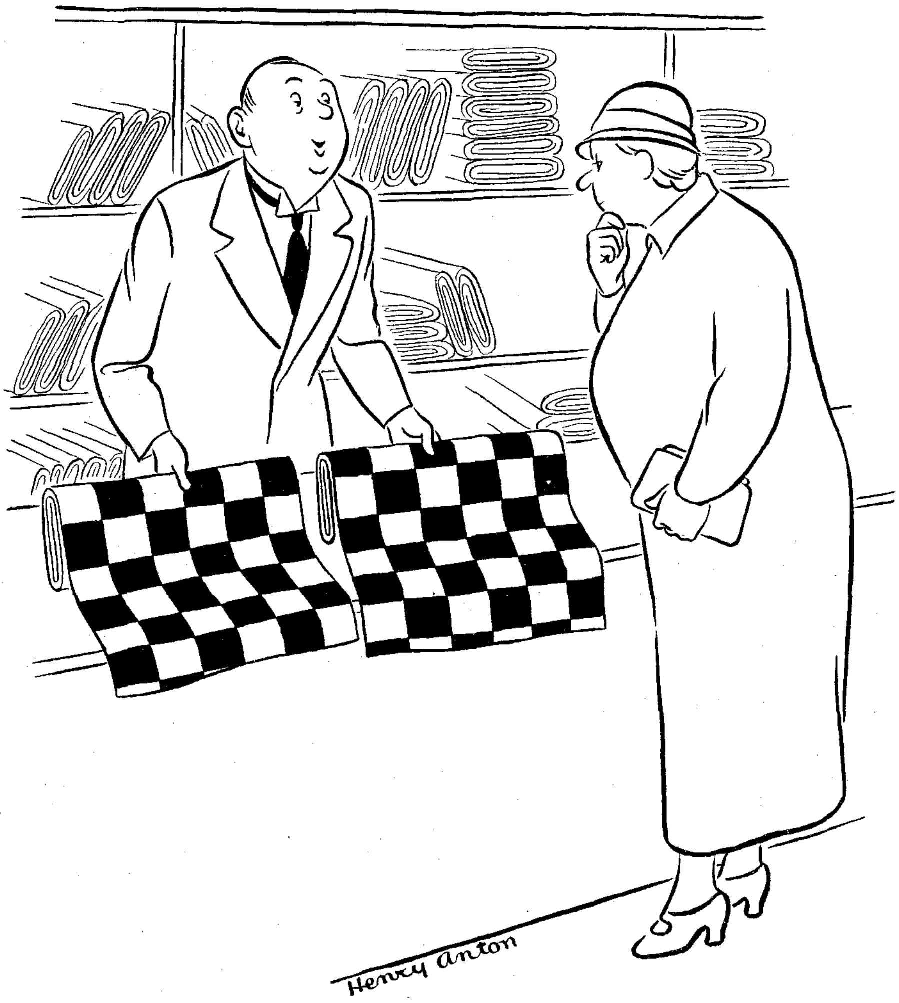
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FOIBLES

RELAX, my fine public, and put your feet up on the needle-point chairs, for this is Dither Week, full of the momentous trivia in which my soul delights—a reducing gadget here, a chamois jacket there, and a perfume in between. Being a swell salesman for myself, I firmly believe, for this week at least, that every one of these disorganized items is about to affect my entire future life.

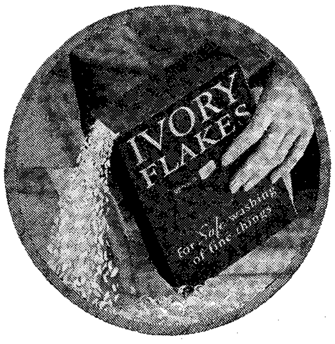
Peck & Peck (to start out with dignity) have a flock of new notions to garnish your summer in the country. Separate sack jackets, three-buttoned and mannish-tailored, are made in an exclusive, hand-loomed peasant linen. Double-breasted jackets of flannel, with a similar playboy tailoring, may have separate skirts to match, though I see eye to eye with the Messrs. Peck in preferring contrasts. You'll find the kind of casual blouses you cry for to supplement last year's shorts and slacks—made of linen or silk, with rolled-back collars, short sleeves, and enough length not to pull out—and tailored silk blouses with stitched collars and cuffs for strictly tailored suits (eight seventy-five, by the way). Sportswomen will like a short-sleeved shirt of soft chamois (that last phrase was a tongue-twister), with a shirt-tail bottom that may be tucked in or worn outside your favorite tweed skirt with a belt and gusto. Peck & Peck also have a collection of imported sweaters that range in price up to twelve seventy-five and comprise hand-knit Shetlands, sweaters employing the almost-forgotten cable stitch for decoration, hand-knit lacy affairs, and some grand Angoras combining white and a color (the last group includes one of the few *ombré* affairs I have ever been able to stomach). They have Scotch pullovers, looking convincingly like hand-knit Shetlands, at seven-fifty, and V-necked cardigans, buttoned all the way down, in the same knit, for ten dollars. It is all very daisy indeed. They also have a real find, if I am any prophet, in their dresses, blouses, and suits of tobacco twine, a cotton which comes not only in brilliant summer colors but in right-now navy and brown and black. The thread has been twisted this year so that the material looks rather like a dull chenille and, in either plain or fancy knits, is effective and not too scratchy. A one-piece tailored dress in a dark color, trimmed with a white ruffle, costs nineteen seventy-five. And people interested in raincoats should see the Tattersall sets in crossbarred, cravenetted wool. The coats are made man-style, with raglan sleeves and a full, swagger look, and the little brimmed hats and zipper handbags that match are worthy of them. You'd wear the whole outfit in the sunshine with aplomb. More matter-of-fact are some cravenetted serge-cord topcoats with Tattersall linings through the upper part—very army-officer. You'll like.

IN my maniac outbursts about the hats at Nicole, 7 East Fifty-fifth Street, I have been doing her an injustice by hinting that her hats, though smart in a way that only Frenchwomen seem to achieve, are both extreme and mad. Maybe I've frightened you. You'll never see lovelier brimmed hats than she has right now. There are lots of them in antelope (which will always look smarter to me than straw), with brims about four inches wide and flat pancake crowns; you pull them well down over one eye, so that the opposite side swings up to reveal your profile and your coiffure, and they make the regulation sailor look harsh as anything. They are trimmed with a simple satin ribbon, tied in a soft bow on the brim in front, or tailored in the back. One knockout by Talbot is of black antelope, with the crown of white organdie and a white-organdie bow flat on the brim in back; another of the same type has pleated organdie up and down through the ribbon front and back. They somehow combine youthfulness and elegance, and would be divine with printed dresses. And for the huge picture hats that you are going to wear, willy-nilly, Nicole is un-



"I'm sorry, Madam, but you'll have to decide for yourself."

"Please . .
Lord & Taylor
ask
Elizabeth
Hawes
to design
2 lovable,
tubbable
frocks!"


IVORY FLAKES
for Safe washing of fine things

Bless Elizabeth Hawes. She heard and she answered with two frocks made of Suavelle*, a sleek supple silk with a satiny stripe. This lush fabric has been washed six times in the lukewarm suds of pure Ivory Flakes, and it wins a perfect washability score. But the goblins'll get you if you dare to use less-pure or less-mild soap flakes.

Left frock: as comfortable to wear as an easy conscience . . . notched sleeves . . . the collar buttons high or unbuttons low . . . Elizabeth Hawes touch supplied by the stitched corded belt that is fastened by silvery hardware. Sizes 14 to 40, 22.75.

Right frock: no sense in calling this a tennis frock when it can play all-around all day! Smart girls will love the exciting shoulder chevrons . . . the crisper one is made of colored duck. Sizes 12 to 18, 19.95.

WHITE, PINK, AQUA, MAIZE • SPORTS SHOP, 5TH FLOOR

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Lord & Taylor says, "wash these silk frocks with **IVORY FLAKES**"

THIS SACHET IS THE SECRET!
Eugene
STEAM SACHET
WITH PERFORATED STEAM BAG

Help your waver . . .

MAKE A SUCCESS OF YOUR WAVE

Mind this word of advice, and *you* will be in a position to assure the success of your *own* permanent wave.

Make certain that your hairdresser uses *nothing* but genuine Eugene Sachets for wrapping the strands of your hair.

Why this precaution? The answer is easy. The Eugene Sachet is the secret of the Eugene Permanent Wave.

When used on your long strands of hair with the Eugene Spiral method of winding—from roots to ends—it creates waves that are wide, soft, and natural.

When used for your shorter strands of hair with the Eugene Reverse-spiral method of winding—from the ends to the roots—it fashions curls that are "springy" . . . curls that will not come out or lose one bit of their pertness.

Any home-made wrapper—any less-ingenious substitute for the genuine Eugene Sachet—may prove sadly disappointing. This wrapper, or "sachet" as Eugene calls it, plays too important a part in the creation of your wave for you to be careless about its quality.

Be sure that your hairdresser uses genuine Eugene Sachets. You can *make* sure by looking for the "Goddess of the Wave"—that little trade-marked figure that identifies genuine Eugene products.

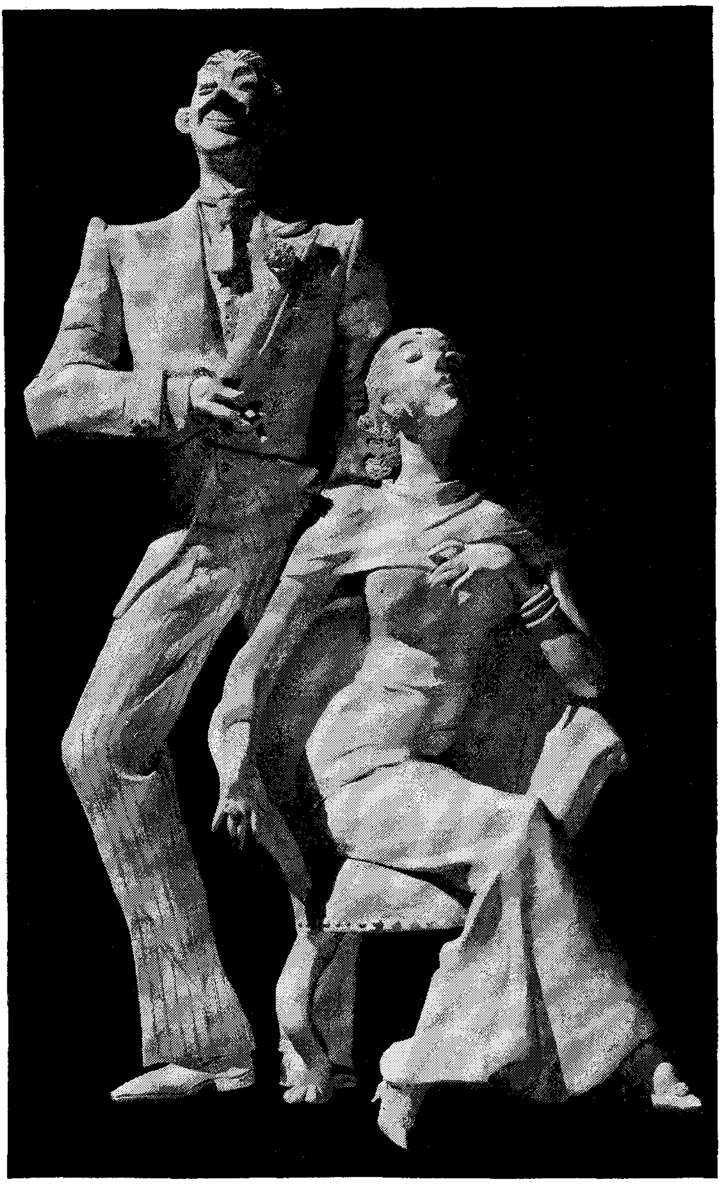
Eugene, Ltd. . . New York and London

. . . eugène
permanent waves

surpassed. My favorite is of black *liséré* straw, with dusty rose-satin ribbon applied under the brim on one side back of your left ear, and twisted bands of the satin across the crown. There are also great wheels, which fall into graceful curves on your head, decorated with bright velvet ribbons in jewel colors, or cherries, or flowers. All the hats have elastics in back to hold them on because they tilt so far forward; to date, no one has dared the simpler method of a ribbon under your dimpled chin. You must go and look, and remain to put yourself in hock for the rest of the season.

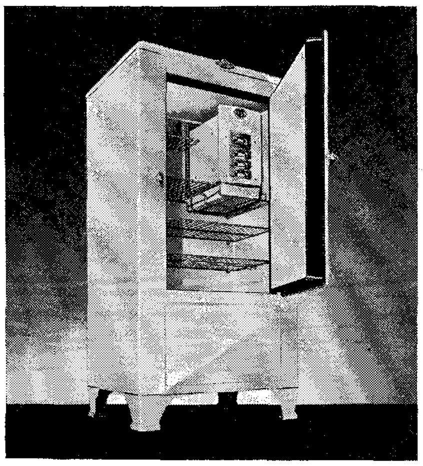
ADDICTS of this column may have sensed the fact that I consider the shop of Mary Chess, at 128 East Sixty-sixth Street, one of the most fascinating places in New York. For one thing, it smells perfectly lovely. She has grand lotions and creams for your face; she has vegetable powders for the bath (since she doesn't believe in salts), and sweetly scented oils, the latest being a superb carnation, to soften and sweeten your ablutions; she has pomander balls to spice your room or your closets; an oil-and-alcohol rub to scent and soften your skin; and sachets both quaint and exotic. And she has every possible kind of herb from strange countries, done up in little packages, with a book telling you how to use them so that the simplest omelet run up by your emancipated slave Nellie will start the rumor that you have the best French chef in town. Not only has Miss Chess won all kinds of prizes for both packaging and quality, but everything she does is touched with romance. And she is comparatively inexpensive. You'll go mad.

THE Meco Sazh is another Wonder of the Week. This is a machine, run by electricity, that consists of four four-inch discs of sponge rubber. These are placed in a square, and when the current is turned on, they converge rhythmically toward the centre as they turn in eccentric circles. Now wait. The whole affair is attached to a metal bar on, say, your bathroom door, and the height is easily adjustable. All you do is to lean your fatty sections against the discs, and they give you a deep, kneading, masterful massage that mercifully has no relation to the sadistic pinchings of Scandinavian wenches. The machine can be removed from the bar and lowered on your reclining body, too. The great thing about this, aside from the excellence of



An air of Quiet Satisfaction

PERHAPS you've noticed this air about those whose homes are blessed with a New Air-Cooled Electrolux. These folks feel that they are particularly fortunate in their choice of refrigerators. And we believe you'll agree when you consider the unmatched advantages that Electrolux gives you.



LOW RUNNING COST. There's no secret about the remarkably low cost of operating an Electrolux. The explanation lies in the utter simplicity of this modern gas refrigerator. A tiny gas flame keeps a simple refrigerant circulating. Ordinary air cools it.

PERMANENT SILENCE. If you like a refrigerator to speak right up, you probably won't like Electrolux. It has nothing to make noise with . . . nothing to wear and become noisy. It's silent today, tomorrow, and years from tomorrow.

NO MOVING PARTS. It's the moving parts that wear, in a refrigerator as well as elsewhere. Electrolux has no moving parts and needs none. This means a real saving.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE. Electrolux, of course, has scores of other modern advantages. Your gas company will gladly demonstrate these advantages in their showroom. They'll tell you, too, that they willingly stand back of and service every Electrolux they sell. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York City.

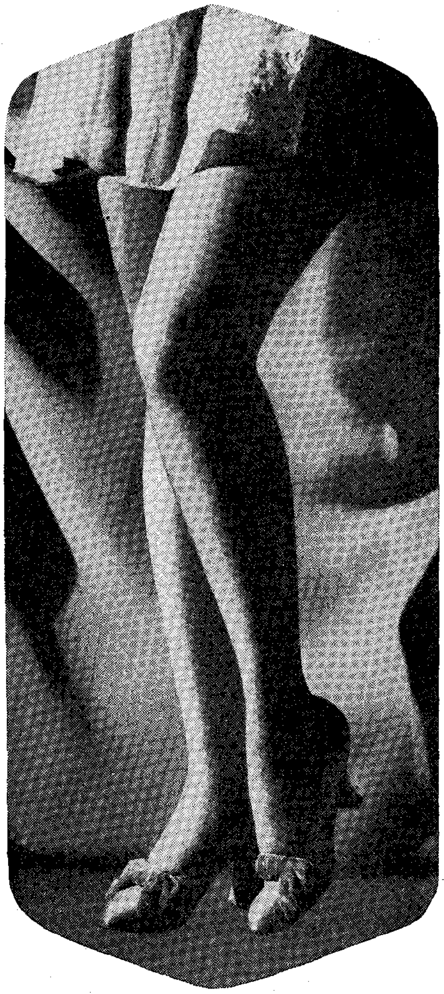
ON DISPLAY AT ALL GAS COMPANY SHOWROOMS

USES NO WATER

NEW *Air-Cooled*

ELECTROLUX

THE SERVEL *Gas* REFRIGERATOR



She's got brains too...

Don't let those eye-filling legs fool you. A keen brain controls them. The young lady never mistakes *Filet Mignon* for fish . . . she doesn't giggle . . . and she has read a book!

To top it all, she knows that leg-lure can be *acquired* . . . with the right hose. Personally, Miss Legs is here demonstrating the magic of Merit Silk Stockings . . . those diaphanous sheathes of shimmering silk behind whose witchery is hidden an iron resistance to wear.

Done in the famous Merit-Tones from Paris . . . the new and exclusive colors to blend with your spring clothes. In service weights, semi-sheers, sheers.

79c to 1.65

MERIT HOSIERY

Merit Stocking Shop · Street Floor

ARNOLD CONSTABLE
Fifth Ave. at 40th St.

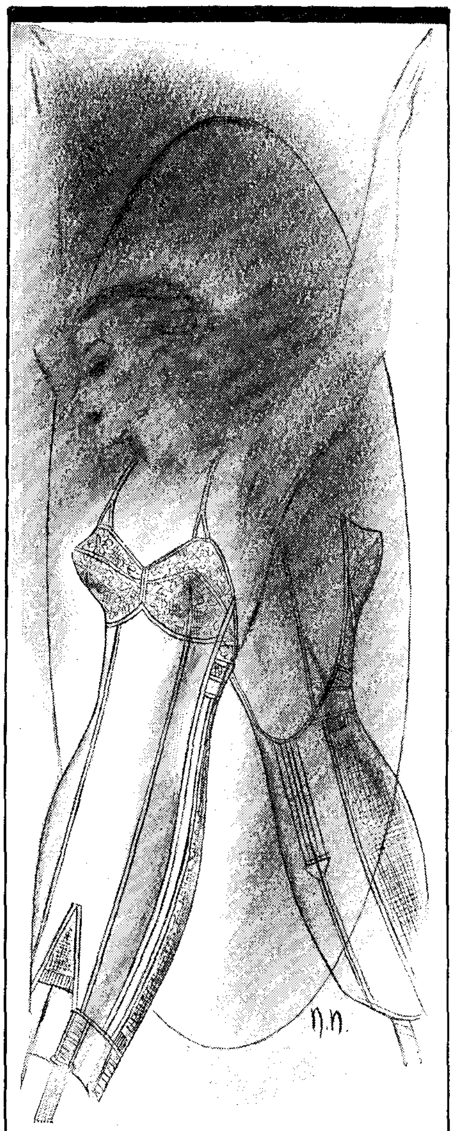
the massage, is that you are likely to use it every time you dress or undress. Five or ten minutes a day should keep you fit. It is heavily endorsed by people who Know, costs $115, and you can find out all about it by calling Plaza 3-4449. . . . Speaking of keeping in trim, it is obvious to my more sophisticated readers that people will eat sensibly only if they can be made to feel interested and involved about the whole thing. The new book, "Hay Dieting," therefore, should have a wide sale. Dr. Hay, starting with the theory that proteins and starches (meat and potatoes to you) should not be eaten at the same meal, goes on into the acid fruits and the like, and the book presents not only his theories but all kinds of balanced menus, with recipes. His greatest value, however, is that he makes resistance to curry of lamb at lunch (it is not your friend) dramatic instead of doleful, and he has therefore been, for many months, the white-haired boy of society faddists. . . . Constance Ripley, at 26 East Fifty-fifth Street, is a designer of great interest. She does all kinds of clothes for the stage and for private life, notably dresses for exigencies—with sleeves or capes that are easily detachable—that you can wear from breakfast to midnight. She also has some tunic dresses with two skirts, one daytime- and one dinner-length. And she adores to make head ornaments of every possible type and description. The latest gaiety is some little net nightcaps (they would also be silly for motoring to dances in summer) that tie under the chin in front or in back, and may be either the baby-bonnet type or a touch medieval. There are plenty of women who don't like to feel unattractive even in the privacy of the bedroom, but who still want to have their wave stay in place instead of matting while they sleep, and these gaga bits should amuse them; $10. With love,

L. L.

AS TO MEN

Trout Time — Needled Golf Balls—Wind Pipe

IF your thought of the week is that it's time for trout-fishing, drop in at Abercrombie & Fitch. If you haven't a rod or want a new one, you can get anything there, from a de-luxe Hardy, a beautifully balanced thing that weighs five ounces and costs $65, or a Payne, which weighs an ounce and a half and costs $55, to a serviceable split bamboo for $4.25, or a pocket rod that takes



Mme. Irene
Features
WHITE

This white and bridal duosette is made of pure silk batiste inset with panels of silk elastic, trimmed with hand-run Alencon lace, shaped suavely with extreme uplift and very low back. 35.00

Other Mme. Irene Duosettes, from 10.00

All foundation garments are skillfully fitted by our expert corsetieres

FOURTH FLOOR

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

49th to 50th Street New York

down into foot-rule length and costs $5.50. Or perhaps you like a steel rod. There's an excellent five-and-a-half-ounce one for $22.50; and they have them for $3. By the way, Macy has Heddon rods for $34.75 and $46.75, and fly boxes with individual compartments for from $1.64 up.

Back at Abercrombie & Fitch again: Reels range in price from $1.25 to $24.75. But even the most expensive are a lot cheaper than the products of Vom Hofe, Coxe, and Kovalovsky: heavy-duty models for big-game fishing (tarpon, sailfish, tuna, and marlin), which run as high as $325. Kovalovsky reels are made in Hollywood and have all kinds of trick attachments, including brakebands like those on your car. I liked the new indestructible reel—the others are made of duralumin—that cost $95.

It's always important to know just how much line is out, and now you can buy a double-tapered fly line that changes color every five yards so you can tell. A forty-yard length in eight colors costs $8, and you can use the empty box for leaders. Speaking of line, the heaviest ever sold here—a 72-thread one, a thousand yards long—was bought recently by Billy Leeds for marlin-fishing. I daresay I could go on and on, about landing nets and kit, waders and fishing jackets, anglers' bags with zippers, but the salesmen, who probably spend their Sundays along some stream upstate, can be relied on to tell you the right things. Instead, I'm ending on a (to me) high note—an angler's knife, like those that doting uncles used to give Boy Scouts years ago. It has magnetized blades, scissors, a screwdriver, a corkscrew, a disgorger for taking hooks out of fish, and scales to weigh the fish on, and the whole thing costs $12.50.

MONTHS ago this department mentioned a new golf ball that would add from seven to ten yards' distance to every shot. Well, it's out now, and it's called the Needled Kro-Flite. (Nothing to do with needled beer.) The trick is that Spalding injects more liquid into the core after the ball is made. Clubs? There are the Bobby Jones matched sets, with semi-whippy steel shafts. The woods, in sets of four, are $48 a set, and the irons cost up to $60 for nine. Spalding is also quite proud of Drommie golf shoes. They've detachable spikes, so when the spikes wear down, you just unscrew the worn ones and put in replacements. The replacements are $1 a package, and

Mrs. Franklin, Inc.

Photo by McCabe

One Suit with **TWO ACTS . . .**

THIS SPECIALLY KNIT FRANKLIN SUIT is worn equally well by the woman of dignity or her daughter. Accessories make the difference. A brimmed hat for its first act, an off-the-face model for the second. An over-blouse for one, a tuck-in for the other, both of that feather-light knitted fabric we call "Frivoline". The suit (three pieces, including choice of blouses) in white with navy, black or brown...$85.00. The hats $18.50 and $16.50.

MRS. FRANKLIN, INC...16 E. 53d STREET, NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA, 260 South 17th Street · HAVERFORD, PA. · WATCH HILL · BAR HARBOR

Guerlain's Tropical Lipstick

Smart Parisiennes . . . first to proclaim the new in fashion . . . are enchanted with the beauty of Guerlain's new Tropical lipstick. Everywhere, their lips reveal the chic of its bronze-red tone . . . indelible to perfection . . . lasting beyond your dreams. Rival to Tropical's glamour is Guerlain's Orange lipstick . . . accent of striking loveliness to lighter skin. $1.65 each.

Guerlain
PARFUMEUR • PARIS

the shoes $10 a pair. Also for golfers, a cashmere sweater that is so finely woven you can roll it up and put it in your pocket; $12.50.

When Percy Haughton was coaching Harvard football teams, he used to fill the dressing-rooms of his squad with signs bearing instructions and slogans. Mercer Beasley, coach of Davis Cup players and college tennis teams, must have had the same thought in mind when he put "Watch the Ball" on both sides of the throat of the new racquet he has designed for Spalding. There also are markings that will help you get the correct grip. Painted in white enamel, these racquets sell for $12. And there's a new tennis shoe out called the Spalding Flash. It has a crêpe sole and is exceedingly flexible, and may be worn with sports clothes off the courts. It sells for $4.50.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE always can be depended on to have something worth talking about, and good. In the custom shirt department, they'll make you up a shirt of tropical-weight worsted for $15. Just the thing for the country right now, though you'd be surprised how cool wool shirts are on hot days. There is a choice of half a dozen colors, but I liked the blue especially. (I intended to say more about this custom shirt department later, but on second thought go there and see for yourself. You'll find the selection of materials first-class.)

At Brooks, they have new lightweight felt hats by Viminet (they're $7 and $8), and Brooks's English hats ($11), which are about half as heavy as those made by Lock. An apple-green one is recommended for your inspection. Also, I'm told caps are coming back in favor. Brooks is making up sporting and odd jackets in lightweight suit materials with Glenurquhart and gun-club checks as well as in heavier tweeds. They range in price from $18.

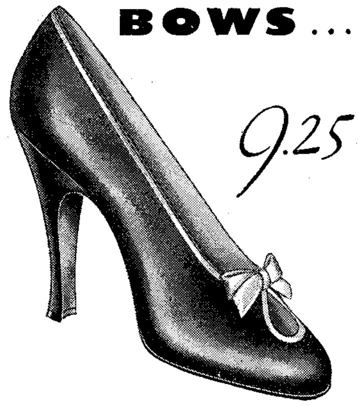
Oh, yes. Abercrombie & Fitch (I may have mentioned them before) have a new pipe, the Hurricane, made in London. The pipe has a cap that swings on a pivot. Yours to try for $7.50. And Altman has something new in braces; they're called Streamlox, and sell for $1 and $1.50. —E. K.

•

BEAUTIFUL three-gaited young, spirited, yet gentile riding horse. Apt. 805, Madison 6660.—*Adv. in Detroit News.*

Just the plug for Hitler.

If you go for BOWS....
9.25



A very chic Poco—at an unusually low price. In blue kid or black patent with white bow and trim. Also in brown kid with beige.

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In New York
415 Fifth Avenue 575 Madison Ave.
In Washington
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"STYLE . . . AND A TOUCH OF GENIUS"

Always a complete selection of Louis Vuitton Luggage at Saks-Fifth Avenue
49th to 50th New York

DEBUTANTES AND SUB-DEBS
Will like the chic, utterly devastating youthful hair styles that bring out their beauty and emphasize their charm. And moderately priced.
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LADIES' HAIRDRESSING INC.
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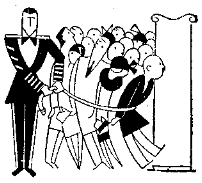
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Starring Mr. Fields



W. C. Fields might easily inspire me, if I had that tendency at all, to write one of those long, polysyllabic, interpretive essays on his "art" and his "message" and his "significance." I can imagine myself going on for pages and pages in that way, and in the end, I suppose, I would manage to spoil all his comedy for anyone who had the strength to read the piece. However, fortunately for my dear public, I don't carry on like that. I am just inclined to be quietly grateful to Mr. Fields for putting me in a good humor on an otherwise rather bleak day. The movies, too, appreciate Mr. Fields to such an extent at last that they have seen fit to "star" him officially in "You're Telling Me." The honor appears to have its drawbacks, as it would seem to mean that he is not allowed a supporting cast of any actual assistance. There are some young people about, like Joan Marsh, Adrienne Ames, and Larry ("Buster") Crabbe, who haven't been doomed to lives of complete obscurity, but the value of the piece depends on Mr. Fields alone.

In his rôle in the sketch, that of a small-town inventor, the souse and scandal of the community, Mr. Fields ambles through the story more or less in a daze all the time. In that Essay of mine, I shall speak—for I may write it after all; it's growing on me—of his universal quality. Aside from the farcical highlights, he manages to suggest exactly a type which keeps villages upset. There are raucous old gents like him in this town, too, for that matter. The mechanical contrivances—chairs that swat you when you sit in them, keyholders for homecoming inebriates, and the like—are used a lot and get their laughs in this film. Mr. Fields doesn't depend on these extraneous items, though. The funniest scene in the whole business has none of them. Mr. Fields, returning home in despair, plans suicide on the train, which may seem a strange theme for farce. Mr. Fields makes it funny, though. He can even make golf funny, which is possibly more of an achievement.

•

I AM calm and cool, as usual, about the charms and talents of Barbara Stanwyck. She is now to be seen in

Every one of the new hats demands a trim hair cut—a good Permanent Wave! Lucky for New Yorkers—Ivan has *lowered* the price of his superb Permanents to *$15*

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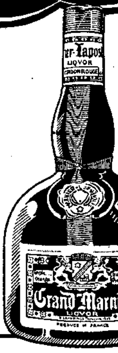

Grand Marnier
LIQVOR
Cognac à l'Orange

THE WORLD'S FINEST CORDIAL SINCE 1827

Enjoy *Red Lion*... The King of Cocktails... created by A. Tarling, (Cafe Royal, London) and awarded *First Prize* at the Cocktail Mixing Competition at Dorland Hall. Recipe:-

⅓ GRAND MARNIER ⅓ Dry Gin
⅙ Orange Juice ⅙ Lemon Juice

Pass a bit of lemon around rim of glass, then dip in powdered sugar for a delightful frosted effect.

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• *The choice of discriminating New Yorkers since 1848, are now serving*

DINNER—$1.25
LUNCHEON—90c up
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COCKTAIL LOUNGE
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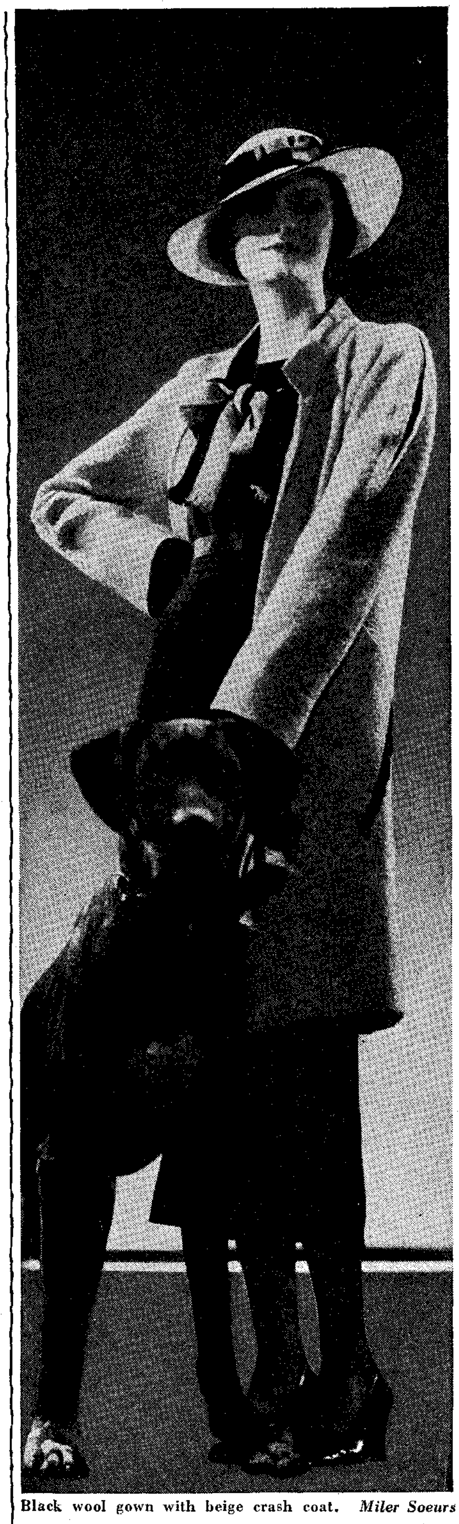

Black wool gown with beige crash coat. *Miler Soeurs*

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15 EAST 52nd ST.
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This spring's importations include the smartest in ensembles, gowns and hats from leading Paris houses.

HATS · GOWNS · FURS

4 MAX GORDON'S OUTSTANDING HITS

WALTER HUSTON
in SINCLAIR LEWIS'
"DODSWORTH"
Dramatized by SIDNEY HOWARD
SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

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GLADYS COOPER ADRIANNE ALLEN RAYMOND MASSEY
in
THE SHINING HOUR
A New Play by KEITH WINTER
BOOTH THEATRE, W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40.
Matinees Thursday & Saturday 2:30

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"A charming score, richly melodic."
—*John Mason Brown, Eve. Post*
"ROBERTA"
The New Musical Comedy
BY JEROME KERN & OTTO HARBACH
NEW AMSTERDAM THEA., 42nd St. W. of B'way
Eves. $1 to $3—Mats. Wed. & Sat. $1 to $2.50 plus tax

◆

ROLAND YOUNG & LAURA HOPE CREWS
(in Person) in
"HER MASTER'S VOICE"
A New Comedy by CLARE KUMMER
PLYMOUTH THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

ROBERT BENCHLEY *in New Yorker says*—
"J. C. Nugent knows how to be a good comedian. . . . He kills me, and that's all I ask."
EDDIE DOWLING presents
J. C. NUGENT in
BIG HEARTED HERBERT
By Sophie Kerr & Anna Steese Richardson
BILTMORE THEA. W. 47th St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A PLAY OF BURNING EXCITEMENT."
Richard Lockridge, Sun.
YELLOW JACK
MARTIN BECK THEATRE
45th St., West of 8th Ave.
Eves. 8:35, Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:35

Dwight Deere Wiman & Tom Weatherly
present
She Loves Me Not
by Howard Lindsay
Adapted from Edward Hope's novel
"The most gloriously cock-eyed farce comedy the season is apt to reveal." —*Brown, Post*
46th St. Thea. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:40—$1 to $3 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—50c to $2

WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50th. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
with Fannie Brice
Willie & Eugene Howard, Everett Marshall, Jane Froman, Patricia Bowman, Vilma & Buddy Ebsen, Don Ross, Oliver Wakefield, Cherry & June Preisser, others

MOROSCO Thea. 45th St. West of Broadway Eves. 8:50; Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:45
New York's Newest Laugh Hit & Smartest Comedy
NO MORE LADIES
with
MELVYN DOUGLAS LUCILE WATSON
Rex O'Malley Ruth Weston Nancy Ryan
"A DEFINITE HIT"—*Hammond, Herald Tribune*
"UNCOMMONLY GOOD ACTING"—*Atkinson, Times*

"Gambling Lady," about a young woman from racketeering society who marries into Park Avenue and finds it complicates life a lot to be loyal to her old friends. In this picture, the mechanical kickshaws interested me more than the various members of the cast. There is a neat little mirror displayed which, it seems, helps the dealer to see the cards and which slides deftly up and down, when wished, under his sleeve, and also there are pincers which hold a tidy ace just above the shoetop. These little toys added an inventive note to the film.

AMERICAN admirers of Margaret Kennedy's "Constant Nymph" will find the picture from that novel disappointing. It's the kind of picture we used to describe meanly as typically English before "Henry VIII" and "Catherine the Great" made our arrogance embarrassing. The action is carelessly handled, the sound is vague, and the speaking voices seem to indicate that the day will come when English pictures will require subtitles, so bewildering to our Yankee ears can be that British vocal lilt. In the film there are pretty pictures of the Tyrol, some pretty girls as the exuberant Sangers, and a pretty performance by Brian Aherne as the romantic composer.

—J. C. M.

•

SPITEWORK

I slam the door!
I shake the mat!
My liberated spirit
Sings
In lark-like jubilation
At
The grand subservience
Of *things*.

Oh, man may thwart
My love of power,
May foil each move
I try to make,
If Heaven sends me
In that hour
A door to slam!
A mat to shake!

—MILDRED WESTON

•

CORRECTIONS

Col. 66 **Women's Shoes:** Change prices given for *Antioch* shoes to $7.50—$11 [instead of $8.50—$15] and correct name of maker to Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio [instead of Edwin Clapp & Sons].
—*Consumers' Research Bulletin.*

Aw, we'll go barefoot.

THE THEATRE GUILD PRESENTS
EUGENE O'NEILL'S *comedy*
AH, WILDERNESS!
with GEORGE M. COHAN
Guild Thea. 52d St., W. of B'way. Eves. 8:20 Mats. Thurs., & Sat. at 2:20

MAXWELL ANDERSON'S new play
MARY OF SCOTLAND
with
HELEN HAYES PHILIP MERIVALE HELEN MENKEN
ALVIN THEA., 52d St., West of Broadway
Eves. 8:20. Mats. Thursday & Saturday at 2:20

"REALLY VERY FUNNY"—*Benchley*
CHARLES DILLINGHAM *presents*
An Intimate Revue
New Faces
Conceived & directed by LEONARD SILLMAN
FULTON, W. 46 St. Lon. 5-8825. Evs. 8:30.
Prices 55c to $3.30. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:30

GEORGE BUSHAR and JOHN TUERK offer
HELEN GAHAGAN *FRANCES* STARR *EDITH* BARRETT
in Dan Totheroh's play about the Brontës
MOOR BORN
with GLENN ANDERS
PLAYHOUSE 48 St. E. of B'way. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 55c to 2.20

SAM H. HARRIS PRESENTS
MARILYN MILLER CLIFTON WEBB HELEN BRODERICK
in a new musical revue
"AS THOUSANDS CHEER"
By IRVING BERLIN & MOSS HART
with ETHEL WATERS
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Evgs. 8:30—Mats. 2:30

Beginning Monday Evening, April 2nd
1934 Repertory Season
GILBERT & SULLIVAN
Week of April 16th (Double Bill)
"PINAFORE" and "TRIAL BY JURY"
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 50c to $1.50, Nights 50c to $2.00
MAJESTIC, 44th St. West

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IRENE DUNNE
in "THIS MAN IS MINE"
plus an unusual Stage Show
SHOW PLACE OF THE NATION

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UNFURNISHED APARTMENT
7 Rooms—3 Baths—$115
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of Tap Dancers?
Blue Singers?
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Mammy Singers?
Chorus Girls?
Torch Singers?
Acrobats?
Stooges?

Discover for Yourself

THE CUBANACAN

CABARET RESTAURANT

where you won't find the above mentioned drugs-on-the-market. A couple of native rhumba dancers—a Cuban chap and a Cuban girl singing Cuban songs—a Cuban orchestra playing native instruments comprise the dinner and after theatre entertainment which is genuine but not excessive. The quality of the wines and food is in keeping with that of the entertainment.

Dinner at Seven!

A mere dollar and a quarter

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★★★★ *DAILY NEWS*
"GRAND"—*Times*
"BRILLIANT"—*Journal*
"EXCITING"—*American*
"MAGNIFICENT"—*Mirror*

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IN
THE HOUSE of ROTHSCHILD
a **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** Production
Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Released thru United Artists

Seats selling 4 weeks in advance

ASTOR
B'WAY at 45th
Twice daily 2:50; 8:50—4 times Sat. 2:50; 5:50; 8:50; 11:50—3 times Sunday and Holidays 2:50; 5:50; 8:50—*Matinees* (except Saturdays & Holidays) 50c to $1.—Eves. 50c to $2.

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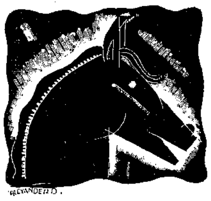
LOWE & MCLAGLEN "NO MORE WOMEN" | **"HEAT LIGHTNING" ALINE MCMAHON**

THE RACE TRACK

Same Old Bowie—Soon Over Wins a Sprint—Wunderkind


ALEXANDER D.

Everything's just the same as it always was at Bowie. The tip-sellers' red, blue, brown, and yellow cards still have all the winners. The race-track eaters still munch crab cakes and fried chicken legs (really, they aren't those you saw last November). The trolley trains are only a bit more rattly and squeaky. Riding home the other evening, my friend Tay Pay remarked how much the jiggling reminded him of the trip on the Lartigue railway from the Listowel race course to Ballybunion. (The Honourable George always went by motor.)

For the most part, the runners were old friends I'd seen in Florida. The others were fat horses who will be showing to better advantage at Havre de Grace next week, when they've had more sun on their backs. Miney Myerson, a selling plater who changed hands three times at Miami and won handsomely for two of his owners, galloped off with the Inaugural Handicap, which ought to give you an idea how important it is to have fit horses.

The best race of the week, the Rowe Memorial, was won by Soon Over. The last time I wrote about Mrs. Payne Whitney's colt, I was crying into my notes a little because he did not stay the nine furlongs of the Florida Derby. I thought the six furlongs of the Rowe Memorial would be more to his liking, and so did the public, who make the pari-mutuel odds. Soon Over came around the last turn as though he were going to win by lengths, but in the straight seemed unwilling to pass the leader. Horses will do that sometimes. But Coucci persuaded him, with a bit of hard riding, to change his mind, and he won by a head.

Everyone who went to the paddock before the Rowe Memorial was interested in The Immortal II because of his record abroad. Mrs. Jock Whitney bought him at the Dublin Horse Show yearling sales, and he raced in her colors in Ireland last year, winning three of his six starts. One hears compassionate

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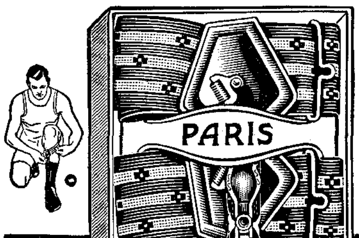

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owners complain that the handicappers' weights break their horses down. The Immortal II carried 138 pounds in a race last August, and was none the worse for it. He's a big bay colt by Stratford from Princess Mildred, and I fancy, from his conformation, he's a sprinter. It would be unfair to dismiss him as just another of those foreign horses, as I'm quite sure he'll go well when he acquires racing condition.

I'VE heard nothing but good reports of Singing Wood. Mrs. Jock Whitney says he looks "just wonderful." He was sent to Pimlico last weekend, and as he will do most of his galloping there, I daresay he will run for the Preakness rather than for the Kentucky Derby.

Chase Me—of course you remember him—also is at Pimlico. I'm told Sarah Bosley hunted him several times last winter, so he must be pretty fit. His most important race will be the Dixie Handicap, at Pimlico, on May 5th.

AFTER Angelic won the Trial Purse at Bowie (I expect by this time she's won the Kindergarten Stakes), almost everybody said, "There's the best two-year-old." I shall reserve judgment until she's won the Juvenile Stakes and the Saratoga Special.

AT last we've a *Wunderkind* jockey. His name is Joe Jacobs—he likes to be called Joey—and he's the first seventeen-year-old jockey I've seen who looks his age; most of them look about twelve. He comes from New Orleans, where he rode an extraordinary number of winners. He rode five at Bowie last Friday. Coming home in the train, a man who'd backed four of the horses Jacobs had beaten bet that he'd ride at least one winner the next day. Jacobs had five chances, and didn't.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE—all his life a lover of the thoroughbred, suh—suggests that with all these tests for race horses, there also might be a Binet test for horse-players.

BOWIE: Vice-President Garner in a front-row box, and Charlie Curtis in one in the back line. . . . Jim Farley—some of the boys call him Postmaster and some General—getting around. . . . William Woodward enjoying the sunshine. His Faireno, by the way, is training well. . . . Mrs. Jock Whitney sugaring the neglected Blue for Boys. —AUDAX MINOR

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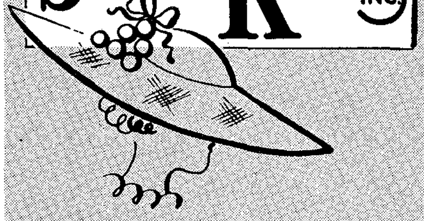

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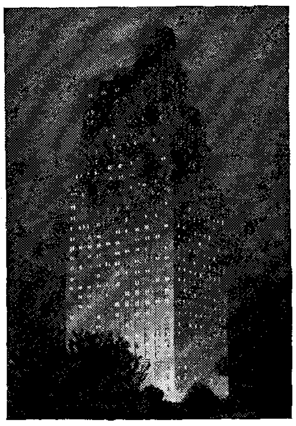

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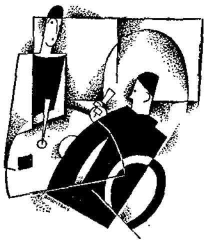
TABLES FOR TWO

Spring Fever



SOMETHING must be done about the American peepil. We are too tolerant, too patient, too cowed. The far from admirable French have a dandy way of indicating their displeasure with bad food or bad service in a restaurant. They not only wreck the place, but they refuse to pay the check. And we, cravens that we are, are submitting to an era of the worst service in the world. The hotels seem to have studied the methods of the cheapest speakeasies and to figure that patrons will drink more if food is not forthcoming or if it is sloppily served. How's for living on a fruitstand diet until they create a lot of unemployment among their waiters? The Plaza, of which one expects big things, harbors as hity-tity a bunch as I ever saw. The new Persian Room, which is big and old-fashioned except for the Persian murals on the walls, muttered something about tea dancing and I, remembering those days when we all danced with heads swaying and mouths half-open and eyes half-shut, couldn't wait. Well, the music stopped before six-thirty, and at six-fifty waiters were growling and stacking chairs with an easing-out-the-drunks sort of an air. So don't bother about cocktails, but wait until dinner or supper for the music of Emil Coleman, who is still so much the master that you don't want to bother about eating at all. . . . And while I am on a sour rampage, I might mention my bewilderment about the St. Regis. The Seaglade has a low ceiling and the orchestra has loud amplifiers, which makes conversation totally impossible; around the room dance the Junior League of Mamaroneck and East Orange, all dressed up and having a daisy time. The sensation of the evening is "The Big, Bad Wolf," and guess what—the boys in the orchestra put on little pig masks that are simply killing. And Vincent Lopez plays piano solos while the crowd clusters around his throne. It baffles me.

ONE of the big uproars of recent weeks has been the triumphal opening of Henri, *the* Henri of Lynbrook, in the plaza in Rockefeller Cen-

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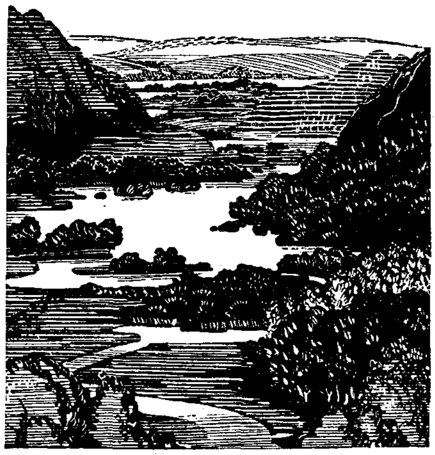

Places are like women; it's not enough for them to be pretty. They must have character and variety too. That's why everyone falls in love with Ireland. Look at the picture—it's Killarney and there isn't prettier scenery anywhere under the sun; but that's not all. It's a romantic, legend-haunted district. If you're up early enough they say you can see The O'Donoghue of the Glens on his white horse riding over the lakes. And there are scores of other stories about it too. Up the west coast to Connemara and the Joyce country, northwards to the hills and glens of Antrim—wherever you go in Ireland you'll find an atmosphere, a spirit, quite different from anything you've ever known before. More than anything it's the long tradition of Irish civilization. When most of the rest of the world was full of howling savages there were churches and schools and artists and saints in Ireland.

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ter. The room is higher than anything you ever saw, painted white, with lighting like Dinty Moore's, but the gourmets who used to travel out all that way are flocking there because the food is perfectly lovely, particularly if you are one of those people who adore the chichi of chafing dishes and flames and Henri Himself, with the chef's hat on, putting all kinds of goop together for the crêpes Suzette. You emerge with the smug smile of the well-fed and the well-fussed-over. When the weather gets warmer, it will undoubtedly be one of the best outdoor lunch-and-dinner places in town, despite the Gold God that lurches at you across the way.

AFTER that theatre you'll never get to if cocktail time gets any later, the Mayfair Yacht Club will be lurking to welcome you. Dwight Fiske leers behind his piano at midnight and again at one o'clock, snickering over songs in a lingo that I would imitate if the management here would only let me. The East River gleams darkly outside, and there is red-and-white cruise atmosphere, made more authentic by the bar, which is a baby cruiser (all right, I can't tell the difference between a dinghy and a battleship). And to the strains of a good orchestra, the younger generation dances temple-to-temple.... The Place Piquale is going great guns, packed with attractive and well-dressed and chique people, drawn to the thump thump of Harry Rosenthal's orchestra (which gets better and better) and to Marion Chase singing at midnight. And I like her singing now. Since her engagement in London, the girl has gone professional—with poise, ease, aplomb, and a good repertoire in place of that personality-plus have-at-you that used to make me yell and scream. Remind me, Miss Chase, to send you gardenias. . . . Le Bijou, at 2 East Fifty-sixth, is a dusky rendezvous late in the evening. They have the little orchestra from Moriarty's playing for people who dance sentimentally around in the half-darkness. I missed the entertainment, but the charm is there for those who want their public nightcap both cosy and intimate. . . . You have certainly heard about the Tuesday nights at the Casino de Paree. All very society charity, with *grandes dames* staring at the nudes and the muggs staring at the society folk, and extra bits added to an entertainment that is already rough-and-tumble and swell. There'll be about three more of them, and if the first is a sample, they

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should be grand. It's fun to go other nights, too, in a raucous mood.

I AM not a girl who knows anything about German food, but Luchow's is my idea of Munich or something—me who has never been there. Big, solid rooms and an orchestra that plays very loud and people who lean across the table at each other when they talk, because they love each other right then. It is a shame about the selfconscious array of American flags that reassure you around the place (red, white, and black is not a bad color combination), but my unadventurous food was superb, the dashing dishes ordered by my Continental friends made me feel like a coward, and the whole place makes you feel warm and gay and talkative. Also, I have always adored the burlesque houses and like lowdowns that litter Fourteenth Street at this point. It is fresh of me to hint that I am Discovering Luchow's—I am only reminding you. . . . I was aghast to learn that Armando's, at 54 East Fifty-fifth, had gone chic. I remembered it as a darling little *boîte* with a grand seventy-five-cent lunch and a good table-d'hôte dinner, and an accordion solo thrown in now and then—a be-yourself kind of a place. I am relieved to know that it is still a darling little place, and why *Vogue* had to pick on it with those "smart" and "amusing" adjectives is beyond me. It is comforting to find that, so far, it is still unpretentious and unspoiled. . . . Sherry's, at 300 Park Avenue, has always had the grand manner. The corridor that stretches across the front is always vernal, and it is now full of people sipping apéritifs, dowagers swishing in and out, and their brat grandsons harassing doormen (who grin and yearn to spank) by their interminable antics in the revolving doors. The new Flamingo Bar, done in the color you would expect, and having many tables that gaze full on the sidewalk, is nice, too. But the most fun there, I still maintain, is watching the great world surge in and out.

All right, forget the great world. Lou Holtz is at the Paradise.

—LIPSTICK

•

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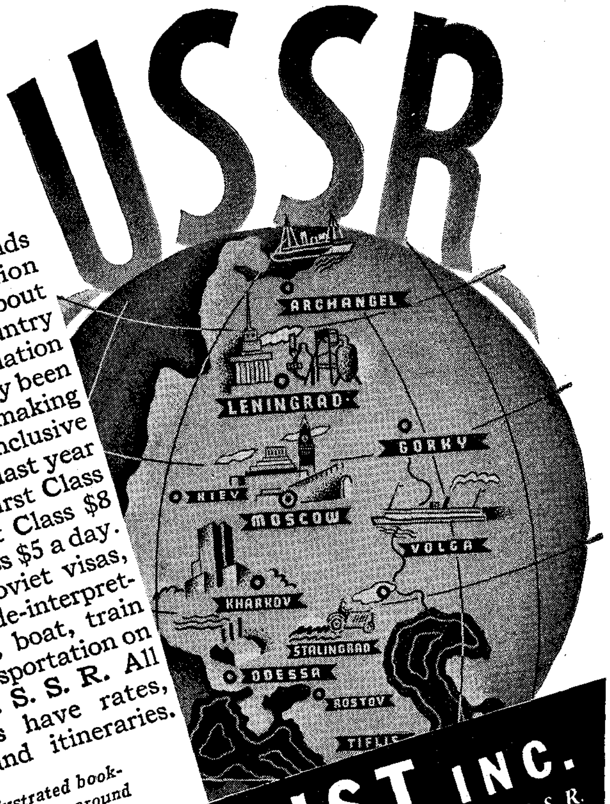

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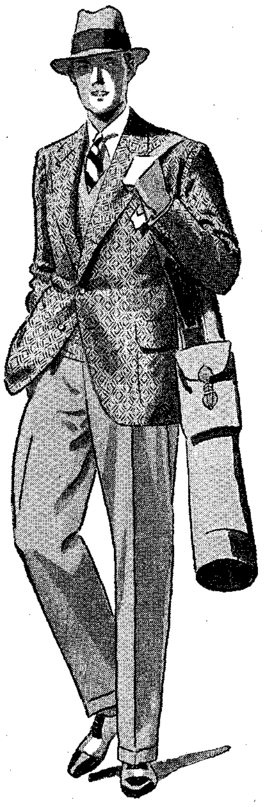

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Operatic Warfare — A Spring Mozart Revival

THE opera troupe which entertained at the Hippodrome last summer has split up two for one, and you'll find the new issues established at the Broadway Opera House and at the Hippodrome. Maestro Salmaggi, formerly head man at the Hippodrome, may be found in charge at the Broadway Opera House, which you may have known in your time as the Broadway Theatre. His group still is heralded as the Chicago Opera Company. At the Hippodrome, you may attend performances by the Hippodrome National Opera Company, of which the eminent baritone, Pasquale Amato, is artistic director. Either house will be happy to sell you a comfortable chair for a quarter, and if you're going in style, the top price at the Hippodrome and the Broadway is ninety-nine cents, tax included.

No traditions were mangled at the Broadway opening, which consisted of a compact "Aïda," in which such former Hippodrome familiars as Miss Ryan and the Signori Radaelli and Ruisi were again on view. There was some new scenery, including a sphinx who resembled portraits of George Washington, and Rhadames sang his "Celeste Aïda" against a background of ballet girls, delicately revealed. Otherwise, it was a Model T "Aïda," which introduced as Amneris Miss Lydia Carezza, somewhat slimmer than the Model T Amneris and rather more petulant in action. Miss Carezza had no trouble with high notes and thereby qualified immediately for her duties in popular Italian opera.

TRADITION received a poke in the nose at the reinauguration of the Hippodrome. Not only was the opera "Carmen" instead of the almost legislated "Aïda," but it was sung in French. A more sensational innovation was an intelligent attempt at staging, for which Désire Defrère deserves a certificate of merit. The Carmen of the evening was Bruna Castagna, singing the part for the first

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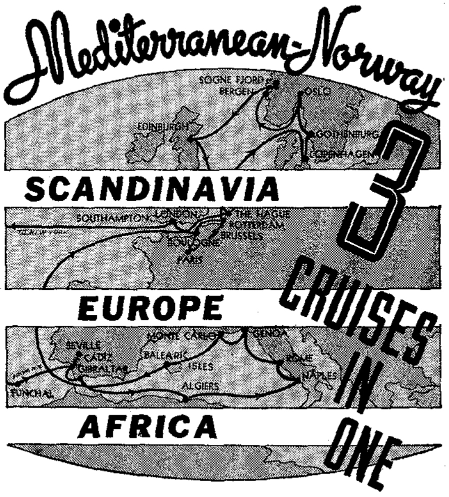

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time in French, according to lobby statisticians, and singing it as it rarely is sung. Mme. Castagna is no slender siren, but she was believable enough on the ample stage of the Hippodrome. Perhaps she didn't do enough brooding over the cards that foretold her death, but at least she sang Carmen without attempting to substitute extraneous grimaces for a voice. Ralph Errolle, now one of the officials of the Hippodrome company, served his firm well with a convincing Don José—so convincing, in fact, that when he slammed Mme. Castagna to the floor at the end of the third act, she was unable to arise within the usual ten seconds.

"CARMEN" became competitive business the following night, when it was produced at the Broadway Opera House, this time in Italian, with chorus parts in French. An uncertain orchestra didn't reassure Mme. Lia De Grandi, making her first appearance as Carmen, but Mme. De Grandi obviously is a good trouper and succeeded in proving that she had a thoroughly competent impersonation to exhibit. Her Don José was Bernardo De Muro, whose big tenor voice once competed surprisingly well with the I.R.T. trains when he sang in a Yankee Stadium performance. Mr. De Muro enchanted his listeners with an enormous B-flat in the Flower Song, and gratified the shouts of "*Bis!*" by repeating the aria.

Evidently there is a contingent of flower-song enthusiasts which makes the rounds of these opera houses and bellows demands for an encore, because Mr. Errolle, at the Hippodrome, also was received with shrieks for a repetition, although Mr. Errolle refrained from a second helping.

Of the two Escamillos, there wasn't much to choose vocally between the bass Signor Ruisi at the Broadway and the baritone M. Royer at the Hippodrome, but Signor Ruisi's dramatics were the more persuasive. Both Miss Monroe at the Hippodrome and Miss Dorini at the Broadway were discreet Micaelas. Orchestral honors went to the Hippodrome, as well as credits for stage direction.

IN less embattled circles, there has been an unannounced season of Mozart, which began when Mr. Iturbi played two concerti with the Philharmonic-Symphony. The combination of Mr. Iturbi as pianist and Mr. Toscanini as conductor is enough to start

●
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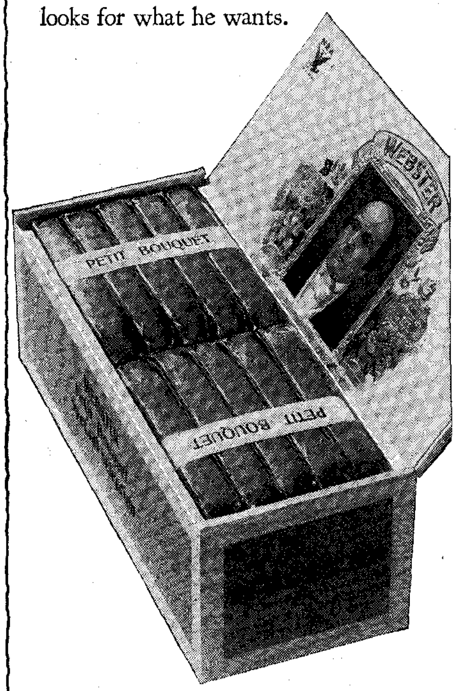

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a Mozart revival at any time, and Mr. Toscanini continued the notable season at the supplementary concert of the Beethoven Association, when he directed a small orchestra in a Mozart symphony. Mr. Toscanini doesn't happen to be a Mozart specialist. He simply is a specialist in greatness, and therefore he seems to be a devoted propagandist for any composer whose music he touches.

Gregor Piatigorsky, one of our finest 'cellists, added to the celebration at a matinée by the National Orchestral Association by introducing Gaspar Cassadó's 'cello version of a Mozart horn concerto. Señor Cassadó, evidently realizing that there isn't much respectable music for 'cello and orchestra, has transformed several decent compositions into concerti, and his Mozartian metamorphosis is good 'cello literature and still good Mozart. With the help of Mr. Barzin and his well-trained instrumentalists, Mr. Piatigorsky did a good deed for Mozart, for Señor Cassadó, for the 'cello, and, of course, for his gifted self.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

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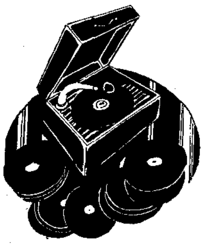

MORE and more they are making little productions of recorded popular songs. Fred Astaire, for instance, in his doubling of "Music Makes Me" and "Flying Down to Rio" (Columbia 2912-D, embellishes his singing with tap-dancing. An English offering by Jack Buchanan and Elsie Randolph (H.M.V. B 8026, imported) turns two attractive songs from the film "That's a Good Girl" into the phonograph equivalent of patter before the curtain. Mr. Buchanan is an exceptionally good recorder, by the way. You might also like his tricky performance of two solos from his film (H.M.V. B 8027, imported), in which the lyrics are monologued as well as sung.

Two of the staples of local lists turn in two of their best discs. The Boswell Sisters revive "Everybody Loves My Baby" and "Shout, Sister, Shout!" (Brunswick 6783), and Ramona finally has recorded one of her masterpieces, "Goopy Geer," which comes with the lively "Who Walks in

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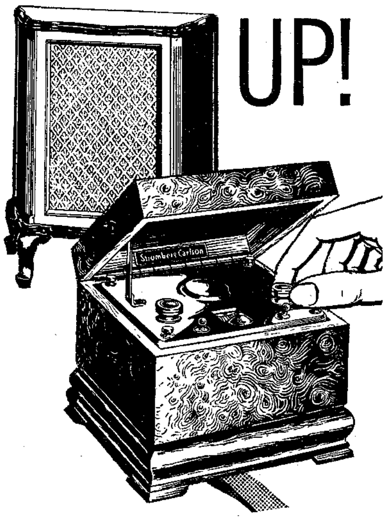

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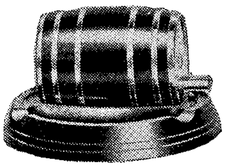

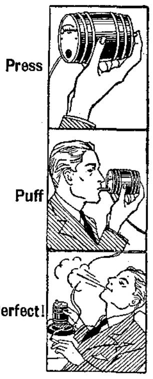

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When I Walk Out?" (Victor 24561). The firm of Fray and Braggiotti continues its ministrations with a juicy double-piano arrangement of themes from "Roberta" (Victor 24578). The other side of the disc is a brilliant étude on "Why Not?"

OCCASIONALLY there is a record whose accompaniment is worth the price of the disc. The H.M.V. version (B 8096, imported) of "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?," sung by Frances Day, who offers an unfamiliar second chorus, has an orchestral background that might be studied by all arrangers. The band is unidentified on the label, but if it isn't Ray Noble's group, it's a crew that knows how Noble does it. The scoring for "Excuse Me," the other half, is equally interesting, but the song isn't. Miss Day might be watched, for she probably isn't always so acutely cute as she is in "Excuse Me."

RAY NOBLE, apparently an inescapable purveyor of unusual records, appears again in the dance list, which consists principally of brightly suave settings of familiar melodies:

JAPANESE SANDMAN and TIGER RAG—Ray Noble and his Orchestra. Restraint and heat coupled to show two sides of Noble's precision and virtuosity. (*Victor 24577*)

CAROLINA and A HUNDRED YEARS FROM TODAY—Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Both melodies receive handling which crosses the hotcha school of early Casa Loma recordings with some of its later lavish arrangements. First-class dance material. (*Brunswick 6775*)

LIKE TWO LITTLE FLIES ON A LUMP OF SUGAR and OLD ROSES—Little Jack Little and his Orchestra. Continuing the excellent series of Little miniatures, the sugar saga being jaunty and "Old Roses" being what it would have to be. (*Columbia 2900-D*)

ILL WIND and AS LONG AS I LIVE—Eddy Duchin and his Orchestra. Harold Arlen, composer of the airs, sings them with conviction, Maestro Duchin plays neat piano passages, and the rest of the boys do the rest with enthusiasm. (*Victor 24579*)

I LIKE THE LIKES OF YOU and SHOULD I BE SWEET?—Victor Young and his Orchestra. Excerpts from the "Ziegfeld Follies" and "Take a Chance," handsomely decorated and gaily given out by a smoothly rhythmical ensemble. (*Brunswick 6779*)

ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET (Chick Webb's Savoy Orchestra) and I NEVER KNEW (The Chocolate Dandies). Lowdownishness which may be distinguished from a good deal of other lowdownishness because it is based on unusually good tunes. (*Columbia 2875-D*)

—POP

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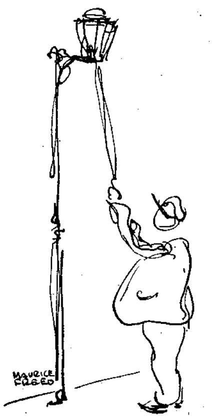
PARIS LETTER

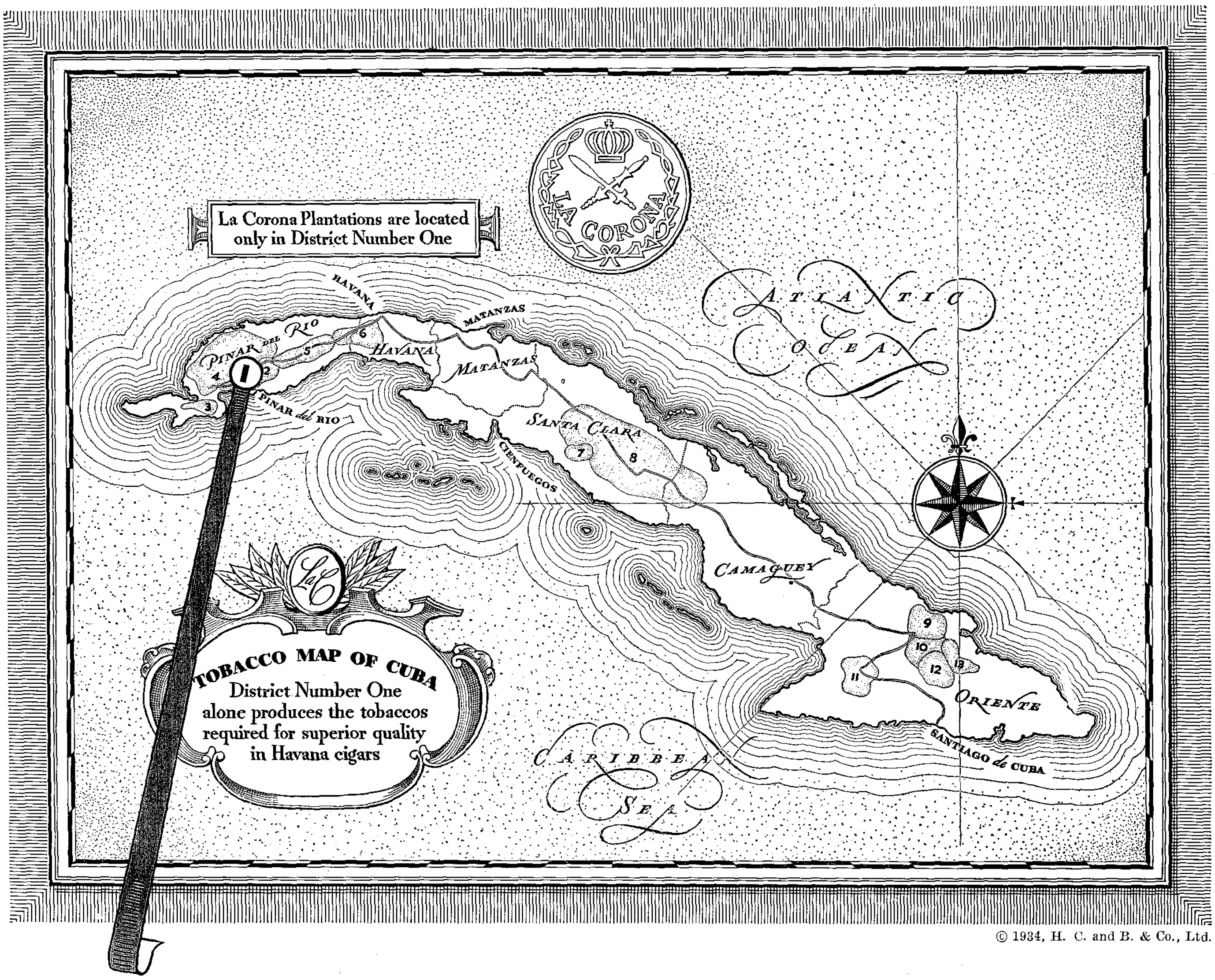
PARIS, APRIL 4

TO keep up with the Stavisky Scandal—i. e., the French government—anyone would have to read the newspapers three hours a day, which is what everybody does. It is curious to be living in a land where the government is busy not governing but sucking pencils over the scenario of a super-production, thirty-million-dollar gangster film on which it won't get a penny back—if it can help it. Daily, the concocted plot arrives at a peak of ingenuity, complication, villainy, and breathless surprise which simply can't be beat—until the next day's new twists beat it all hollow. The most unlikely people have lately been involved: Lucienne Boyer, smart night-club queen, who was asked to tell the judge how she happened for two years to have lived with Monsieur and Madame Romagnino, Monsieur having been Stavisky's right bower (if not fatal ace of spades). Mistinguett was asked to explain to her public how she happened to be photographed at a Montmartre supper table with a bunch of posies and Jo-Jo-the-Gray-Haired-Boy, sometimes called Jo-Jo-the-Terror, Stavisky's crazed muscleman (whom she had innocently taken for a provincial notary public). The Paris New York *Herald* was queried *in absentia* before the High Commission for its unlucky article praising Frot on February 7th, or the morning after his attempted-*coup d'état* killings on the Concorde; and suspected even more for its subsequent apology in French, "without doubt so that the readers could not understand it." Even Galmot, a fantastic *rhum* deputy for French Guiana, where the blacks worshipped him as king, is now supposed to have been murdered there in 1928 on the orders of his pal, Stavisky, whom—one good turn deserves another—he had sold out to the police in 1926. Galmot's death had been till today a mystery to everyone except the Sûreté, who know everything until it no longer pays; he was supposed to have been poisoned by his cook, who was a sorceress and in love with him; his giant Negro muscleman wore an official sweater with "Life Is Lovely" embroidered on the breast, and lived in an inn called At the Sign of the Eight Knife Cuts. It also seems, according to the recently shown movies made by cameramen called to Chamonix in preparation for Stavisky's "suicide," not only that the crook didn't shoot himself in two impossible spots, but that he wasn't even potted by the police. He was killed by a friend. After all, what are friends for? . . . Everywhere one turns here, past, present, future, theatre, police, weekly magazines, casinos, bordels, parliament, government-backed bonds, senators, magistracy, one sees the triumph of the yegg.



And of the detective-story writer. The series of Stavisky Scandal-Prince Murder investigation articles by Georges Simenon—France's Dashiell Hammett, hired along with Sir Basil Thompson, late of Scotland Yard, by the evening journal, *Paris-Soir*, to solve the mysteries—have been magnificent for writing, sense, and bravery. Simenon's articles on Stavisky's aide, Jo-Jo, handsome, strange brute, "caring," so he admitted, "neither for women nor men, but only for radical books," led the latter to surrender to the embarrassed police, who didn't want him, since they knew where he was and that he knows too much. Stranger still were Jo-Jo's corrections of Simenon's report on his (Jo-Jo's) gun-given interview in his hide-out hotel near Prunier's Traktir Restaurant, corrections solemnly printed in *Paris-Soir* next night, and including such items as the muscleman's having said he said he would knock six of Simenon's teeth out, not crack his head in, as had been printed. Or "Let's not exaggerate," as Jo-Jo editorially suggested. Since then, Simenon has, by printing initials, names of streets, hang-outs, color of car, beard, or girl friend's eyes, repeatedly identified dozens of important Stavisky clue and key individuals without either losing his molars or the police making any new underworld arrests. In the midst of the latest Stavisky government investigations, some senator or other proposed some law or other about the price of wheat, on which the French farmer's next summer's crop, and city folks' next winter's bread, depend. But nobody paid any attention.

NOW that one cannot keep one's mind on them, there are excellent new distracting books, music, ex-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After all, good food does taste better, doesn't it, in a setting of nice glassware and china and silver? But so many of us have had to economize on everything, these last few years, that perhaps our tables don't look as nice as they did.

That set of a dozen lovely glasses may have shrunken to six by now. (And the cheaper replacements just don't fit in at all!) Maybe there's a set of dishes (slightly chipped) which no longer matches perfectly. And plate *will* wear off one's silver after years of use.

Some time, something will have to be done about these things of yours. And there is no time like the present! *The prices of china, glassware, and silver are lower than they are ever likely to be again!*

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The values of tableware are coming back now! Under NRA codes signed by the various manufacturers, the cost of raw materials and labor are going up. In the combined industries, pay rolls have already increased 47½% since February. The prices of metals and clay and sand have also risen. These advances must take place—for the good of everyone . . . including yourself.

But this movement is not yet completed. There are still stocks of tableware to be had, priced at figures that will amaze you. But those stocks are strictly limited. *Now is the time to buy.*

UPTURN ITEM NO. 24

Retail department stores sales in New York were up 10% and 15% during the third week of September, as compared with the previous week hibitions. From all over the world, the Orangerie has collected the biggest aggregation of Daumier's works ever seen, except perhaps by Daumier. One of the *clou* items was his sketched-from-life picture of the bloody riots in 1834, showing how times do not change. The other hundred and seventy-four pieces included sample subjects in which if, as usual, there were too many barristers and Don Quixotes, there was also almost a surfeit of superb painting. To our mind, the best was a *grisaille* wash on torn gray paper of three gigantic female nudes who might have been ABC for Cézanne's later instruction. At the Opéra, there has been a brief, excellent revival of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," done for once *in toto* from the original MS. here in the Conservatoire. Lubin was much praised as Anna, though she blew up at the first performance and had to be replaced in the last of the third by Margaret Lawrence, Australian newcomer much discussed here. Monsieur Charpini, soprano impersonator whose Gretchen and Tosca you must have roared at in the Bosphore night-club days, has been singing "straight" as the daughter in a revival of the Directoire operetta, "La Fille de Mme. Angot," at the Trianon—the first time *that* has ever happened here.

FOR books, there must be condensed reference to Morand's new humorous hit, "France la Doulce," or what happens to "La Chanson de Roland" when filmed by Berlin refugees who know more about ham acting than ham; pretty funny and pretty long. Julian Green is considered to have made a real ten-strike in his new "Le Visionnaire," in which one-third of the book, or the part that in reality never happens, approaches "Le Voyage sur la Terre," his remarkable untrue book of short stories which, freed from the flesh he is always scratching, is to our mind his most human work. We close by announcing that Nos. V and VI, or "Les Superbes" and "Les Humbles," of Romains's "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté," are just out. Wait until you read what Mme. de Champcenais does, and says about it to God; the pickle she puts Sammécaud into; and the life the Bastides lead. Tome VI contains a fourteen-page "Index to the Characters," so the greedy reader can look up his favorite personage under "Incident"—Roman numeral for volume, big Arabic for chapter, and little Arabic for page—and thus become a greedy re-reader.

—GENÊT

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HOW I HAPPENED TO BUY A PHONOGRAPH

I DON'T like living in hotels, and when I moved into this apartment, they had only just put in the last staircase. But after a couple of months of desk clerks, ice water, and suitcases, it was worth while getting into a place of one's own, even though there were remodellers all about. Every time I came in, I bowed to carpenters, painters, and plumbers.

It was with two of the plumbers that I became most intimate. One of them appeared at my door at the top of the building one day, and he was finding difficulty catching his breath. He was trembling, as if with an ague. He was a rather bony man and had little gleams of gray stubble on the dark surface of his unshaven chin.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked. It was a slushy March day, cold and damp.

"Oh, I'm all right," he answered, getting his breath at last and still trembling slightly. "I just got up out of bed from pneumonia," he explained, "and I've been crawling through the sewer." He smiled, pleased and proud.

"Well, why do you crawl through sewers when you've just got up out of bed with pneumonia?" I asked indignantly.

"You see, I got a good boss," he said eagerly, "and when there's a job like this on, I just can't let it alone. My wife told me I ought to stay in bed today, but I can't help it, I can't keep away from a good sewer job like this."

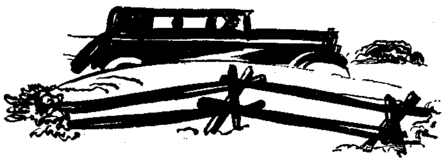
"Have a drink," I suggested.

"Is it good stuff?" he asked, with some concern.

"I drink it."

He took the little whiskey glass and tasted some of the drink slowly. Then he swallowed the rest. "Not bad," he remarked, as the color began to come back to his cheeks, "but it ain't real. You know, there's an awful lot of bootleg whiskey still around."

MY most interesting experience with the plumbers was the occasion when I came in one afternoon and found a tall man in dirty overalls worrying the drain in the bathroom washbasin. He looked at me sullenly,



WHEN SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

One of New York's smartest women discovered this: After an evening spent in smoke-clouded rooms, she *always* gives herself a special eye treatment before retiring. With Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Special Eye Lotion she cleanses and tones her tired, aching, squinting eyes. * * * It takes just a second. * * * Next morning her eyes are clear, lustrous, without a trace of fatigue in them. * * * Elizabeth Arden's Special Eye Lotion... $1, $2.50.

For sale at all important shops

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NOTE

In our advertisement in the March 31st issue of The New Yorker, the address of our Washington shop was incorrectly quoted as 221 Connecticut Ave. The correct address is 1221 Connecticut Ave.

J&J SLATER
In New York
415 Fifth Ave. 575 Madison Ave.
"Style . . . and a touch of genius"

GIROUX FIRST AND ORIGINAL Sirop de GRENADINE
Free Cocktail Recipes. Write 401 W. 13 St., N. Y.

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● One of the reasons for the astonishing success of the REO SELF-SHIFTER is its utter simplicity.

There is nothing new to learn—nothing to get out of order.

In the conventional transmission there is always the possibility of damaging gears by improper shifting. In the new Reo the gear action is automatic. *You can't go wrong* when the SELF-SHIFTER takes over the job of getting you from second into high—or from high back to second!

In fact, the gear changes are accomplished so silently and smoothly that you are scarcely aware of the transmission. Instead of the constant foot-clutching and hand-shifting required in the ordinary car, you find yourself with virtually nothing to do but steer.

Standard Reo passenger car prices are now as low as $795 at factory, plus tax.

WRITE today for copy of our interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Self-Shifter operation.

THE REO WAY
NO GEARSHIFT LEVER

Watch for announcement of the new Reo Flying Cloud for 1934—a brilliant triumph in aerodynamic streamlining and long life construction. Amazingly low prices.

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and he could look sullen, for his nose was of the prizefighter brand, and the deep creases of his leathern face were encrusted with the marks of his labor.

"They oughtn't to leave tenants come in until a house is finished," he said sententiously. "It's not right," he grumbled. "But what can you expect of landlords?"

"Oh, it's my fault," I explained timidly. "I wanted to get out of my hotel."

"Yes, I don't like hotels, either," he said thoughtfully. Then he went on tinkering while I puttered in the adjoining bedroom. "But," he said, suddenly, "I don't see how you can con*cen*trate with us around here."

I looked up, startled at the stilted choice of accent from the rough exterior. "I can do all the work I want after six, when you've all gone," I found myself explaining. "You see, I'm a writer," I added timidly.

"Yes," he said, using his monkey wrench the while. "I find the best time to con*cen*trate is about three o'clock in the morning." He paused in his work and looked at me. "I get up then, make myself some nice black coffee, and, with the whole house quiet, I can really con*cen*trate."

I looked puzzled, and he must have noticed it. "You see," he explained solemnly, "I write music."

There was a pause, during which I sat down, while he went on attending to the washbasin, which wouldn't quite drain.

"Yes," he said importantly, "I've got one thing on the records now. But things are terrible right now in the music game, and there's no use turning anything out while things are so terrible."

"May I ask what your record is called?" I asked humbly.

" 'Hibiscus Flowers,' " he answered. "It's been out a few years now. It hasn't done bad. But I'm not doing anything else just now until things pick up again."

The next day I went out and bought a phonograph. I had always wanted one anyway. I have a lot of Beethoven symphonies now, and several sonatas, but I never can seem to remember to hunt in the shops for "Hibiscus Flowers."

—M. R. WERNER

●

WANTED—Home with a woman, or 2 unfurnished rooms. Box M. A., care Tribune.—*Adv. in the Kokomo (Ind.) Tribune.*

Well, we've seen worse titles for a novel.

Pre-Victorian

TWO YEARS after "The Great Queen" was crowned at Westminster, the House of Sandeman celebrated its 50th anniversary. And more than likely, in those splendid years that followed, the genius of Victorian England often received the warming stimulus of Sandeman Wines.

For in England (where they really *know* their Sherry and Port) Sandeman has been traditional since 1790 . . . the finest Sherries and Ports obtainable anywhere . . . and *genuine* because Sandeman Wines come from the authentic Sherry and Port grape-districts of Spain and Portugal. Today Sandeman is found in most of the best Mayfair homes.

And, Sandeman Sherries and Ports are so extremely reasonable, there is no need to deny oneself the pleasure of their company.

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Incorporated
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BOOKS

F. Scott Fitzgerald

IN Mr. Fitzgerald's case, at any rate, money is the root of all novels. In "This Side of Paradise," the world of super-wealth was viewed through the glass of undergraduate gaiety, sentiment, and satire. With "The Great Gatsby," the good-time note was dropped, to be replaced by a darker accent of tragic questioning. The questions have become sharper, bitterer in "Tender Is the Night," but the world of luxurious living remains his only world. It has even become a trifle narrower—a Fitzgerald contraction, so to speak. This universe he both loves and despises; he sees through it and is confused by it. It is the contradictoriness of this emotional attitude that gives his novels their special quality, and is also in part responsible for some of their weaknesses.

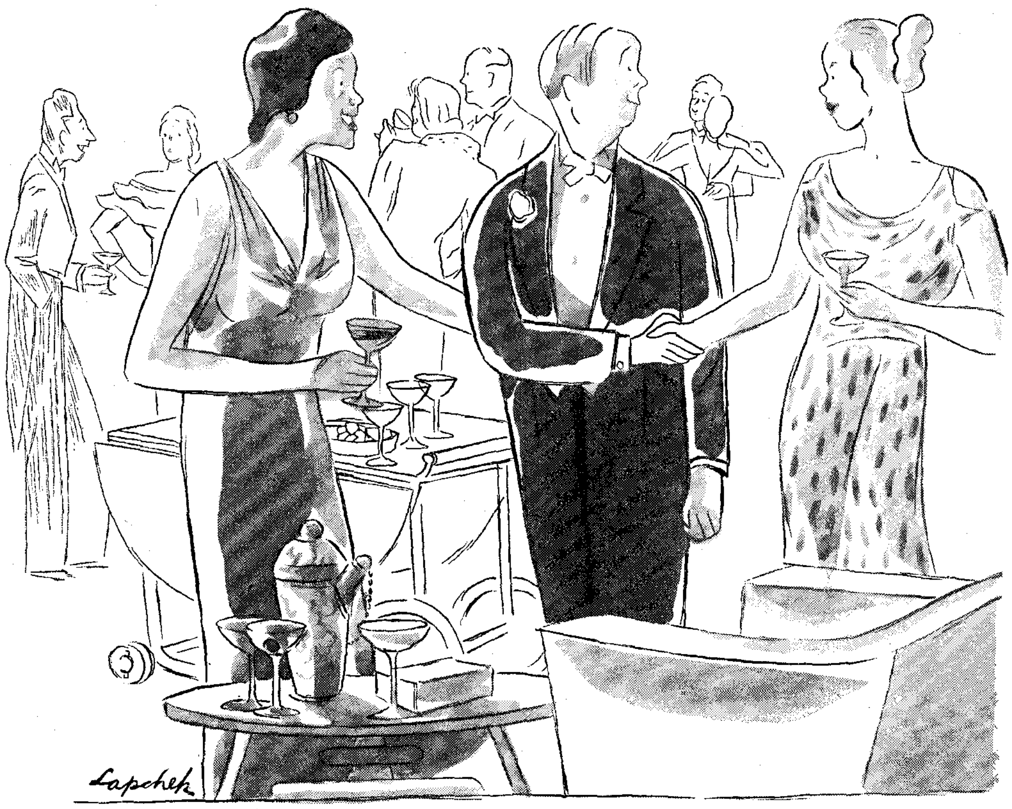
"Tender Is the Night" is a definitely post-war, pre-depression story, and as such it has (in addition to its other virtues) a certain archeological value. It is built up on a dependable triangular base. Rosemary Hoyt, eighteen, a successful film star, and virgin, encounters on the bright Riviera sands the fabulous Divers. Nicole Diver, when we first meet her, is the last cry in beauty, charm, and income. Her husband, Dick, combines the best features of the Admirable Crichton, the Chevalier Bayard, and Ronald Colman. He is also a brilliant psychiatrist, though Mr. Fitzgerald is not overconvincing in his portrayal of this side of the favorite of the gods. Rosemary, fascinated by Dick, attaches herself wistfully to the Divers, travels with them, and meets their expatriate acquaintances, whom you will find amusing or disagreeable, according to your prejudices. I found them disagreeable; Mr. Fitzgerald finds them both. I'm a little tired, for example, of sexual-invertduets. They're becoming as stock as a mortgage-forecloser in an old melodrama.

Around Page 150, the story begins to move, instead of merely glitter, and thenceforward the pace never slackens and Mr. Fitzgerald's beautifully burnished prose takes on added lustre. We explore Nicole's past life and learn that, as a girl, she had been saved from gathering madness by the love and patience of Dick. This courtship section is, I think, Mr. Fitzgerald's finest work to date. It is simple, skillful, and moving.

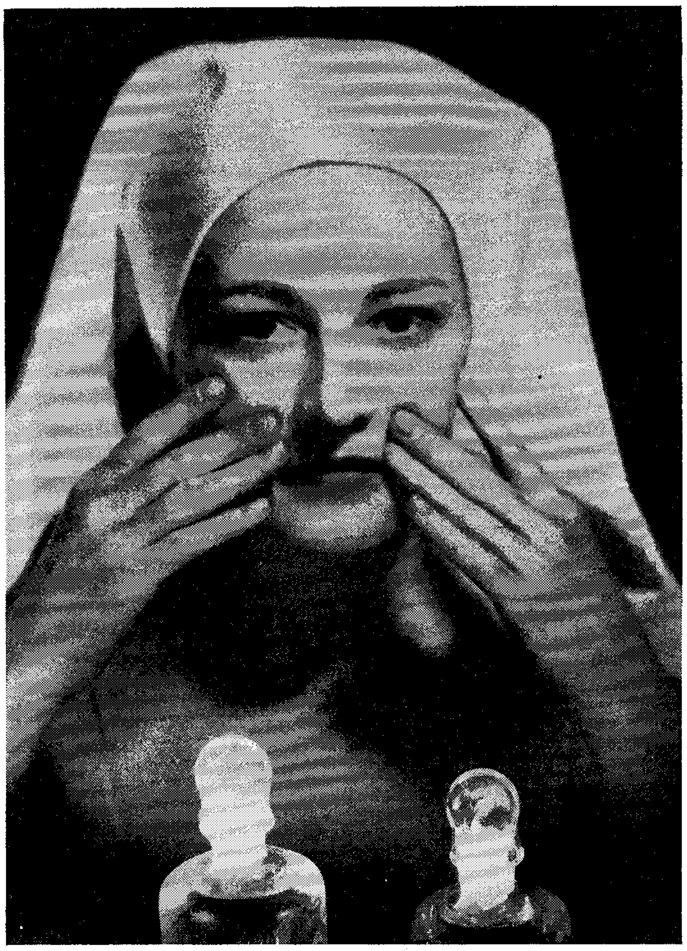
The tale now moves forward again. Rosemary reënters, misunderstanding between the Divers grows, Nicole's old schizophrenia shows its restless head, the magnificence of Dick's personality begins to develop cracks, and soon the breakup of the whole group is precipitated. The story becomes an anatomy of moral disintegration. Within four years, we see Rosemary transformed into the vapid, high-grade courtesan any good practicing cynic could easily have previsioned in her; Nicole flies to the arms of Barban, a gallant Gaul who likes to fight duels and has an adventurously scarred face; and Dick, abandoning his medical career, has sunk into muscular exhibitionism, alcoholism, neurotic sensuality, and a very unaristocratic tendency to pick scraps with gendarmes. The life that began so gaily, so musically, under the Riviera sun has withered to dust and ashes.

Mr. Fitzgerald's attitude toward his world changes as the story progresses. In the beginning, he apparently finds in the Divers and their friends the best values life can offer—the virtues of a serenely confident, graceful aristocracy, so civilized that it has passed even beyond snobbery. But there is apparently some fatal flaw in the codes by which these people live, for they collapse at the first touch of conflict and opposition. In the end, Mr. Fitzgerald is clearly the bitter commentator; he seems to be as much disillusioned with his characters as if he had never created them in the first place. One imagines him saying, with deep, angry irony, "Look, here is the best there is, and it turns out pretty second-rate—but show me something better!"

The actual decay of these super-civilized people (so civilized, indeed, that at times they seem to be edging over into barbarism) is traced with masterly narrative skill, but the primary causes of the decay are not made clear. (Nicole's mental instability and Dick's infatuation for Rosemary are only the detonators.) Dick's rapid acceptance of his failure, for instance, is not convincing; there must have been some fundamental weakness in his early



"Mr. Miggs is the horse and trap on the Sherlock Holmes hour."



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WHERE thousands of dollars are spent for make-up behind the footlights, millions are invested in the same romantic cause by those particular women who make theatre-going a major interest.

The glamorous beauty, the smart fashions of those who fascinate behind the footlights communicate to each woman in the audience a spirit of emulation, a desire to have the same flawless complexion, the same modish coiffure, a similar alluring gown. And the same spirit of emulation is communicated to each woman from her fellow playgoers.

This desire for possession quickly translates itself into a spending impulse.

Playgoers who occupy the first ten rows in the first five weeks are playgoers of means. They can afford to gratify their spending impulses.

Since these self-same playgoers are avid readers of The Stage, shrewd manufacturers are fast finding that their advertising messages in its columns receive unusually high visibility.

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Faces
That Are Tired

—mustn't look it this season!

The really smart faces of the moment wear a gay and gallant look . . . The look that follows a brief beauty rite with the Youthifying Herbal Masque by Helena Rubinstein.

It took the combined skill of Helena Rubinstein plus the essences of twenty-three exotic herbs to produce this quick beauty pick-up. It will take you but a moment to prove what a little miracle it works on your beauty!

Feel it "lift" those tired, drawn contours of face and throat. Iron out lines and wrinkles. Light a young glow in your skin. Give you that ready-for-anything air . . . Make a weekly habit of Youthifying Herbal Masque. Count on it for beauty on short notice! 2.00, 5.00—10 and 25 treatments.

Come to the Salon and hear more about this blessing to the modern face . . . Come for an individual study of your skin—for the newest make-up news from Paris. And do have a Salon treatment. Even one will make you realize you've been missing something vital to your charm! . . . Consultation is without charge.

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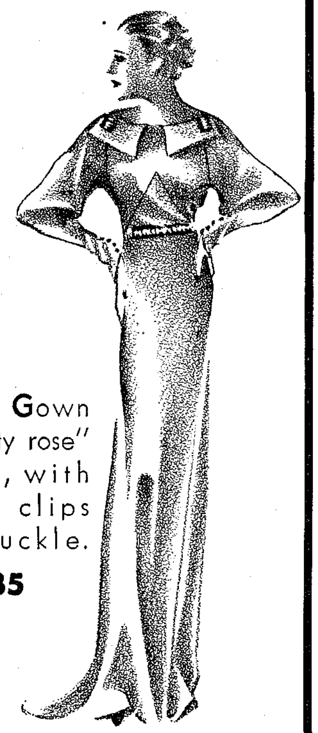
youth to account for his defeatism, his willingness to shatter the marvellous strength he had so carefully built up. The events of the narrative, tragic as they are, are insufficient to motivate his downfall. It is the failure to reach far, far back into his characters' lives that helps to prevent this novel from being the first-rate work of fiction we have been expecting from F. Scott Fitzgerald. Perhaps, if he were less torn by a half-unwilling love for the bright world his creatures inhabit, he might perceive in them a certain basic weakness of will—and, more particularly, of intelligence. For no intelligence has any chance at healthful exercise when it is a function of a code, whether it be the collegiate code of "smoothness" or the Riviera-American code of would-be Renaissance aristocracy.

It is an open secret that Mr. Fitzgerald's gifts are bewilderingly varied. He has wit, grace, astonishing narrative skill. He is a careful and—in his noncommercial moments—a conscientious writer. His prose has polish and yet also bone and muscle. But he has not yet achieved an organized attitude toward his material. He is certainly not objective; he is both contemptuous of and in love with his characters. If his understanding of them should harden, mature, and if finally he should outgrow them, or at least apply his ready, quick intelligence to the complex relations between his highly specialized world and the rest of humanity (as Proust did), then we might see in him a completely first-rate American novelist.

•

A SMALL but not trifling postscript: The atmosphere generated by the characters is one of such infallible worldly wisdom that the accidental, tiny errors cropping up here and there are doubly unsettling. Not to mention such blunders in French as *saland* for *salaud*, we find Anthiel for Antheil, Suppe for (von) Suppé, Marie Brizzard for Marie Brizard, Cherry Rochet for Cherry Rocher, Fernet Blanco for Fernet-Branca, *mousseaux* for *mousseux*, Krapaelin for Kraepelin, Wasserman for Wassermann (syphilis), schizzoid for schizoid, schizophrêne for schizophrene, *Privat docent* for *Privat-dozent*, Interlacken for Interlaken, etc. It would be picayune indeed to list these proofreader's oversights were it not that the inhabitants of Mr. Fitzgerald's world, who pride themselves on their impeccability, should never arouse in the reader's



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mind the slightest suspicion of their competence in fields—such as liquor, resort geography, and mental disease—that are staked out as their very own. It is perfection or nothing, as in a set by Mr. Belasco.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

•

ALSO OUT THIS WEEK

FICTION

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES, by Isak Dinesen, with a beautifully written introduction by Dorothy Canfield. Long short stories from the pen of a mysterious, melancholy Dane, who combines many of the talents of Poe, E. T. A. Hoffmann, and Baudelaire. These complex twilight romances, involving philosophical noblemen, cardinals, aristocratic ghosts, young poets, and supernally lovely opera singers, are completely artificial and completely convincing in their artificiality. A certain obscurity and even a few plain errors in English usage enhance their decadent charm. Not great literature, but rare literature, and certainly the freak discovery of the last few publishing seasons.

THE LAST PIONEERS, by Melvin Levy. The life of Herman Merro, immigrant and West Coast industrialist, is traced parallel with the rise of Puget, a typical Pacific boom town. Mr. Levy employs a staccato, unornamented prose which is very effective, particularly in his handling of labor struggles and big-city politics. A noteworthy novel.

FINNLEY WREN, by Philip Wylie. "His Notions and Opinions together with a Haphazard History of His Career and Amours in these Moody Years, as well as Sundry Rhymes, Fables, Diatribes and Literary Misdemeanors." Some Joycean tricks cleverly distorted to produce a cockeyed and highly flavored madcap farce.

MORNING COMES EARLY, by Kathleen Coyle. The three loves of Herbert Fanning for an Englishwoman, a Scandinavian, and a Spanish lady engender a situation in which an incestuous love relationship plays the main part. Miss Coyle writes so neatly that one wishes she had chosen less bizarre material.

BASSETT, by Stella Gibbons. Delightful superficial satire on spinsters, intellectuals, authors, badger-watchers, and other poor souls. If you remember "Cold Comfort Farm," you will know what to expect in the way of entertaining malice. Miss Gibbons reminds one at times of that other and greater Stella, the late Stella Benson.

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY, by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Highly romanticized novel, somewhat precariously based on the life of Peggy O'Neale Eaton, cabinet-splitter, President-maker, and America's nearest approach to La Pompadour.

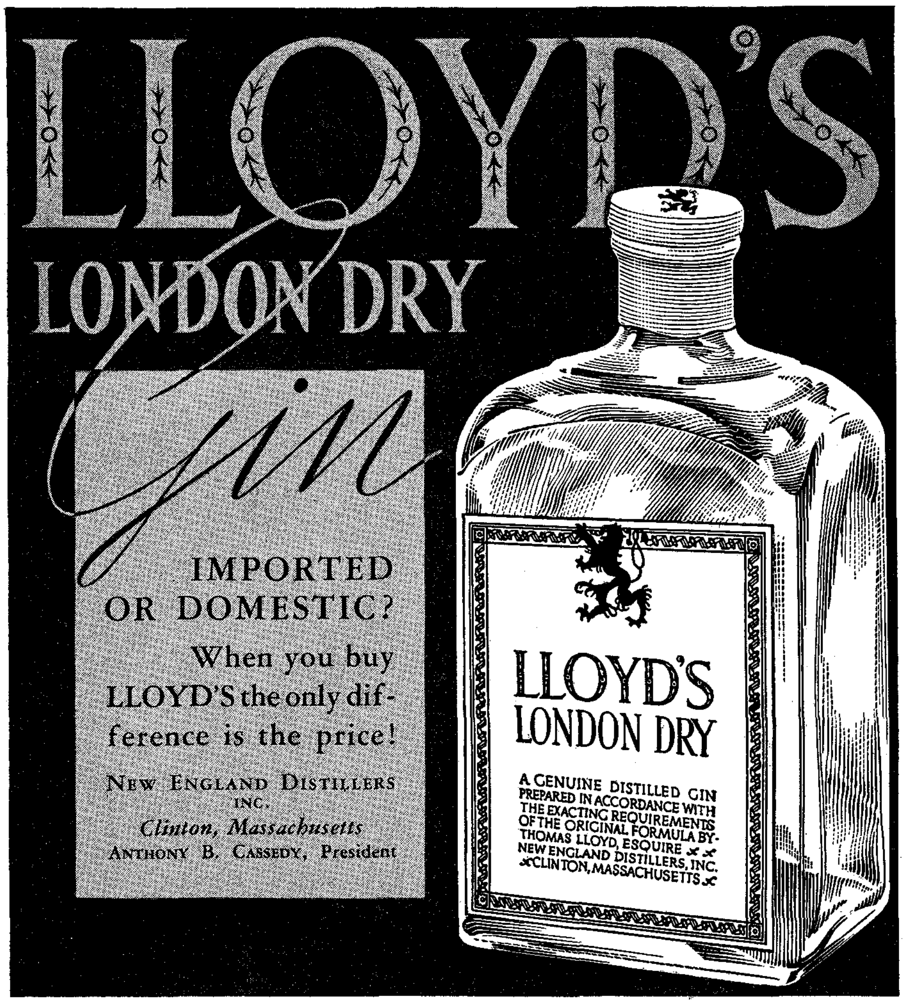
GENERAL

ON OUR WAY, by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The President's summary of the chief events of his administration, from the swearing in of the new Cabinet down to the end of the first year. Containing all of his important messages to Congress, radio speeches, and executive orders. This book is, of course, compulsory reading for all citizens desirous of following the course of the New Deal and grasping its essential principles.

THE ROOSEVELT YEAR, edited by Pare Lorentz. Over 200 pages of news photographs of the President's first year in office, with captions, long and short.

BELMONTE, THE MATADOR, by Henry Baerlein. The reader whom Hemingway has interested in the thin, agile *torero* genius, Juan Belmonte, will find here a flavorous, witty, and colorful biography, filled with charming digressions and much interesting lore about bulls. Belmonte's life, even though a somewhat edited version is given in these pages, remains fascinating. Illustrated.

WOODROW WILSON: THE CARICATURE, THE MYTH AND THE MAN, by Edith Gittings Reid. Neither a biography nor a rounded portrait, but an intimate picture drawn by one who had the advantage of a long friendship and a continuous correspondence with Wil-



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TO HUSBANDS

WHO CAN'T DANCE WITH THEIR WIVES

DON'T be fooled! It isn't your wife alone you can't dance with. Other women are too polite to criticize. For a good dancer can dance equally well with any one. Take a few lessons at Arthur Murray's and *know* you're dancing well—a pleasure to your partner as well as yourself. So many business men are coming to Arthur Murray's for exercise . . . that three floors of private studios are now reserved for their use. *It's fun,* enjoyable and *inexpensive!* Call today for a half-hour lesson.

ARTHUR MURRAY, 7 E. 43d

Elaine Gray: *Her sympathetic manner makes even the beginner feel at ease instantly. Learning to dance becomes an agreeable form of relaxation.*

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Surprise your guests by serving the new cocktail biscuit. MEXICORN. An utterly new and elusive taste sensation—crisp, tangy, different. Send $.25 for a trial package or $1.00 for five—to

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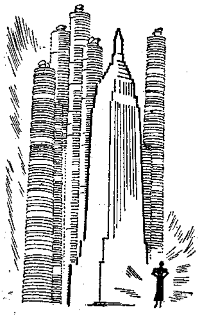
SPECIAL BACHELOR QUARTERS.
Unexcelled cuisine. Nightly concerts and dancing. Golf, tennis. Tel. Bronxville 5200. J. E. Smith, *Res. Manager.*
BRONXVILLE

DISHES!
dishes!
dishes!
D...!!
DISHES!
DISHES!

The General Electric Dishwasher will wash and dry all your dishes in 5 minutes!

It's a most disagreeable job isn't it, this 'doing the dishes' three times every day? And it's a never ending job, too! Why, in the average span of life a woman will wash and dry 72 stacks of dishes each as high as the Empire State Building. Think of it! Over 340 tons of dirty dishes!



Washing and wiping dishes by hand every day, takes a terrific toll from happy hours. It's a wearying, monotonous task that also takes grievous toll from womanly charms, puts unfair lines on youthful faces, and leaves an unmistakable mark of "dishpan" on graceful hands.

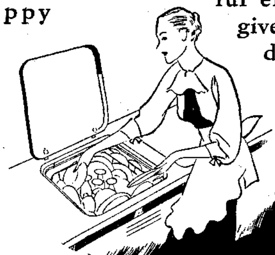
Dishwashing is a household task that should have been abolished by electric servants decades ago . . . when electricity gave to American womanhood the electric iron, the vacuum cleaner and the clothes-washer. As a matter of fact, electric dishwashers were created over ten years ago, and crude and imperfect as they were, they marked another great step forward in freeing womanhood from household drudgery.

Now General Electric engineers have perfected in the G-E Dishwasher, a wonderful electric servant that is simple, dependable and trouble-free.

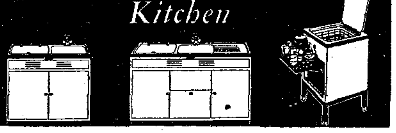
All the modern home-manager need do is place the dirty dishes . . . glassware, chinaware, silverware, pots and pans, too . . . in the G-E Dishwasher, close the cover, turn the magic control and the dishwashing job is done. She does not even touch her hands to water. And the G-E Dishwasher automatically cleans itself when it washes and dries the dishes.

No breaking, no chipping of the finest glass or chinaware. Dirty dishes are tucked in the rubber trays as soon as they accumulate. Your kitchen is always neat, clean and tidy, always ready for inspection by any friend or unexpected guest.

Let us send you a booklet telling you in full detail the magic service this wonderful electrical servant will give you for less than 1c a day. The booklet is free. Use the coupon herewith, there is no obligation.



THERE IS A
GENERAL ELECTRIC
DISHWASHER
Size and model for every Kitchen



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GENERAL ELECTRIC *Dishwasher*

son. Interesting despite the note of idolatry which creeps in from time to time.

Master of the Revels, by Don Marquis. "A novel in play form," as Mr. Marquis prefers to call it, about "that ribald, disreputable old hellion, Henry VIII of England." Not intended to be historically accurate, it makes lively reading.

Designed for Reading. The editors of the *Saturday Review of Literature* have selected the best articles, reviews, poems, and sketches published by them since 1924. Offers a very interesting conspectus of some excellent American periodical journalism.

MYSTERIES

Death of a Ghost, by Margery Allingham. This one has practically everything that goes to make up a good, airtight mystery, including a set of characters who are amusing without being foolish. Not the Great Mystery, but one that is at least head and shoulders above the average.

READER'S REMINDER LIST

FICTION

Long Remember, by MacKinlay Kantor. A vivid reconstruction of the battle of Gettysburg and a moving account of how it brought together and sundered two lovers who refused to live in the crinoline tradition.

Among the Lost People, by Conrad Aiken. A dozen short stories, most of them beautifully written, dealing mainly with abnormal characters. Aiken is a master at this sort of thing.

Private Worlds, by Phyllis Bottome. Life among psychiatrists and patients in an English mental hospital. Interesting except when the author is spreading sweetness and light.

Beyond the Street, by Edgar Calmer. Shows that a sound and serious first novel can be written around high-school boys and their teachers.

Harriet, by Elizabeth Jenkins. How they murdered Harriet the Halfwit. An intellectual shocker which has its points.

The Oppermanns, by Lion Feuchtwanger. Incomparably the finest of the anti-Nazi novels. This one traces the ruin of the wealthy German-Jewish Oppermann family under the hammer blows of Hitlerism. Remarkably detached and impressive job.

Easter Sun, by Peter Neagoe. Love among the uninhibited peasants of Roumania, dealt with in a prose of genuinely primitive quality. The portrait of Ileana, the village sorceress, who ensnares all men, including her father, is done with fine sensuous warmth.

The Sycamore Tree, by Elizabeth Cambridge. Very quiet, almost soundless English novel, tracing the life of Howell Combe from boyhood to maturity. A study, distinguished for its truth and honesty, of mild emotional maladjustment.

GENERAL

Treatise on Right and Wrong, by H. L. Mencken. Companion volume to Mr. Mencken's "Treatise on the Gods." Interesting recapitulation, with characteristic sidelong notes, of the origin, evolution, and present state of our ethical notions. A bit mild for Mr. Mencken. Contains a helpful bibliography.

Colonel Lawrence: The Man Behind the Legend, by Liddell Hart. A military man's biography of the translator of the Odyssey. Doesn't unravel the mystery of Lawrence's personality, but offers a fascinating account of his military career and more particularly his critically important strategic and tactical theories. Plenty of illustrations and maps.

The Saga of the Comstock Lode, by George D. Lyman. Colorfully told stories of the bonanza epoch in Virginia City, Nevada, during the sixties and seventies. First-rate Americana. Illustrated.

The New Dealers, by The Unofficial Observer. The first intelligent attempt to depict the backgrounds and personalities of the fifty-odd men and women who seem to have turned Washington into the capital of the United States. Salty, shrewd, unbluffed appraisals, plus some cogent political analysis.

Nijinsky, by Romola Nijinsky. A full-length and candid biography, by his wife, of the dancer. Interesting as a study of a remarkable personality, as an intimate description of the great days of the Ballet Russe, and as an exposure of one of the most curious triangles the world of art ever produced.

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We live in a different world than we did in the year when the first Double Eagle Tire was built.

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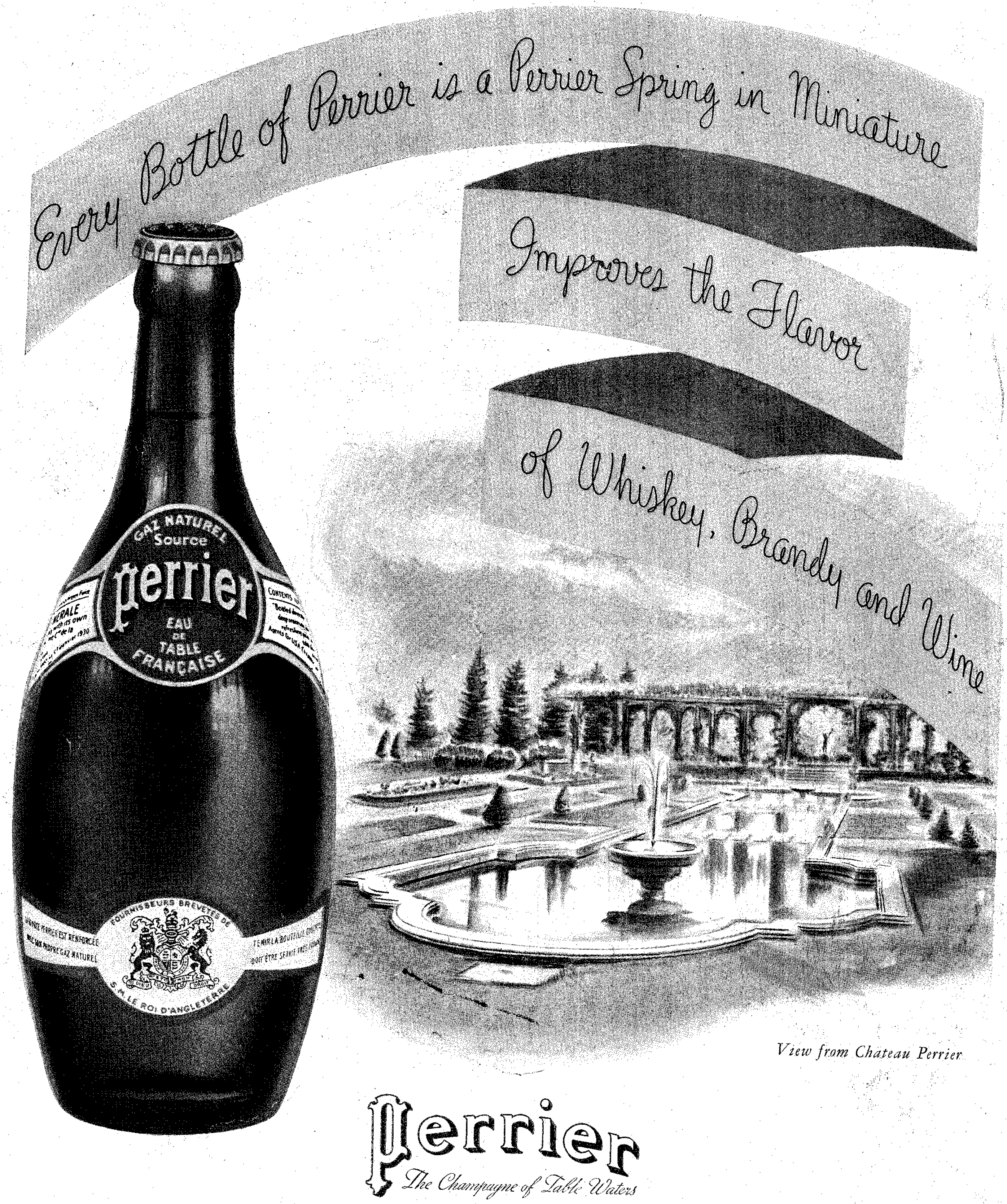
They know from experience they are buying the Tire of Tires — the peerless tire originally fashioned without regard to cost of materials or labor.

They are aware the Double Eagle is an extravagance for any normal use, but they count its matchless safety and comfort as something above price.

FROM THE SPRINGS IN ALL ITS
PURITY, LIFE AND ENERGY


Every Bottle of Perrier is a Perrier Spring in Miniature
Improves the Flavor
of Whiskey, Brandy and Wine
GAZ NATUREL
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EAU DE TABLE FRANÇAISE
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S.M. LE ROI D'ANGLETERRE

View from Chateau Perrier

Perrier

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